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THE WORKS OF PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO:

TRANSLATED,

Adorned with Sculptures, and Illuſtrated with ANNOTATIONS:

By JOHN OGILBY, Eſq; His Majeſties COSMOGRAPHER, and Geographique PRINTER.

The Third Edition.

Scalig. Poet. l. 3.

Nullis profectò Philoſophorum præceptis, aut Melior, aut Civilior evadere potes, quam ex Virgilianâ Lectione.

LONDON,

Printed by the Author, for *Peter Parker* and *Thomas Guy*, and are to be ſold at their Shops, at the *Leg* & *Star* over againſt the Royal Exchange, & at the Corner-ſhop in *Little Lombard-ſtreet* and *Cornhill*, 1675.

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TO THE

Illuſtrious and High-born PRINCESS

The LADY *MARY*,

Eldeſt Daughter

To His ROYAL HIGHNESS

JAMES Duke of *YORK*:

THIS

Elaborate TRANSLATION of the Prince of Latine POETS,

VIRGIL,

Adorned with Sculpture, and Illuſtrated with ANNOTATIONS;

In all Ages worthily Eſteemed the Equal Standard of

VERTUE and HONOUR:

Is moſt humbly Preſented, Dedicated, and Devoted,

By Her Highneſs moſt Humble and Obedient SERVANT,

JOHN OGILBY.



THE LIFE OF
PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO.

PUblius Virgilius Maro, *was the firſt that gave Eminence to the Family of the* Virgilii; *His Father, by the Marriage of the Daughter of* Magus *(a Stranger) named* Maia, *and the Stewardſhip of her Father's Eſtate, Improv'd his own to the purchaſe of ſome Land, and a little Stock, at* Andes, *a little Hamlet, near* Mantua. *They had three Sons,* Publius *the Eldeſt, born the Fifteenth of* October, *in the Conſulſhip of* Lucius Pompeius Magnus, *and* Marcus Lucinius Craſſus, *the* 683 *year from the building of* Rome.

The precedent Night his Mother dream'd ſhe brought forth a Sprig of Laurel, which being ſet in the Ground, immediately ſhot up into a Tree; the next day, being upon a Journey, ſhe was unexpectedly deliver'd, and a Poplar bough, which at that time they planted, grew up with ſuch incredible ſpeed, that it overlook'd the growth of many Trees long before it in time. This afterwards was Conſecrated, and known by the name of Virgil's *Tree, to which Women with Child, encourag'd by the good fortune of his Mother, made Vows.*

At Cremona *he paſs'd the firſt part of his Life, being thirteen years Old, from the building of the City* 696. *at which time (the ſame happen'd to be Conſuls who were at his birth) he went to* Millain, *where he took his firſt Studies, thence to* Naples, *where he improv'd himſelf in all kind of Learning, which perhaps his Modeſty*

Modeſty might have conceal'd from the World, if not awaken'd by this occaſion.

In that diſtribution of Lands which was made after the Battel at Philippi, *by* Auguſtus, *to reward his Souldiers,* Virgil *was diſſeiz'd of his Inheritance; Hereupon he went to* Rome, *and, to prepare his way intō the Emperor's knowledge, affix'd this Diſtich upon the Court-Gate.*

Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt ſpectacula manè:
Diviſum Imperium cum *Jove Cæſar* habet.

All Night it Rains, the Shews return next Day:
Thus Jove *and* Cæſar *ſhare in equal ſway.*

The Author of theſe Verſes (with which Auguſtus *was much pleas'd) being ſought for,* Bathyllus, *an inferiour Poet of that time, preſented himſelf, and intercepted the Honours and Rewards of* Virgil; *who in vindication of himſelf, to the ſame Diſtich annex'd four times,*

Sic vos non vobis, &c.

Bathyllus *unable, at the Command of* Auguſtus, *to ſupply theſe Hemiſtichs,* Virgil *thus perform'd it.*

Hos ego verſiculos feci, tulit alter honores;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves,
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

'Twas I the Verſes made, the Praiſe another had:
So you not for your ſelves (Sheep) Fleeces yield,
So you not for your ſelves (Birds) Harbours build
So you not for your ſelves (Bees) Hony yield,
So you not for your ſelves (Steers) plow the Field.

By this means he was taken notice of by the Emperour, into whoſe favour, through the ſollicitations of Pollio *and* Mecænas, *he was ſo far receiv'd that he obtain'd a Grant of the recovery of his own Eſtate: But unſucceſsfully; for returning home to take Poſſeſſion,* Aries, *a Centurion, to whoſe Lot it fell, was ſo much incens'd, that to avoid his violence, he was forc'd to ſwim a River, to which he is ſaid to allude,* Eclog. 3.

Thus neceſſitated to a ſecond Journey to Rome, *he was by the Emperour re-inſtated in his Lands; whereupon to expreſs his gratitude to* Pollio, *he compos'd his* Eclogues; *at the inſtance of* Mecænas, *his* Georgicks; *and at the Command of* Auguſtus, *his* Æneids; *a Work much fam'd in its Infancie, as appears by this of* Propertius.

Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii:
Neſcio quid majus naſcitur Iliade.

Roman *and* Grecian *Writers, all give place;*
Something is born, the Iliads *doth ſurpaſs.*

At Rome *he ſpent the greateſt part of his time, having a competent Eſtate, and a Houſe in the* Eſquiliæ, *near the Gardens of* Mecænas; *ſometimes retiring into* Campania *and* Sicilie. *He was every year abundantly helpful to his Parents, who died not till he came to perfect Age. Affected by all other Poets of that time,* Tucca, Varus, Horace, Gallus, *and* Propertius, *to whom, as to all Scholars, his Library was always open; honour'd by the common People, who hearing his Verſes recited in the Theatre, all roſe up and reverenc'd him*

acci-

(*accidentally present*) *no less, saith* Tacitus, *than the Emperour himself; and by* Augustus *so much favour'd, that he is said to have admitted him to his most private Counsels, and continued this intimacy to him by many Letters.* Pedianus *affirms, that he was affable, a great Lover of Good and Learned Men; so far from Envy, that he rejoyc'd in any excellent Speech or Action of another, as much as if it were his own; never dispraised any, ever praised those that deserv'd it; and was of such winning Candour, that none could forbear to love him.*

In the year 734. *from the Building of the City, the* 52 *of his Age, he left* Rome, *with design to go into* Grecia, *and* Asia. *there to compleat his* Æneids, *and spend the remainder of his days: But meeting* Augustus *at* Athens, *on his return out of the East, he alter'd that resolution; and coming back, fell sick at* Megara, *died at* Brundusium, *Sep.* 22. *His Bones (as he desir'd) buried at* Naples, *by the care of* Augustus *and* Mecænas, *made his Heirs by Testament. His Urn supported by nine Pillars, over which this Distich was Engraven.*

Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini Pascua, Rura, Duces.
Swains, Tillage, Arms, I sung; Mantua *gave*
Me Life, Calabria *Death,* Naples *a Grave.*

The remains of this Monument are at this day Crown'd with Laurel, which (as they say) grows there of it self, as the Tribute of Nature due to his Immortal Art.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL's (a) BUCOLICKS.

The First (b) ECLOG.

TITYRUS.

The (c) ARGUMENT.

Sad Meliboeus, *baniſhed, declares*
What Miſeries attend on Civil Wars:
But happy Tityrus, *the ſafe Defence*
People enjoy under a Setled Prince.

(d) TITYRUS, (e) MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS.

UNder a ſpreading (f) Beech thou, *Tityrus*, (g) ſet,
On ſlender Reeds doſt Rural Notes repeat.
We are of Lands and ſweet Fields diſpoſſeſt,
We flie our Country: Thou in Shade, at reſt,



Ecl. 1

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Fair (*h*) *Amaryllis*, mak'ſt the Woods reſound.

TITYRUS.

This Quiet, Shepherd, from a (*i*) God we found;
For he ſhall be my God: Oft from the Dam
I'll bathe his Altars with a tender Lamb.
He (as thou ſeeſt) permits my Herds to feed,
And me to (*k*) Deſcant on this ſlender Reed.

MELIBOEUS.

I envy not, but wonder th' art ſo bleſt,
Since all with (*l*) Sequeſtrations are oppreſt.
Hence I muſt drive my Goats, (*m*) fainting with wo;
And this, dear *Tityrus*, will hardly go;
For Twins ſhe yean'd, the Hope of my poor Flock,
Among thick Hazles, on a barren Rock.
Oft (*n*) Thunder-ſtrucken Oaks I call to mind;
(*o*) Th' unlucky Crow oft, had we not been blind,
From the old Elm this Miſchief did foreſhow.
But who this God may be, pray let us know.

TITYRUS.

That City they call *Rome*, I, ſimple Clown,
Thought, *Melibœus*, like our Country Town,
Where Shepherds uſe to wean their tender Lambs:
So did I Whelps big as their pregnant Dams,
And Kids ſuppoſe, like their large Mothers, tall;
So us'd I Great Things to compare with Small.

But above other Towns her (*p*) Head aſpires,
As lofty Cypreſs among humble Briers.

MELIBOEUS.

What to ſee *Rome* did ſo thy Journey haſte?

TITYRUS.

(*q*) *Freedom*, which late, yet look'd on me at laſt;
She look'd at laſt, and came, though long it were
After the Razor ſhav'd my (*r*) Hoary Hair;
When me firſt *Amaryllis* did obtain,
And (*s*) *Galatea* left: For I'll be plain,
Whilſt *Galatea* held me, I deſpair'd
Of Freedom, nor to mend my Fortune car'd.
Though from my Sheepfold many Off'rings went,
And I to that ungrateful City ſent
Our richeſt Cheeſe, my Right Hand never home
Did with a liberal Freight of Money come.

MELIBOEUS.

I mus'd why (*t*) *Galatea* Gods implor'd,
For whom ſhe keeps her Tree with Apples ſtor'd.
Tityrus was abſent, *Tityrus*, the Pines,
For thee the Fountains call, and tender Vines.

TITYRUS.

What ſhould I do? Thraldom I could not wave,
Nor could elſewhere Gods ſo propitious have;
And here I ſaw that (*u*) Gallant Youth, for whom
(*x*) Twice ſix days Annually our Altars fume:
He anſwering firſt my Suit, ſaid, Shepherds now
Your Cattel feed, and let your (*y*) Oxen plow.

MELIBOEUS.

Happy Old Man, thou haſt thy Farm agen,
And large enough, although a plaſhy Fen
Moats it with Ruſh, and Walls with barren Rocks,
Where no ſtrange herb ſhall taint thy pregnant Flocks
Nor foul Diſeaſe of neighboring Sheep deſtroy.
Happy Old Man, thou ſhalt cool Shades enjoy,
Neer long-frequented Springs, and ſacred Floods,
Where (*z*) *Hybla* Bees feaſted on Sallow Buds,
'Mongſt Quick-ſets limiting our Neighbor's Bound,
Shall with ſoft Murmurs make thy Slumber ſound:
There ſhall the ſheltred Wood-man daily chant,
Nor thy Delight, ſad Stock-Doves, ſhalt thou want,
Nor Elm-perch'd Turtles, tuning doleful Lays.

TITYRUS.

Firſt nimble Deer on empty Skies ſhall graze,
And th' Ocean from his naked Fiſhes ſhrink,
Or *Parthians* (*aa*) *Arar*, *Germans* (*bb*) *Tygris* drink,

An

each Survey of eithers Country take,
his Idea ſhall this Breaſt forſake.

MELIBOEUS.

it ſome of us in *Africk*'s ſcalding Heat
Plant, and others in cold *Scythia* ſeat,
ſe muſt ſwift (*cc*) *Cretan Oaxes* find,
Britany, from all the World disjoyn'd.
ever I again my poor Aboad,
Roofs of my poor Cottage rear'd with Sod,
ittle Farm (a Kingdom once to me)
r long time, with joy admiring ſee?
l th'impious Soldier have theſe new-plow'd Fields,
arians reap this Corn? What Diſcord yields
wretched People, and for whom we Plow.
it Pears, and ſet thy Vines in order now.
wel, my Goats; farewel, once happy Flock;
more you browſing on a ſhrubby Rock
l I behold on Verdant Banks at reſt;
ſhall I ſing, whilſt from my Hand you Feaſt
allows, and the blooming (*dd*) *Cythiſus*.

TITYRUS.

it here, this night, you may repoſe with us
is green Bow'r; our Fruit now mellow is,
Cheſnuts ſoft, and we have ſtore of Cheeſe:
Smoke from yonder Villages aſcends,
from theſe Mountains larger Shade extends.

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And *Britany*, from all the World disjoyn'd.
Shall ever I again my poor Aboad,
And Roofs of my poor Cottage rear'd with Sod,
My little Farm (a Kingdom once to me)
After long time, with joy admiring ſee?
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Now Smoke from yonder Villages aſcends,
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ANNOTATIONS ON *The First ECLOG.*

(*a*) PAstorals are of several sorts and denominations, according to the diversity of the Subjects and Persons: Those consisting of Shepherds were call'd *Piomenica*; of Goatherds, *Aipolia*; of Swineherds, *Subotia*; of Neatherds, *Bucolica*: Which last *Scaliger* terms the noblest Species of *Pastorals*; whose Original see in the *Scholiast* of *Theocritus*, *Servius*, *Probus*, *Sabinus*, and *Nannius*.

(*b*) The Word signifies *Selection*: For the first Authors of these kind of Poems (which commonly were no other than undigested *Rhapsodies*) disrelishing many times the rudeness of their unpolish'd Composures us'd upon second thoughts to select from the gross Heap some choice and more studied Pieces, which for that reason they call'd *Eclogs*. *Scalig. l.* 1. *Poet. c.* 4.

(*c*) Amongst those who took part with the Conspirators and Murtherers of *Cæsar*, was the City of *Cremona*, which *Augustus*, becoming absolute Victor at the Battel of *Philippi*, assign'd (with the Lands adjacent) to his Soldiers, at once to reward them, and punish the Inhabitants: But *Cremona* not being wide enough to satisfy

ſatisfie the greedy Soldiers, *Mantua*, the next Town, was added to enlarge the Aſſignment. *Virgil* upon this occaſion, amongſt other *Mantuans*, ejected out of his Inheritance, went to *Rome* for redreſs, where, by *Mecænas* and others recommended to *Auguſtus*, he obtain'd ſo great a ſhare in his Favor, that he was not only reinſtated in his Lands, but receiv'd ſo many Gifts and Rewards as far exceeded them in value. This Occaſion, to which the World is indebted for all theſe Poems, is particulary the Subject of this *Eclog*.

(*d*) A Name aſſum'd by *Virgil*, to repreſent himſelf under the Condition of a Shepherd, either in imitation of *Theocritus*, or in alluſion to the Paſtoral Pipe call'd *Tityrinus*, or the old *Tetariſmata*, Ruſtick Satyrical Dances.

(*e*) In the Original the Word ſignifies *A Neatherd*; but covertly in this place the *Mantuans*, or particularly *Cornelius Gallus*, as *Servius* and *Sabinus* conjecture; the latter of whom gives this Reaſon, Becauſe *Gallus* was born between *Cremona* and *Mantua*.

(*f*) *La Cerda* contends that *Fagus* properly ſignifies an *Oke*, or *Holm*; but we have choſen the vulgar and more warranted Interpretation. Ingeniouſly and appoſitely is our Shepherd ſeated under a *Maſt-tree*, from which the Ancients receiv'd not onely Shelter, but Suſtentation, to intimate the Tranquillity of his Condition, and the Competency of his Fortune.

(*g*) *Theocritus*, (whom our Author here imitates) Δεῦρ' ἴσαν ὡς πὰν πλελέαν ἐσ δώμεθα.

(*h*) Intending the City of *Rome*: *Politian* will have

it to be its Arcane or ſecret Name, as *Florentia* and *Anthuſia* its Sacred and Ritual, *Rome* its common and vulgar: But without reaſon; for that Name being ineffable, it was not probable the Poet would tranſgreſs againſt the Religion of ſo ſacred a Secret, the Violation whereof was ſeverely puniſh'd in *Valerius Soranus*, as *Pliny* teſtifies, *l.* 3. *c.* 5. deriv'd it ſeems from *Amaris* a *Trench* or *Trough* to convey Water: For when the *Argean* Fen was overflow'd by *Tyber*, after they had ſacrific'd to *Vertumnus*, the Water return'd to its own Channel, and from thence by *Aquæducts* (the Fen being dry) was convey'd to the City, which thereupon was call'd *Amaryllis Nannius*, from the Authority of *Fabius Victor*.

(*i*) *Auguſtus*, the firſt who in his Life-time had Divine Honors conferr'd upon him, not onely by Offerings of Wine and Incenſe, communicable to the *Lars* and ſuch kind of Deities, but of Beaſts (as here of a Lamb) onely proper to the Cœleſtials: To which effect there is this memorable Inſcription at *Narbon. The People of* Narbon *plac'd an Altar in the* Forum, *upon which yearly the ninth of the Calends of* October (*on which Day us, the Happineſs of the Age brought him forth to be Ruler of the World*) *three Plebeian* Roman Equites, *and three* Libertines, *are to Offer every one their Burnt Sacrifices, and are to ſupply both the Countrymen and Townſmen with Incenſe and Wine that day at their own Charge, towards the ſupplicating of his Deity, &c.*

(*k*) Alluding, as *Scopas* conceives, to the publick Prohibition, *That none ſhould write who had not permiſſion given*

given him by the Ædiles; which was granted, with aſſignation of the Subject, according to the Capacity, Parts, and Learning of the Writer.

(*l*) Though in Literal Conſtruction the Word will not ſquare with the Original, yet ſince by *turbatur agris* is meant the Civil Diſtractions that follow'd the Defeat of the *Brutian* and *Caſſian* Party, in which, as in our Times of the late Rebellion, Sequeſtrations were frequent and violent, the Verſion may very well by rational conſequence be admitted.

(*m*) *Æger de corpore & anima dicitur.* Serv.

(*n*) Under this Augural Præmonition is contain'd an Hiſtorical Allegorie; by Thunder-ſtrucken Oaks, intending *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, defeated by the Emperor: *Melibœus* therefore implies his and his Countrymens unhappineſs, in not being deterr'd by the Sufferings of *Cæſar*'s Murtherers, who fell under the juſt Revenge of *Auguſtus*, from adhering to their unfortunate Cauſe.

(*o*) Reckon'd in Augury amongſt ill-boading Birds; but this Verſe is not reckon'd for one of *Virgil*'s.

(*p*) *Pierius* reports from the Teſtimony of *Gergithius*, That the Primitive Name of *Rome* was *Cephalon*, prophetically denoting her Eminency and Headſhip over the Conquer'd World: But it is more certain, that at the digging the Foundation of the Capitol, ſo nam'd from this Accident, there was found a Man's Head, whence the Augurs made the ſame Prediction.

(*q*) Intimating (as is conceiv'd) the Goddeſs *Liberty*, worſhipp'd by the *Romans* under the Title of *Libertas reſpiciens*. Paſſerat.

(*r*) Fol-

(*r*) Following *Turnebus*, who obſerves *Virgil* to veil himſelf under the Perſon of an old Servant lately emancipated, whence he is afterward call'd *Happy Old Man*; the Epithet *Candidior* being in this ſenſe more ſutably apply'd, than either to *Libertas*, or the *Lanugo juvenilis*, as *Servius* and *Nannius*.

(*s*) *Mantua*; the Name being apply'd either in relation to the Felicity of the Place, as abounding in Milk; or becauſe firſt founded by the *Galates*, or rather the *Venetians*, call'd anciently the *Ciſalpine Galls*, as *Servius* upon this Verſe,

Qui muros matriſq; dedit tibi Mantua *nomen.*

(*t*) Not *Amaryllis*, as in the Vulgar Originals: for that *Mantua* is here underſtood, not *Rome*, is evident from the Circumſtances. See *La Cerda*.

(*u*) *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who at the time of the Compoſure of this *Eclog* was about the Age of 25 Years.

(*x*) Once every Month; for, as *Paſſeratius* notes, *Auguſtus* was worſhipp'd together with the *Lars* or *Penates*, (according to that of *Horace*, *Carm.* 4. *Od.* 5.——*Et Laribus tuum miſcet numen.*) who had their ἱερὰ ἔμμηνα, *Sacra menſtrua*; though *Auguſtus* wanted not beſides Cœleſtial Honors and Adoration, and that in his Life-time, as is already ſhewn.

(*y*) So *Servius* interprets *ſubmittite Tauros*: *La Cerda* not diſliking that, thinks it may as well mean *producite ad paſtum*: Others underſtand in this Place *Epiſynalœphe*, *ſubmittite* for *ſupermittite Tauros*, *id*

Vacc

Vaccis; which laſt *La Cerda* conceives not ſo proper as the firſt.

(*z*) *Hybla* is properly a Mountain of *Sicily*, celebrated for excellent Honey: But the Scene of this *Eclog* lying in *Italy*, that Epithet is to be underſtood in a Figurative ſenſe, as expreſſing a *Genus* by the *Species*.

(*aa*) A River of the *Celti*, ſo call'd from its conjunction with *Rhodanus*, or the *Rhoſne*, (*Caliſthenes*, *lib.* 13. γαλατ') into which it falls near *Lyons* in *France*, now call'd *La Soan*.

(*bb*) A River of *Armenia*, of a moſt ſwift and violent Current, whence it takes its Name, which in the *Parthian* Tongue ſignifies *An Arrow*; or of the Beaſt ſo call'd, concerning which there is this Fable: That *Bacchus* flying from the purſuit of his enrag'd Stepmother, coming to this River (then call'd *Sylis*) was forc'd (not daring to croſs it) to a hazardous ſtop; when on a ſudden a *Tyger* appears, who takes the God on his Back, and carries him to the other ſide; whence the River receiv'd a new Name, and the Beaſt the God's Patronage.

(*cc*) So we rather chuſe to render it, following *Politian*, *Germanus*, and *La Cerda*; than *Chalkie*, with *Servius*: For *Melibœus* in theſe Verſes aggravates the Miſery of himſelf and his Party, that were forc'd to fly, like diſpers'd Exiles, into all the Parts of the then known World, *Africa*, *Europe*, and *Aſia*, (the firſt being clearly expreſs'd, the ſecond imply'd by *Creet*, the third by *Scythia*;) nay beyond the World: for *Britany* in thoſe days was to the *Romans Terra incognita*. *Salmaſius*

maſius will have it to be a River of *Scythia Orientalis*, call'd likewiſe *Oazus* and *Oxus*; whoſe Opinion is more warrantable than that of *Servius*, who places it in *Meſopotamia*, where none ſuch was ever read of.

(*dd*) A Shrub call'd *Tree-trifoly*, good for Cattel for the encreaſe of their Milk, as *Ariſtotle* affirms, unleſs it be when it Blooms or Flowers, at which time it is hurtful; perhaps not to Goats, though to other Beaſts, at leaſt not in *Italy*; otherwiſe *Virgil* would have forborn the Epithet. A great drawer it is of Nouriſhment, and therefore ſaid to kill ſuch Herbs as grow near it, as *Salmaſius* notes out of *Pliny*. With the Juyce of its Leaves, ſome write, the ancient *Picts* us'd to make a kind of ſtrong Drink, and to ſtain and dye their Faces, to ſeem more terrible to their Enemies.

T





Ecl. 2

The Second ECLOG.

ALEXIS.

---

* ARGUMENT.

Corydon *moans how Learned Men are bent*
To Honor thoſe of Place and High Deſcent:
But often they like to Alexis *prove,*
And nothing but Diſdain return for Love.

POor (*a*) *Corydon* for fair (*b*) *Alexis* burns,
His Maſter's Joy; nor hopes for Loves returns.
Yet he frequented where a pleaſant Shade
Tall Beeches verdant Crowns conſpiring made,
And there in theſe unpoliſh'd Lines alone,
To Woods, in vain, and Mountains made his mone.

CORYDON.

Ah, Cruel (*c*) Boy! thou doſt my Verſes ſlight,
Nor pitieſt me (alas!) but kill'ſt me quite;
In Shade our Herds now take the cooling Air,
And Lizzards to their Shrubby Holds repair;

And

And for the Reapers, tir'd with ſultry Heats,
(*d*) *Theſtylis* Betony and (*e*) Garlick beats;
Whilſt in the Noon-day Sun I trace thee round,
The Shrubs with murmuring (*f*) Graſhoppers reſound.
Had I not better (*g*) *Amaryllis* Scorn
And ſad Diſpleaſure patiently have born?
Had I not better for *Menalcas* ſmart,
Though he be Brown, and thou ſo Beauteous art?
Sweet Youth, in Colour no ſuch truſt repoſe;
(*h*) *White Bloſſoms fall, when* (*i*) *Blackberries are choſe.*
Alexis ſcorns to know what Man I am,
How rich in ſnowie Flocks, how ſtor'd with Cream:
My thouſand Lambs wander *Sicilian* Grounds,
Summer and Winter my New Milk abounds;
I ſing Notes equal to (*k*) *Amphion*'s Lays,
When his Herds did on (*l*) *Aracynthus* Graze:
Nor am I ſo deform'd; I late beheld
My ſelf in the calm Sea, with Winds unſwell'd;
And wert thou Judge, I ſhould not *Daphnis* fear,
If any Shadow true Reſemblance bear.
Ah! that with me thou would'ſt inhabit here,
In homely Cottages, and (*m*) ſhoot ſwift Deer,
Or drive the wanton Kids to Mallow-buds,
Where we like *Pan* ſhall ſing in echoing Woods.
(*n*) *Pan* with ſoft Wax firſt differing Reeds conjoyn'd
Pan doth our Sheep, and our Sheep-maſters mind.
That this Pipe wore thy Lip, thou ſhalt not grieve
To know thus much, what would *Amyntas* give?
Compos'd of ſeven unequal Quills, I have
A Pipe, which once to me *Dametas* gave,

And dying, ſaid, This owns thee ſecond Lord,
At which vain Paſſion fond *Amyntas* ſtirr'd.
And what I ventur'd hardly for, two Goats,
Whoſe dappled Skins are ſtarr'd with Silver Spots,
With two Ewes Milk I foſter them for thee,
Which *Theſtylis* would fain have begg'd of me,
And ſhall, ſince ſo deſpis'd our Gifts appear.
Oh, thou that art ſo beautiful, draw near:
(*o*) For thee the *Nymphs* Baskets of Lillies bring,
For thee fair (*p*) *Nais* robs the purple Spring,
Poppy beheads, and Daffodil confines,
With fragrant Dill the pleaſant Caſſia joyns,
And many more ſweet Flow'rs in order ſets,
With Cowſlips, Marigolds, and Violets.
Of me the downy Peach ſhall be approv'd,
With Cheſnuts, which my *Amaryllis* lov'd;
Plums I will add, this Apple ſhall be grac'd,
And verdant Laurels you ſhall be eras'd;
And you, O Myrtles, next, becauſe your ſweet,
Yet differing Smells, ſo beſt in concord meet.
Rude Swain, *Alexis* counts thy Preſents poor,
Give all thou haſt, (*q*) *Iolas* ſtill gives more.
Why doſt thou, Wretch, let Storms thy Garden ſpoil,
And ſalvage Boars thy Silver Springs defile?
Whom fly'ſt thou, Fondling? Gods in Woods reſort,
A ſhadie Grove was *Dardan* (*r*) *Paris* Court.
et (*s*) *Pallas* dwell in her own ſtately Tow'rs,
ut our delight muſt be in pleaſant Bow'rs.
tern Lions Wolves purſue, Wolves Goats, the Kid
n ſpreading *Cythiſus* deſires to feed;

And fair *Alexis*, *Corydon* invites:
Thus every one purſue their own Delights.
Behold, the wearied Steers their Work have done,
(*t*) And large Shades double with the ſetting Sun.
Still Love burns me; What Reſt can Lovers find?
Ah, fooliſh *Corydon*, what diſtracts thy mind!
On th' (*u*) Elm my unprun'd Vines neglected are.
Better we did ſome uſeful thing prepare,
With gentle Twigs the limber Bulruſh wind,
And, if *Alexis* ſcorn, ſome other find.

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The Second ECLOG.

* THE Subject of *Paſtorals* (ſaith *Scaliger*) is various; but the firſt and eldeſt, *Amatory*, as well becauſe Love is a Paſſion by Nature imprinted in all Living Creatures, as becauſe Men and Women promiſcuouſly feeding their Flocks together, were invited by their example: laſtly, the Muſick of the Wood, the Solitude of the Place, and Quiet of that kind of Life, advanc'd it much. *Virgil* not willing to omit a Theam ſo native and univerſal, feigns *Corydon* (under which Name he veils himſelf) to fall in love with *Alexis*.

(*a*) A Name aſſum'd by the Poet to expreſs himſelf under the condition of a Shepherd, deriv'd from the Bird *Corydon*, the *Lark*; nor unaptly applied either to the Shepherd or Poet, that Bird being the affected Name of the one, and, in regard of its Muſical Note, the not unfit Symbol of the other.

(*b*) By *Servius* ſuppos'd the Servant of *Aſinius Pollio*, or *Mecœnas*, whoſe true Name he tells us was *Alexander*. See *Mar. Ep. 56. l. 8.*

(*c*) *Pollio*, or *Mecœnas*, or *Cæſar*.

(*d*) Some Country Wench that us'd to make re
dy the Shepherds Dinners, (*Serv.*) or rather ſome M
ſtreſs of *Corydon*'s, as may be collected from what f
lows at *v.* 46.

(*e*) This ſome underſtand of a kind of Pan-cake
uſe with the ancient Ruſticks, call'd *Moretum*, whe
chief Ingredients were Garlick and ſtrong Herbs
There is extant a particular Poem under that Nam
attributed unto *Virgil*. *Scopas* is of opinion, that *Vir*
gil here alludes to the Cuſtom of Shepherds and Hol
bandmen in *Italy*, who us'd before they went to ſleep
in the Heat of the Day to eat Garlick and Beta
with their Meat, to ſecure themſelves from the bite
of Serpents, who are extremely offended with the
Smell: Confirm'd by *Macer*, who ſays, *Hæc ideo miſt*
cibis meſſoribus eſt mos.

(*f*) The natural Reaſon of Graſhoppers ſinging
Noon (for, as *Apuleius* ſays, Nature hath given to ſo
Creatures a ſhort and temporary Voice; Swallows
ſing at Morning, Graſhoppers at Noon, Owls in
Evening and Night, Cocks before Day) *Ariſtotle*
ſigns to a ſmall *Fiſſure* which ſerves them in ſteads
Lungs, through which they take in and let out
Air, which beating upon a thin interpoſing *Membra*
makes that ſhrill Noiſe, which encreaſes as their
ſpiration does, and that as the Heat of the Day,
their deſires of Refrigeration.

(*g*) *Virgil* had three Paramors; one a Youth, na
Alexander, here call'd *Alexis*, given him by *Pollio*;
other two, *Cebes* a Youth, and *Leria* a young Maid,

given him by *Mecænas*: By *Amaryllis* therefore, as *Servius* tells us, is meant *Leria*; by *Menalcas*, *Cebes*.

(*h*) The *Liguſtrum*, which we render *White Bloſſoms*, by ſome to be the *Privet Bloom*. *Dioſcorides*, *Theophraſtus*, and *Pliny*, whom *Brodæus* and *Sabinus* follow, deſcribe it to be a little Tree, with Leaves like an Olive, bearing a white Flower, whoſe Boughs are ſaid ſucceſſively in *May* to grow black. *La Cerda* in his Language calls it *Athena*, well known to the *Africans*, who colour the Tails of their Horſes with the Juice of its ſcoot. Among the *Italians* it ſtill retains its ancient name, the Ladies of *Italy* making frequent uſe of its bloſſoms, the Wood for its Scents ſake being employ'd for their Tables or Cheſs-men.

(*i*) The *Vaccinium* is by ſome taken for the Fruit of the Bramble, commonly for any Berry, but properly the black Heath-berry; by others, for the *Hyacinth*, not the common one, but the Flower, by the *Latins* call'd *Iris Cæleſtis*, and *Gladiolus*; of which the Ancients (as *Vitruvius* writes) made an excellent kind of Purple, by tempering it with Milk; which likewiſe the Chymiſts uſe, in giving a tincture to their artificial *Jacynths*. *Pliny* reports (if, as *Salmaſius* conjectures, he found not this with the common *Hyacinth*) that they had it in *France* for Dying the Garments of Servants, and thoſe of the meaner ſort, into a kind of Purple.

(*k*) The Son of *Jupiter*, as *Homer* will have it; of *Oeboon*, ſays *Diophanes*, who having receiv'd a Lute from the Muſes, as *Apollonius* and *Pherecydes* tell us, was taught by *Apollo* as others, from *Mercury* as *Philoſtratus*, was

the first that taught the Use thereof unto others

(*l*) By *Pliny* taken for a Mountain of *Acarnania* by *Stephanus*, of *Bœotia*; by *Vibius*, of *Attica*; by *Servius*, of *Thebes*; but *Eustathius*, of *Ætolia*; and by some likewise of *Arcadia*. In this variety of Opinion we make use of *La Cerda*'s Advice, and and adhere to *Stephanus* and *Servius*.

(*m*) In the Original it is *Figere Cervos*, which some interpret *To Pitchforked Stakes*; but seeing it is more probable, that the Shepherd should invite his Love to the Pleasures of Hunting, thather than such an unwelcom Entertainment, we have chosen the other Interpretation as the more proper; in which sense the words are us'd both by our Author and others.

(*n*) That *Pan* invented the Shepherds Pipe, is generally affirm'd; and therefore amongst other his Attributes, he is call'd *Syrictes*, or *The Piper*. This consists of seven, sometimes of nine Reeds, join'd together like Organ-Pipes, or the Wings of a Bird extended; though some hold the Reed in the midst to have been longest, and the rest to have decreased equally on either side; and as the Musick of the Organs is made by running from one Key to another with the Hand, this was done upon the Pipe with the Mouth: I know not to what better to resemble it, than to the *Frogs* or *Chaudronniers*; and therefore no wonder though it often hurt and wear out the Lip, as *Virgil* says, in the use of it.

(*o*) *La Cerda*'s conjectural Exposition of *Plenis calathis* for *Lilies full blown and spread like Baskets*,

(*s*)

(*t*)

Ba

Baskets full of Lilies, though it be very ingenious, is yet too ſingular to be ſubſcrib'd to.

(*p*) Not unaptly before all other Nymphs is a *Nais* expreſly introduc'd to Court *Alexis*; for the *Naides* are ſaid particularly to affect handſom Youths, and for that reaſon to have raviſh'd *Hylas*: wherefore by *Seneca*, in his *Hyppolitus*, they are ſtyl'd *Naides improbæ, formoſos ſolitæ claudere fontibus.*

(*q*) *Nannius* by *Iolus* will have *Auguſtus* to be underſtood whoſe Favorite *Alexis* was, at the ſame time that *Virgil* was his Amirer; the Name ſeeming to reflect on the *Julian* Name and Family, whence *Auguſtus* was Deſcended.

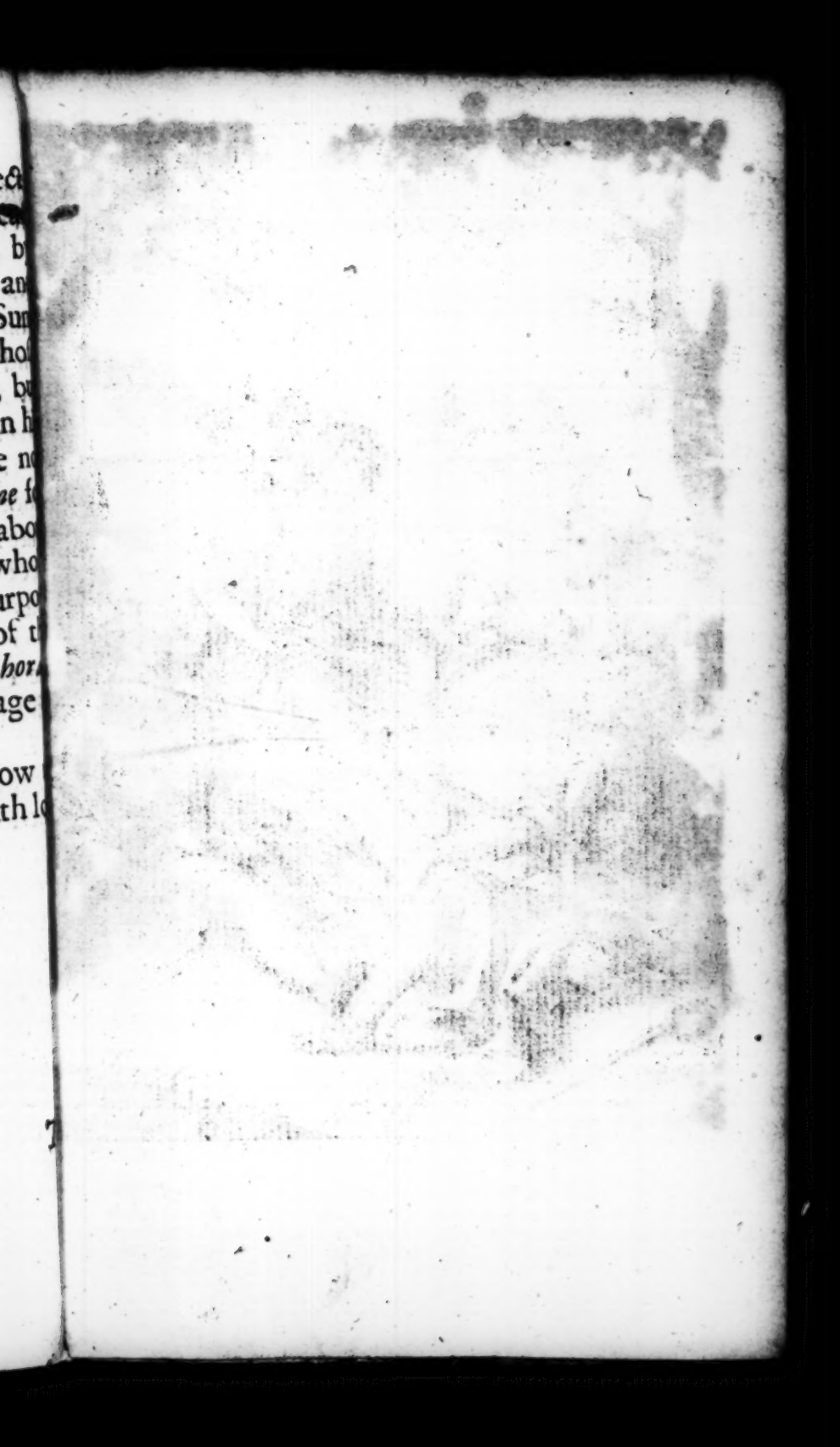
(*r*) The Story of *Paris* his living like a Shepherd in the Foreſt of *Ida*, is ſufficiently known; the Place of whoſe Abode and memorable Judgment, as *Stephanus de Urbibus*, was from his Name call'd *Alexandria*. *Suidas* reports, that he was very Learned, and an excellent Poet, and that he wrote a Poem in praiſe of *Venus*, wherein he preferr'd her Beauty before *Juno's* and *Minerva's*, the occaſion perhaps of the other Fiction.

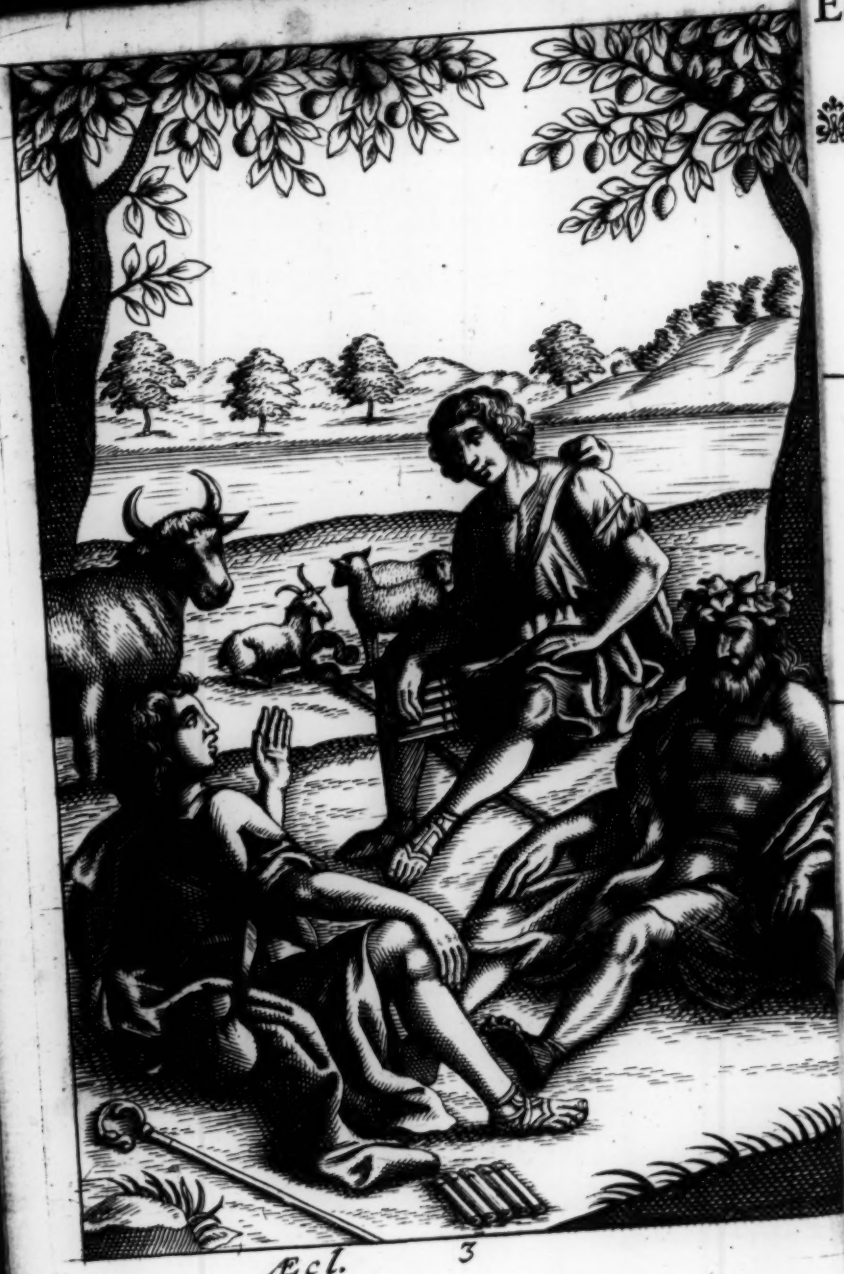
(*s*) The Inventreſs (according to the Poets) of Architecture and Building, being particularly ſtil'd, *The Preſident, Protectreſs*, and *Foundreſs of Cities*; and therefore had her Temple in the Caſtle of *Athens*, to which perhaps the Poet alludes, when he ſays *Quas condidit arces*. Yet there be ſome that attribute her this Preſidentſhip and Reſidence in Tower'd Cities, in memory her high Birth, being born of *Jupiter's Pericranium*.

(*t*) The Ancients had not the uſe of Dialls, nor the

diſtinction of Hours to meaſure the Day; but collect
ed by the ſhortning or lengthning of the Shadows c
from their own or ſome other Body, and meaſur'd b
Feet, how far it was from Morning to Noon, an
from Noon to Sun-ſet. The firſt that invented Sun
Dials were *Anaximander* and *Anazimenes*; but thoſ
were not for indication of the Hours of the Day, bu
the Æquinoxes and Solſtices, as *Salmaſius* proves in h
Plinian Exercitations. The Horary Dials were n
known in *Greece* until *Alexander*'s time, nor in *Rome* f
four hundred and fifty years after its building, abo
which time one brought from *Sicily* ſerv'd the who
City, thoſe of the better ſort keeping Boys on purpo
to run to the Dial, and inform them of the Hour of t
Day; whence that of the Poet—*Puer qui nuntiet hor*
Our Author here reflects upon the ancient Uſage
moſt ſuitable to, and practis'd by Shepherds.

(*u*) It is the Cuſtom in *Italy*, to let Vines grow
againſt Trees, as in *France* they are ſupported with l
Sticks. See *Georg. l.* 1.





The Third ECLOG.

PALÆMON.

* ARGUMENT.

These Swains present how Vertue and the Arts
Great Emulation breed in Men of Parts:
But Grave Palæmon *doth their Passions calm,*
Both praising, yet to neither gives the Palm.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

ARe these, *Damœtas*, *Melibœus* Sheep?

DAMOETAS.

No; *Ægon*'s, *Ægon* gave me them to keep.

MENALCAS.

Still hapless Flock! whilst he *Neæra* woos,
Jealous on me more Favor she bestows,

a Twice

[a] Twice every Hour this Stranger milks the Dams,
Robbing of Strength the Ewes, of Milk the Lambs.

DAMOETAS.

Henceforth such Crimes more sparingly object:
We know what you did, if we would detect;
And how the He-goats [b] squinted on the while,
And [c] in what Place; but th'[d] easie Nymphs [e] did smile.

MENALCAS.

Sure 'twas when I in *Micon*'s Ground was took,
[f] Pruning his Vines with a Malignant Hook.

DAMOETAS.

Nay rather here, under the ancient Oke,
Where thou poor *Daphnis* Bow and Arrows broke,
Which given the Boy, made thee for spite to cry:
Sure couldst thou not do Mischief, thou wouldst die.

MENALCAS.

What may not Lords, when Slaves thus boldly dare
Did I not see thee, Villain, lay a Snare
For honest *Damon*'s Goat? And when his [g] Dog
Barkt out aloud, and [h] I cry'd, Stop the Rogue,
Where runs he? *Tityrus*, count o're thy Flock;
Thou plaid'st All-hid, and sculk'dst behind a Rock.

D

DAMOETAS.

Vanquiſh'd in Singing, why ſhould he refuſe
To pay the Goat, won by my Pipe and Muſe?
That Goat, if thou muſt know, was mine, no leſs
Damon who could not pay it, did confeſs.

MENALCAS.

Thou match his Singing? could'ſt thou ever raiſe
A handſom Pipe? didſt thou not haunt High-ways,
Inskilful Droner? and there uſe to ſpill
iteous Compoſures on a ſqueaking Quill?

DAMOETAS.

What Cunning either hath, now let us try;
I lay this Heifer, leſt thou ſhould'ſt deny,
wice ſhe to Milking comes, and at her Teats
ckles two Calves; then ſay, what are thy Bets?

MENALCAS.

venture any of this Flock, I'm loth;
Father, and my cruel Step-dame, both
unt the Sheep daily, one of them the Kids:
what thou ſhalt confeſs thine far exceeds,
nce thou wilt Rant) [k] two Beechen Cups I'll ſtake,
hich the Divine *l Alcimidon* did make,

Whereon,

Whereon, with a ſmooth Turn [m] ſoft Vines he ſhapes,
And with pale Ivy clothes the ſpreading Grapes.
Two Men betwixt, [n] *Conon*, and [o] what d' y' call
Him with a *Staff* deſcrib'd the Worlds great Ball:
What time's for Plough-men, what for Reapers fit;
Both clean are kept, my Lips ne'r touch'd them yet.

DAMOETAS.

Two Cups I have by the ſame Artiſt made,
The Handles round, with ſoft *Acanthus* laid;
Where *Orpheus* 'midſt the dancing Woods is ſet;
Both clean are kept, my Lips ne'r touch'd them yet.
Saw'ſt thou my Heifer, theſe thou wouldſt not weigh.

MENALCAS.

Thou ſhalt not ſcape, I'll meet without delay;
He that comes firſt be Judge, *Palæmon*, ſee.
Thou never more a Challenger ſhalt be.

DAMOETAS.

Sing what thou haſt; nor will I uſe delay,
None I do fear; [p] Neighbor, *Palæmon*, ſtay;
Sharpen thy Judgment, we no trifle Bet.

PALÆMON.

Begin; ſince we on Beds of Graſs are ſet;

Now Fields are green, and Trees bear Silver Buds,
And gaudy Spring new Liveries the Woods.
Damœtas firſt, *Menalcas* next rehearſe;
The Muſes always lov'd q alternate Verſe.

DAMOETAS.

Muſe, firſt great r *Jove* invoke, s *Jove*'s every where,
He loves our Fields, and holds our Verſes dear.

MENALCAS.

And *Phœbus* mine, nor ſhall he Preſents want
Of bluſhing t Lilies, and his own fair Plant.

DAMOETAS.

At me light *Galatæa* u Apples throws,
Then x flies to Willows; but her ſelf firſt ſhows.

MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* Courts me oft alone,
Nor y *Delia* to our Dogs is better known.

DAMOETAS.

Gifts for my Love, I have, for I the Field
Obſerv'd in which her aery z Stock-Doves build.

N *ME-*

MENALCAS.

Ten choice and [aa] Golden Apples, all my Store,
I ſent the Boy, and ſhall to morrow more.

DAMOETAS.

What, oft to me, my *Galatea* ſaid,
You Winds let part be to the Gods convey'd.

MENALCAS.

What ſhall I by thy Love, *Amyntas*, get,
Whilſt thou Hunt'ſt Boars, if I but keep the Net?

DAMOETAS.

Phyllis, *Iola* ſend, my [bb] Birth-day's now;
And when I [cc] Sacrifice for Fruit, come thou.

MENALCAS.

Her I lov'd beſt, Tears from her parting fell,
And ſaid, Farewel, *Iola* round farewel.

DAMOETAS.

Stern Wolves, our Sheep; Winds, Trees; rank Corn,
Me *Amaryllis* ruins if ſhe low'rs. (rough Show'rs;

ME-

MENALCAS.

Dew feeds the Corn, yean'd Kids ſweet Shrubs ap-
Goats gentle Sallows, I *Amyntas* love. (prove,

DAMOETAS.

[dd] *Pollio*, though ſhe be Ruſtick, loves our Muſe;
A Calf, you Siſters, for your Reader chuſe.

MENALCAS.

Pollio writes well, for him a Bull command,
That buts with Horns, and ſpurns with Feet the Sand.

DAMOETAS.

Such Joys as thine, who loves thee, *Pollio*, ſhare:
For him [ff] flows Honey, Shrubs *Amomum* bear.

MENALCAS.

Who hate not [gg] *Bavius*, may love *Mævius* Note,
The ſame may Foxes join, and milk He-goats.

DAMOETAS.

Fly, who cull Flow'rs, and Earth-born Strawberries;
Ambuſh'd in Graſs, a deadly Serpent lies.

ME-

MENALCAS.

Drive not your Sheep too far, nor Banks draw nigh;
But now the [hh] Ram himſelf his Fleece did dry.

DAMOETAS.

Thy fed Kids *Tityrus* from the River bring,
And when 'tis time, I'll waſh them in the Spring.

MENALCAS.

Lead home the Ewes, leſt Heat their Milk reſtrain,
And you, as lately, preſs the Teat in vain.

DAMOETAS.

How lean my Bull in this rich Paſture ſhews?
'Tis Love the Herd and Herdſman overthrows.

MENALCAS.

Sure Love is not the cauſe their Bones appear,
Some [ii] Eyes bewitch'd my tender Lambs, I fear.

DAMOETAS.

Say, and be great *Apollo*, in what Shore
The [kk] Heavens extend three Fathoms, and no more?

ME-

MENALCAS.

Say, in what Land[11] the Names of Princes ſign
The ſpringing Flowers, and *Phyllis* ſhall be thine.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not in us this Difference to compoſe;
You both deſerve the Calf; and each who knows
Sweet Love, or of the bitter ſhall have proof:
Swains ſhut your Springs, the Meads have drunk (enough.

A N-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Third ECLOG.*

* HE who writes *Eclogs*, ſaith *Servius*, muſt take great care that they be not of like Subjects; in which *Theocritus* fails, but *Virgil* is exact. The firſt expreſt the Happineſs and Misfortune of two Shepherds; The ſecond, a Paſtoral Courtſhip: This, Altercation and Quarrelling, for which reaſon it is properly *Drammatick*. In it *Virgil* is ſuppos'd to repreſent himſelf under the Perſon of *Damætas*; and ſome one of thoſe Learned Men whoſe Envy he had incurr'd by the Favors of *Auguſtus*, *Pollio*, and others, under *Menalcas*.

[a] A Crime forbidden by the Laws of *Juſtinian*, which mulct a Shepherd ſo offending, with loſs of Wages, and Stripes.

[b] For *Hircis*, others read *Hirquis*.

[c] By *Sacellum* (which commonly implies a little Chappel or Houſe conſecrated to ſome Deity) here ſeems to be meant one of thoſe Caves which they us'd to cut out in forms proper to the Worſhip of their Gods, particularly of the Nymphs. See *Athenæus*, *l.* 5. & 12.

[d] The

[d] The *Napeæ*, who are ſaid particularly to dwell in Caves. *Nemeſianus.*

Quæ colitis Sylvas Dryades, quæque antra Napeæ.

[e] Denoting their Clemency, Mildneſs, and Facility in pardoning the prophanation of their *Grott*, not out of Wantonneſs or Lightneſs.

[f] To lop or cut other Mens Trees, eſpecially Vines, was in ancient Times a Capital Offence, and puniſhable as Felony. By the Law of the twelve Tables, expiated by a pecuniary Mulct; by others not without the loſs of a Hand.

[g] A Dog, generated of a Wolf and a *Bitch*, which (as *Ariſtotle* affirms) in *Cyrene* uſually Couple. *Petronius*, *Lupus & Catula formant coeundo Lyciſcam.*

[h] Two Circumſtances of the *Roman* Law, requiſite for the conviction of a Thief, ocular Detection, and immediate Exclamation: for without proof of the laſt, a Thief, according to the twelve Tables, could not legally be Condemn'd. See *Alberic. Gent. in Virgil Lect.*

[i] Perhaps implying the Subject of their Poetry to have been Drammatick and Tragical, whoſe peculiar Reward was a Goat.

[k] Proper to Shepherds, and ſuch kind of People; ſo the Author of *Octavia.*

Pectora pauper ſecura gerit
Tenet è patula pocula fago.

But Carv'd ones were peculiar for Sacrifices, (Beech Cups in ſuch Ceremonies being Religiouſly made uſe of ſays *Pliny*) whence perhaps the Faſhion was taken up by the Country People in their Holiday Cups.

l The reason of the Name may seem to be taken from *Homer*, who frequently calls the Heroes, and those of more than humane Eminency and Excellence, ἀλιμέρες, to which the Epithet is fitly apply'd, according to the Expression of the *Latins*, as *Homo divinus in dicendo* (*Cicero de Oratore*) for an excellent Orator.

m A fashion of Sculpture much in use with the Ancients, as *Trebellius* in the Life of *Claudius* attests, calling them *Vine-Dishes* and *Ivy-Cups*, set forth by *Anacreon* in two express Odes.

n An excellent Astrologer and Geometrician, who first observ'd the Constellation of *Berenice*'s Hair in the Time of *Ptolomy*, and left behind him seven Books of *Astrology*.

o His Name purposely omitted to comply with the Rusticity of the Relator; but suppos'd most probably *Archimedes*, that famous *Sicilian* Mathematician, contemporary and intimate with *Conon*; by whose Example he Compos'd a Calendar and Sphere, both here rudely describ'd by the Shepherd.

p We must not here forget the arrogance of a Grammarian, that liv'd under *Tiberius*, nam'd *Quintus Rhemnius Palæmon* of *Vicenza*, not asham'd to say, that all Learning was born, and should die with him; and that *Virgil* in this *Eclog* propheſied of him as the only Judge of all Poetry; to prove which, besides his Name *Palæmon* (which he found here) he urg'd the word *Vicine* Neighbor, as if implying *Vicentine*, because *Mantua* is near *Vicenza*.

q Perhaps because they are induc'd by *Homer* Singing

ing alternately with *Phœbus*; the Laws of which are, That he in the ſecond place muſt anſwer equal to, if not better than what the firſt propos'd; wherein he that would obſerve *Virgil*'s artful Curioſity, as keeping an equality in both, may conſult *La Cerda*.

[r] The Ancients Religiouſly began all they undertook with the Invocation of *Jupiter*, and that in thoſe ſolemn words, Θεὸς, Θεὸς.

[s] Following the Opinion of thoſe who affirm'd God to be the Soul of the World, diffus'd through every part thereof, a Doctrine firſt brought into *Greece* by *Thales*, and under his Name refell'd by *Ariſtotle*; but juſtifi'd by *Apuleus* with this diſtinction, as apply'd only to the Power, not Eſſence of God. See *Apuleus* in *Lib. de Mundo*.

[t] Plants both Dedicated to *Phœbus*; the Fables ſufficiently known.

[u] An Adagial Expreſſion taken from the Cuſtom of the Ancients, and implying an Invitation to Love, the Apple being conſecrate to *Venus*, and us'd amongſt amorous Preſents; whence *Philoſtratus* in his Picture of Love, deſigns the *Cupids* throwing Apples at one another, as the Symbol of mutual and reciprocal Affection.

[x] Reflecting upon the Carriage and Behavior of Lovers, who fly to be ſeen, fight to be overcome, and ſeem to hate, that they may be belov'd.

[y] *Diana*, the Patroneſs of Hunting, but by ſome taken for the Miſtriſs or Servant of *Menalcas*.

[z] A Preſent not unſuitable for a Lover, theſe Birds being

being Dedicated to *Venus*, perhaps from their ſalacity, whence they receive their original Name.

aa By ſome taken for Citrons, by others for Quinces, but may very well be taken for any ſort of fair Apples, which (as we have before noted) were uſual Preſents among Lovers. Memorable is that of *Theodoſius* the Emperor preſented to *Eudoxia*, and by her given to *Paulinus*, for which ſhe loſt her Husband's Affection, and *Paulinus* not long after his Life. *Zonar.*

bb The Ancients us'd to celebrate their Birth-days with all Freedom and Jollity; at which time it was uſual for Friends to ſend Preſents to one another; and therefore the Shepherd deſires his Miſtris might be ſent him, as the moſt grateful that could be made him.

cc As the other Feſtival was ſolemniz'd with much Licentiouſneſs, ſo this with much Purity; by the Ancients call'd *Ambervale ſacrum*, and ſeems to have been the Autumnal *Emberday* of the *Ethnicks*, the Ceremonies whereof were theſe: When the Corn and Fruits were ripe, they thrice ſurrounded the Fields with the Victim, (whence the Sacrifice receiv'd its Name) which was commonly a Calf, Lamb, or pregnant Sow, the People following and ſhouting. Amongſt whom one Crown'd with an Oaken Wreath Danc'd a ſolemn Meaſure, and Sung the Praiſes of *Ceres* in Verſe; then, after the Libation of Milk, Wine, and Honey, e'r they reap'd the Corn, or gather'd the Fruits, Offer'd the Sacrifice to *Ceres*. *Serv. Macrob. Alex. ab Alex.*

Genial

Genial Dier. L. 3. Whether it be *Facere vitulam*, or *vitulâ*, is much controverted by Grammarians; *Varro* and *Columella* are cited in defence of the latter; but to approve the firſtr we are perſwaded by the *Greek* Phraſe, from which doubtleſs the *Latin* is deriv'd. *Heſychius*, Ἐρδύννων πλατυνλων (read ποιούντων) θυούλων. Some have obſerv'd the *Hebrew* word *Gnaſhah* in the ſame ſenſe.

dd One of *Virgil*'s chiefeſt Friends and Ingratiators with *Auguſtus*, an excellent Poet, ſo acknowled'd by *Seneca*, and commended by *Horace*.

ee Intimating his Triumph and Conſulſhip.

ff An Expreſſion proverbially us'd in friendly Comprecations; alluding to the Felicity and Plenty of the Golden Age, in which Honey is ſaid to have Diſtill'd from Okes.

gg Two ridiculous Poets, Enemies both to *Virgil* and *Horace*; the latter of which ſeems to be commended by *Martial*, if (as Interpreters conjecture) his Name be not put there to ſignifie any Poet.

hh Meaning himſelf. See the *Argument* of the ninth *Eclog*.

ii The reaſon of the Faſcination *Heliodorus* gives. This Air (ſaith he) diffus'd about us, through our Eyes, Noſtrils, and other Paſſages, penetrating the Depth, and bringing thither along with it ſelf thoſe outward Qualities, ſuch as it was when it entred, it infuſeth that Habit which it receiv'd; ſo that when any one mov'd with Envy beholds things that are beautiful, he fills the ambiant Air with a malignant Quality, and

darteth his own Spirit full of of bitterneſs upon thoſe that are next him: The Spirit being of a ſubtle Nature goes quite through. Thus is Envy expreſt many ways, properly call'd *Faſcination.*

kk This by *Servius* and others, is interpreted of a Well in *Syene*, wholly illuminated at Noon in the Summer Solſtice; by ſome, of the Grave and Monument of one *Cælius*, of no larger Extent; much better by *Petrus Cyaconius* (whom *La Cerda* follows) of a Pit in *Rome* call'd *Mundus*; of which thus *Plutarch* in *Romulo*: *When* Romulus *built the City of* Rome, *he ſent for certain choſen Men out of* Etruria, *to compoſe Laws, and ſettle Religion: And a Pit being digg'd in the Ground near the* Comitium, *and the firſt Fruits of all their Poſſeſſions caſt therein, they at laſt each of them threw in a ſmall Piece of their native Earth. This Pit they call'd* Mundus; *which Name is likewiſe attributed to the Heaven, in whoſe Center they built the City.* Thus he. Whence we may ſee the reaſon why our Author diſſembled the Name under that of *Cælum.* This Pit was open but three times in the Year, *viz.* the Day before and after the *Vulcanalial* Feſtivals, the third of the *Nones* of *October*, and the ſixth of the *Ides* of *November*; which Days are imply'd by Fathoms, Ænigmatically taking the common Meaſure of Manufacture for the Meaſure of Time, which is the Day.

ll Moſt Interpreters expound this of the Hyacinth, which (according to the Fable, ſprung from the Blood of *Ajax*, and is ſaid to bear the two firſt Letters in the bottom of its Leaves; but ſo trivial and known a thing could

could not paſs for a Riddle; and for ſuch *Virgil*, by his own Confeſſion, intended theſe Places, to vex the common Grammarians. Ingeniouſly is it by *La Cerda* apply'd to the Coyn of *Auguſtus*, with this Inſcription, *CÆSAR AUGUSTUS*: on the Reverſe were Flowers Engraven, with this Inſcription, *L. AQUILIUS FLORUS. III. VIR.*



Æcl. 4

The Fourth ECLOG.

POLLIO.

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* The ARGUMENT.

Here Sibyl *is apply'd to* Pollio's *Son;*
Her Propheſies, her Genethalicon:
But Chriſt's *Birth he by happy Error ſings,*
The Prince of Poets Crowns the King of Kings.

Sicilian [a] Muſes take a higher flight,
Not all in Shrubs and [b] *Tamariſk* delight.
If Woods we ſing, [c] Woods worthy Conſuls are.
[d] The laſt Time comes, which [e] *Sybil*'s Verſe declare;
[f] From firſt now Time's great Order's born again,
The [g] Maid returns, and the Saturnian Reign;
Now a [h] New Race from Heav'n deſcends to Earth:
O chaſte [i] *Lucina* aid the Bleſſed Birth!
Who ſhall from [k] Ir'n extract a Golden Age,
And to [l] thy *Phœbus* all the World engage.
Thou Child being Conſul, *Pollio* ſhall that Year
Be moſt Renown'd, then [m] glorious Days appear.

If

If any Prints of Antient Crimes remain,
Thou ſhalt efface them in thy happy Reign;
And, from perpetual fear, all Nations free.
He, a God, ſhall [n] Gods mixt with Heroes ſee,
And they ſee him, Ruling both Sea and Land
Subjected by his Mighty Father's Hand.
But unto thee, ſweet Boy, Earth ſhall afford
Firſt Fruits, and Preſents of her own accord,
From ſpreading Ivy bluſhing Berries ſhoot,
With ſoft *Acanthus*, and th' [o] Ægyptian Root.
The pregnant Goats ſhall Home full Udders bear,
Nor ſhall tame Cattel, cruel Lyons fear.
Thy [p] Cradle Flow'rs ſhall ſprout for thy Delight,
The Serpents dye, and treacherous Aconite,
And every where *Aſſyrian* Roſes grow.
As ſoon as thou the [q] Heroes Acts ſhalt know,
And great Atchievements of thy Parents learn,
And what true Vertue is, thy ſelf diſcern;
Then by degrees Lands flouriſhing with Corn
Shall Golden grow, and the unpruned Thorn
Shall dangling Grapes with purple Cluſters fill,
And pureſt Honey from hard Oak diſtill.
Some Prints of Antient Frauds will yet be found,
Which bids to Sea, and Towns with Walls ſurround,
And Virgin Champain in long Furrows tear.
A ſecond [r] *Typhis* in new *Argo* bear
Choice Heroes, and another War employ,
Mighty [s] *Achilles*, ſent again to *Troy*.
When ripening years make thee a gallant Man,
Sea-men ſhall leave the boyſterous Ocean;

Nor

Nor Merchants ſhall tranſport exchanged Ware,
But all Commodities grow every where;
Nor Earth ſhall Harrows feel, nor Vine the Hook,
And hardy Plow-men ſhall their Steers unyoke;
Nor Wooll deceive with artificial Dye,
But, in the Meadows, Rams in Scarlet lye,
Or elſe their Silver Fleeces turn'd to Gold,
And Princely [t] Purple ſimple Lambs infold:
The Fates conſpiring with Eternal Doom,
Said to their Spindles, Let ſuch Ages come.
Go Heavenly Race, great Progeny of *Jove*,
The time draws near thy Honor to improve.
See how the Pole ſhakes, with the pond'rous Globe
Of Earth and Sea, and Heav'ns all-ſpangled Robe:
How all things at th' approching Age rejoyce.
Oh that my Life would laſt ſo long, and Voice,
That to the Sky I might thy Honor raiſe!
Not *Thracian Orpheus* then ſhould win the Bays,
Nor [u] *Linus*, though their Parents preſent were:
This *Phœbus* got, [x] *Caliope* that did bear.
Should *Pan* with me ſtrive, by *Arcadia*'s Doom,
Although a God, *Pan* ſhould be overcome.
Begin, ſweet Babe, with [y] Smiles thy Mother know,
Who ten long Months did with thy Burthen go;
Sweet Babe, begin, whoſe Smiles ne're Parents bleſt,
No [z] Goddeſs grants him Bed, no God a Feaſt.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The Fourth ECLOG.

* *Asinius Follio*, General of the *German* Army, having taken *Salonæ*, a Town in *Dalmatia*, was at his return to *Rome* honor'd with a Triumph, and the Conſulſhip. The ſame Year he had a Son, whom from the City he had taken he nam'd *Saloninus*: The Birth of which Child *Virgil* celebrates in this *Eclog*, intermixing the Praiſes ſometime of his Father *Pollio*, ſometime of the Emperor *Auguſtus*, and applying to that particular Occaſion what the *Sibyls* had prophetically written of our *Saviour*'s *Incarnation*. With this Poem the Ancient *Chriſtians* were ſo far delighted, that thoſe of *Greece* tranſlated it into their own Language; and St. *Jerome* ſticks not to affirm, That *Virgil* was a *Chriſtian*, even without *Chriſt*. Certain it is, he had the happineſs by this *Eclog* to make ſuch; *Secundianus Verianus* and *Marcellinus*, Men wholly of another Religion, were converted to *Chriſtianity* by reading it.

[a] Alluding to *Theocritus* the *Sicillian* Poet, whoſe Imitator our Author in theſe *Eclogs* profeſſes himſelf to be.

[b] By

[b] By this Plant the Ancients proverbially denoted any thing of mean or low Condition.

[c] The *Roman* Conſtitutions aſſign the care of the Hills and Woods to the Conſuls, to the end they might not be unprovided for Materials of Shipping: This Office was call'd *Provincia Minor*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other, which was properly *Conſularis* and *Major*, anſwerable to which, in *England*, is the Office of the Juſtice in Eyr of the King's Foreſts.

[d] Of theſe Times, thus *Suetonius* (in *Veſpaſ.*) *There was ſpread through all the Eaſt an inveterate Opinion, that ſome, according to the Decrees of Fate, coming from* Judæa, *ſhould gain the Univerſal Rule of All things.* Which (though by him falſly apply'd to *Veſpaſian*) was verifi'd in our *Saviour*.

[e] What our Author here aſcribes to *Sibylla Cumæa Italica*, (different from *Sibylla Cumana Æolica*) ſome attribute to *Sibylla Erythræa*; ſo that either both wrote to the ſame effect, or *Virgil* hath aſcrib'd to one, what is proper to the other.

[f] In alluſion as ſome think, to the *Platonick* Year, in which all the Planets are conceiv'd to return to the ſame Point from whence they began their Motion; by *Democritus* call'd *Annus Magnus*; by others, *Univerſalis*; by *Cicero* (not unelegantly) *Annus Vertens*; but more probably relating to the reſtoration of the Golden Age, under the happy Government of *Auguſtus*.

[g] *Aſtræa*, the laſt of the Deities, that forſook the polluted Earth, and now makes the Conſtellation of *Virgo* in Heaven.

[h] By

[h] By *Turnebus* underſtood of that Stoical Opinion, which held Mankind to ſpring from a Celeſtial Seminal *Effluvium*; concerning which ſee *Cicero in* 1. *de Natura Deor.* But proverbially denoting a Man of eminent or excellent Condition.

[i] The ſame with *Juno*, *Diana*, and *Venus*; yet ſome hold her to be neither of the three; others, the ſame indiſtinct Deity under ſeveral Notions, according to that of *Catullus*,

Tu Lucina dolentibus,
Juno dicta puerperis, &c.

Anciently invok'd by Labouring Women, in regard her Mother was deliver'd of her without pain. So *Callimach. in Hymn.*

[k] The Diviſion of the Ages into Gold, Silver, Braſs, and Iron, is owing to the *Sibyls* Invention, who fancied a Return of thoſe ſeveral Ages, after the end of their reſpective Periods.

[l] Reflecting, as ſome Interpreters conceive, upon *Auguſtus Caſar*, who was reputed the Son of *Apollo*, and his Statue erected with all the Ornaments and Enſigns of that God.

[m] By *Servius* interpreted of the Months *July* and *Auguſt*, dedicated to the Memory of the two firſt Emperors; by *Turnebus* apply'd to the Great Year foretold by the *Sibyls*; by *La Cerda* underſtood of the enſuing Greatneſs and Proſperity of *Auguſtus* his Reign the moſt probable Opinion.

[n] B

[n] By this *Periphraſis* the Poet intends the renovation of the Golden Times, as *Ovid* expreſſeth them,

——*Patiens cum Terra Deorum eſſet, & humanis Numina miſta locis:*

and is, with what follows, to be apply'd to *Saloninus*, not *Auguſtus*.

[o] *Colocaſia* is the *Ægyptian Bean*; yet *Dioſcorides* takes it not for the whole Plant, but the Root only, according to our Verſion: but the reaſon why *Virgil* here makes mention of this Plant, *Servius* conjectures to be in Honor of *Auguſtus*; for till after his Conqueſt of *Ægypt*, it was not knownt to the *Romans*.

[p] *Donatus*, *Nannius*, and *Germanus* conceive *Virgil* in this place to allude to his own Cradle-Honors, ſignal by that memorable *Omen* of a Poplar Branch, which planted on his Birth-day, grew up ſuddenly to equal the talleſt Pines; and being Conſecrated to *Virgil* by the Vows of Child-bearing Women, became very eminent.

[q] In theſe two Verſes are contain'd (ſaith *Servius*) a Deſignation of *Saloninus* hi Studies; by *Heroes Praiſes*, underſtanding *Poetry*; by his *Fathers Deeds*, *Hiſtory*; by the *Knowledge of Vertue*, *Moral Philoſophy*.

[r] Proverbially meant, and ſo here apply'd to any famous Navigator, in memorial of *Typhis* the Son of *Argo*, the firſt Ship, according to the Poets, that Sailed the Seas; but *Diodorus Siculus* will have it to be the firſt only in Magnitude, for that Navigation was in uſe before

before the *Argonautick* Expedition, is manifeſt, though but in ſmall Veſſels or Rafts.

[r] Here taken for any valiant Man: ſo *Servius*. The Poet (ſaith he) uſes Particulars in ſtead of Generals; for by *Typhis* he means any Pilot; by *Argo*, any Ship; by *Troy*, any Town; and by *Achilles*, any Valiant Perſon.

[s] Alluding to the *Thuſcan* Superſtition, which portended to the Prince of the Country wherein a Sheep of that colour'd Fleece was found, encreaſe of Proſperity, Power, and Honor; and therefore not unaptly apply'd by our Poet either to *Pollio* or *Auguſtus*. An Obſervation not to be ſlighted, if we may credit Hiſtory: ſince *Albinus*, from the Horns of an Ox; *Maximinus*, from Grapes; *Antoninus*, *Geta*, and *Severus*, from a Lamb; *Aurelian*, from his Swadling Clothes of that Colour, collected the happy *Omens* of their future Greatneſs.

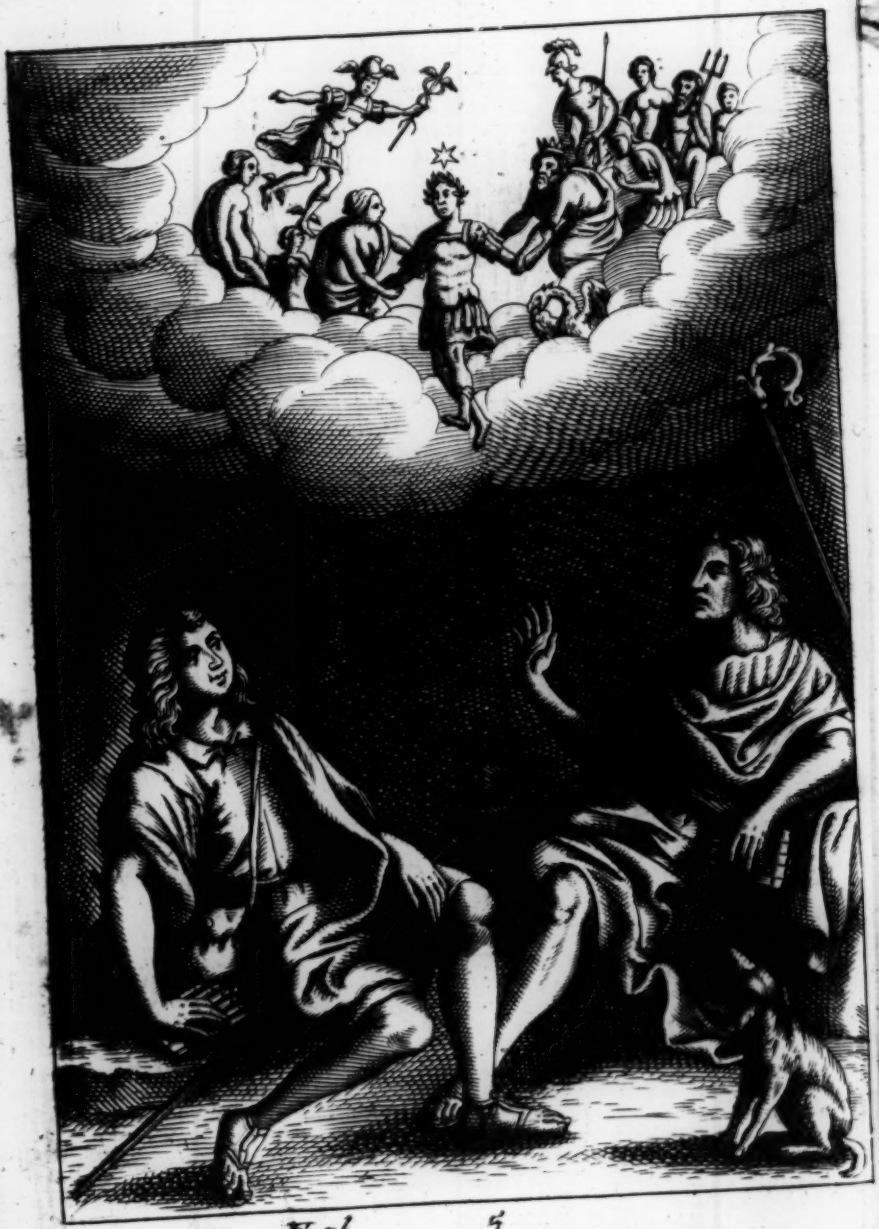
[u] A famous Muſician, Inſtructer of *Orpheus* and *Hercules*, the reputed Son of *Apollo*; yet *Pauſanias* (*in Bœotic.*) reports *Amphimarus* to have been his Father: His Mother ſome make *Terpſichore*, others *Urania*.

[x] Yet ſome account *Polymnia*, others *Thamyris*, for his Mother: Nor is there leſs uncertainty about his Father; *Apollonius* makes him the Son of *Oeagrius*; *Menæchmus*, of *Apollo*; others, of *Chæris*.

[y] A happy *Omen*, (though by *Servius* miſtaken for unfortunate) as *Pliny* inſtances in the Birth of *Zoroaſtes*; for we apply not the Smiles in this Place to the Parent, with *Bembus*, *Politian*, and others; but to the Child, as *Nannius*, *Germanus*, and *La Cerda*.

[z] The

2 The Ancient *Romans* (ſays *Seneca*, *Epiſt.* 2. *l.* 20.) aſſign'd to every Man his *Genius* and *Juno*. By the God therefore is here meant the firſt (Preſident of the Table;) by the Goddeſs, the ſecond, (Superintendent of the Bed.) *Servius* his Application of this to *Vulcan* is juſtly exploded.



Ecl. 5

The Fifth ECLOG.

DAPHNIS.

* The ARGUMENT.

Since Kings as Common Fathers cheriſh all,
Subjects like Children ſhould lament their Fall:
But Learned Men of Grief ſhould have more ſenſe,
When violent Death ſeizeth a Gracious Prince.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

MAy we not, [a] *Mopſus*, happily thus met,
Under theſe ſhady Elms 'mong Hazels ſet,
Try both our Skills? I'll ſing, and thou ſhalt play.

MOPSUS.

Menalcas, thou art eldeſt, lead the way,

Where wanton Breezes dancing Shadows make;
This Grot, or that Cave yonder let us take,
Which a wild Vine with ſpreading Boughs infolds.

MENALCAS.

Only *Amyntas* dares thee in our Wolds.

MOPSUS.

What if that Swain to out-ſing *Phœbus* aims?

MENALCAS.

Dear *Mopſus*, if th' haſt ought of [b] *Phyllis* Flames,
Of [c] *Alcon*'s Praiſe, or [d] *Codrus* Brawl, begin;
And *Tityrus* ſhall thy feeding Kids keep in.

MOPSUS.

I'll try that Song [e] on the green Beech I writ,
And with alternate Replications ſet;
Then bid *Amyntas*, if he dares, contend.

MENALCAS.

As Silver Olives, Sallow Shrubs tranſcend;
As ſcarlet Roſes, wither'd Spike debaſe;
So much *Amyntas* muſt to thee give place.

MOPSUS.

MOPSUS.

No more of that, dear Swain; the Cave is near.
At *Daphnis* woful Funeral many a Tear
The Nymphs did ſhed, witneſs you Woods & Streams,
When the ſad Mother rais'd the mangled Limbs
Of her dead Son, diſtracted, ſhe did all
The Gods and conſcious Stars then Cruel call.
That day no Swain drove to the cooling Flood
His Herds, nor would they [f] touch the ſweeteſt Food.
Thy Death, O *Daphnis*, *Lybian* Lions mourn'd,
And Woods and Mountains echoing Groans return'd,
Armenian Tygers *Daphnis* Chariot drew;
'Twas *Daphnis*, *Bacchus* Dances did renew,
And [g] Javelins did with dangling Ivy twine.
As Vines illuſtrate Woods, as Grapes the Vine,
As Bulls the bellowing Herd, as gallant Corn
The Golden Plains, ſo thou doſt thine adorn.
As ſoon as thou to cruel Fate didſt yield,
[h] *Pales* and bleſt *Apollo* left the Field.
Where oft we ſow'd fair Corn, thoſe glorious Lands
[i] Pernicious Darnel, and Wild Oats commands;
For Violets and Daffodillies, here
Thiſtles and Thorns in cruel Arms appear.
Swains, come away, and [k] ſtrew the Earth with flow'rs,
Plant o're your ſacred Fountains ſhady Bow'rs,
Daphnis commanded; then erect his Herſe,
And fix upon the [l] Monument this Verſe;

I Daphnis, *known in Woods, and to the Skie,*
Kept a Fair Flock, but yet more Fair was I.

MENALCAS.

O Divine Poet, me thy Verſes pleaſe
More than ſoft Slumber, laid in quiet eaſe:
Tho haſt now match'd thy Maſter's Pipe and Voyce;
Bleſt Swain, that thou his Second art, rejoyce.
Thoſe Verſes which I have, what-e're they be,
I'll interchangeably return to thee,
And raiſe thy *Daphnis* to the higheſt Sphere;
Daphnis lov'd us, *Daphnis* to Heav'n we'll bear.

MOPSUS.

What worthier Song canſt thou to us reherſe?
The Gallant Swain becomes a Noble Verſe,
And *Stimichon* to me did lately praiſe
The ſweet Compoſure of thy happy Lays.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis admir'd, beholding *Jove*'s bright Arch,
And Stars and Clouds beneath his Feet to march;
Strange Joys at this both Groves and Fields poſſeſt,
Great *Pan*, the Nymphs, and humble Swains were bleſt,
Wolves laid no wait for Lambs, nor Nets did ſeiſe
The nimble Deer, Peace did good *Daphnis* pleaſe;
The unſhorn Mountains, rough with horrid Quars,
Glad Voyces ſend to the rejoycing Stars,

And

And humble Shrubs now in a chearful Ode,
Sing, O *Menalcas*, he's a God, a God!
Be good and bleſt to thine: Four Altars ſee,
For *Phœbus* [m] two, and *Daphnis* two for thee;
Two Bowls of New Milk yearly I deſign,
Two of pure Oyl, and Feaſts with ſtore of Wine;
If Cold, [n] by th' Fire; if Summer, in a Bower,
From Cups I'll new [o] *Arviſian* Nectar pour.
Damœtus ſhall to us, and *Ægon* ſing;
Alphiſibœus like a [p] Satyr ſpring.
This ſhall be ever, both when Vows we pay
The [q] Nymphs, and ſolemnly the Fields ſurvey.
Whilſt Boars on Hills, whilſt Fiſh in Streams delight,
Whilſt pleaſant Thyme ſhall labouring Bees invite,
And ſilver Dew be [r] Graſhoppers repaſt,
So long my honor'd Name and Praiſe ſhall laſt.

MOPSUS.

Now for ſuch Verſe, what Preſent ſhall I find?
Not murmurs of th' approaching Southern Wind,
Nor Shores more pleaſe me, which the Waves aſſail,
Nor Rivers gliding through a ſtony Vale.

MENALCAS.

This ſlender Pipe we give, our Loves returns.
This, Corydon *for fair* Alexis *burns*,
To this I ſing, *Theſe* Melibœus *Sheep*.

MOPSUS.

Take thou this Hook, which I (though begg'd) did keep
From dear [f] *Antigenes*, who well deserv'd
With equal Knots in Brass, *Menalcas*, carv'd.

A N-

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The Fifth ECLOG.

THE precedent *Eclog* celebrated the Birth of *Saloninus*; this, continuing the Variety, deplores the Death of *Daphnis*, whom ſome directly underſtand a *Sicilian* Shepherd of that Name, by his Mother (of whom he was begot by *Mercury*) as ſoon as born, expos'd, and found by Shepherds amongſt Laurels, from which they gave him that Name: Of *Pan* he learnt Muſick; and a Nymph falling in love with him, engag'd him by ſolemn Oath not to enjoy any other; but by the wandring of his Herd, led by chance to the Palace, the King's Daughter ſurpris'd with his Beauty, entic'd him to break that Vow; which the Nymph diſcovering, depriv'd him of Sight. Hereupon by *Mercury* his Father, whom he call'd to aſſiſt him, he was taken up into Heaven, and a Fountain immediately ſprung out of the Place, which bears his Name, and is yearly honor'd with Sacrifices by the *Sicilians*. To which *Diodorus* adds, That he firſt found out *Bucolick* Verſe in *Sicily*. Others interpret *Daphnis* here, *Julius Cæſar*, to whom many Expreſſions are proper:

per: Some *Quintilius Varro*, ſlain in *Germany*, with the loſs of three Legions. A third Opinion is of thoſe who ſay, That under that name is meant *Flaccus Maro*, Brother to *Virgil*; to which effect is this Diſtich.

Triſtia fata tui dum fles in Daphnide Flacci,
Docte Maro, fratre diis immortalibus æquas.

[a] The Names of *Mopſus*, *Menalcas*, and *Amyntas*, are here taken without any farther Alluſion, than as to Perſons of a Ruſtick Condition, and fit for a Paſtoral.

[b] She was Daughter of *Lycurgus* and *Cruſthumena* Queen of *Thrace*, who fell in Love with *Demophoon*, Son of *Theſeus*, driven upon that Coaſt in his return from *Troy* by a Tempeſt; and when he went to *Athens*, and fail'd of returning according to promiſe, impatient of his Abſence, ſhe hang'd her ſelf.

[c] That excellent *Cretan* Archer, who ſeeing a Serpent wound about the Body of his Child as he lay aſleep, levell'd at the Serpent with ſo ſure an aim, that he kill'd him without hurting his Son. This Child was *Phalerus*, who after prov'd ſo famous a Commander in the *Græcian* Wars.

[d] One of the *Athenian* Kings *pro Patria non timidus mori*; who in a War againſt the *Lacedæmonians* (ſays *Servius*,) the *Dorians* (*Juſtine*,) the *Thracians* (*Plutarch*) when the Oracle had pronounc'd Victory to the *Athenians* upon no other Terms but death of their King, caſting off his Imperial Robe, ruſht into the midſt of his Enemies, and by his own Death purchas'd his Country

Countrys ſafety. See the Story in *Valer. Maxim. l.* 5. *c.* 6.

e *Ubi enim debuit magis ruſticus ſcribere* (ſays *Servius.*) The Cuſtom us'd among Lovers of engraving the Names of thoſe whom they affected, with ſome Epithet of Praiſe, upon the Barks of Trees. See in the *Scholiaſt* of *Ariſtophanes.*

f Alluding perhaps to what is recorded of the Horſes of *Julius Cæſar*, which by him (after his Paſſage over *Rubicon*) Conſecrated, and tnrn'd out at liberty, obſtinately refusd their Food, and often wept for the abſence of their Maſter. *Sueton.*

g *Servius* interprets this of *Julius Cæſar* his bringing the Ceremonies of *Bacchus* into *Rome*; which yet, according to *Livy*, ſeem to have a much more ancient Introduction. *Liv. l.* 40.

h The Shepherds Goddeſs, ſuppos'd the ſame with *Veſta* or *Cybele*: *Varro* makes her a Goddeſs to whom the Sacrifices call'd *Palilia* were Offer'd the eleventh of the *Calends* of *May*. See *Ovid. in* 6 *Faſt.*

i This Weed hath the peculiar Quality of infecting the Eye with Dimneſs, whence it is Proverbially us'd for one that is dim-ſighted, to ſay, *He feeds on Darnel*; perhaps the Reaſon of the Epithet. See *Eraſm. Chil.* 2. *Cent.* 1. *Adag.* 29.

k By the way here may be obſerv'd the proper Interment of a *Heroe*, who were believ'd to inhabit Woods and Fountains.

l A Monument, or *Tumulus*, was properly a Heap of Earth, without any other Memorial; to which was added

added in time an Inſcription, containing the Lamentation and Praiſes of the Dead, whoſe Laws *Plato* preſcribes in 9. *de legib.*

[m] The Poet alludes to the Cuſtom of the Ancients, who to every God erected two Altars; confirm'd by Teſtimony of *Ælian*, who in his various Hiſtory reports that *Anaxagoras* being Deified, had two Altars erected to him, one intituled *of the Mind*; the other *of Truth*: And *Pauſanius* in *Arcad.* deſcribing the Temple of *Jupiter Licæus*, ſays, There were two Altars, two Tables, and on them two Eagles. Thoſe who affirm it uſual in honor of the *Manes* to erect two Altars, bring nothing in prejudice of this, ſince it was cuſtomary to both, as well *Manes* as Deities. Nor is *Servius* his diſtinction between *Ara* and *Altare*, appropriating one to Infernal, the other to Cœleſtial Deities, worth the hearkning to; the Word being promiſcuouſly taken, as is prov'd by *La Cerda*.

[n] The Places uſual to ſacrifice to the *Lars* (according to their ſeveral Seaſons;) for they ſuppos'd the Souls of ſuch as were Deified, to be *Lars*, to whom they offer'd Wine, Milk, Oyl, and the firſt of their Corn. The reaſon for the laſt, *La Cerda* conjectures to ariſe from their imitation of the *Jews*, who offer'd the Firſt Fruits of their Corn, in honor of their living Kings, which the *Heathens* likewiſe transferr'd to that of their dead Sovereigns.

[o] *Arviſia* (according to *Strabo*) is a Place in the Iſland *Chios*, rough and hilly, where the beſt *Greek* Wine grows, which at this day we call *Malmſey*.

[p] That

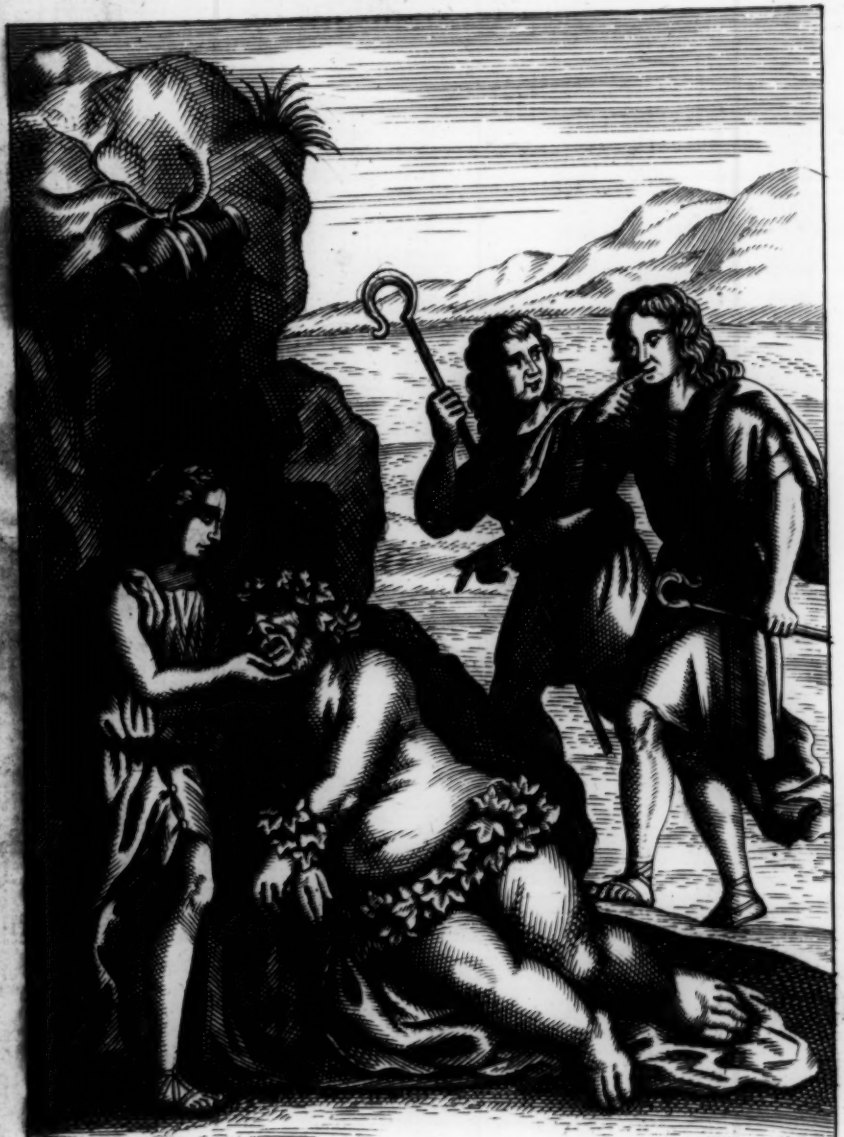
p That Dancing was us'd at Feasts, is clearly evinc'd out of *Athenæus*, *l.* 1. *Macrobius*, *Sat.* 2. 1. and others; as likewise at the Monuments and Commemorative Festivals of the Dead: Hence *Siticines*, of whom *Geraldus* and *Gellius*. Nor less frequent in Divine Solemnities; the reason given by *Servius*, Because the Ancients would have all the Members of the Body, as it were, sensible of Religion. Singing they counted an Expression of the Mind; Dancing, of the Body.

q Reflecting upon the Custom among the *Romans*, (deriv'd from the *Sicilians*) of yearly Sacrificing to the Nymphs in their Houses, at which time they us'd to Dance before their Statues half tippled: See *Athenæus*, *l.* 6. *Turnebus* will have this Solemnity to be properly perform'd in the Fields, Nymphs being Rustick Deities, and there fitliest worshipp'd: Yet in this place it seems to be oppos'd to the *Ambervale Sacrum* (understood here by *Lustration of the Fields*) and therefore rather solemniz'd within-doors: Of which Opinion are *Germanus*, *Victorius*, and *La Cerda*.

r That Grashoppers are nourish'd onely with Dew, *Aristotle* and *Pliny* affirm. Nor need this seem strange, when *Strabo* reports, That there were a People in *India* without Mouths, that liv'd onely upon Smell. A spare Diet! yet the Father of the Physicians, *Hippocrates*, allows of it, where he saith, *We are uouriſh'd by Meat, ſooner by Wine, ſooneſt by Smells.* See *Albericus Gentilis. Lect. Virgil.*

s Some beautiful Shepherd, or a Musician of that Name, whom *Virgil* is said to have affected.

The



Ecl. 6

The Sixth ECLOG.

SILENUS.

* ARGUMENT.

Thoſe Sects which promiſe Senſual Delights,
Sooneſt infect, and gain moſt Proſelytes;
But oft thoſe Tenets which are held Divine,
Riſe from full Bellies, and Heads charg'd with Wine.

OUr Muſe firſt ſtooped to [a] *Sicilian* ſtrain,
Nor did to dwell in murmuring Woods diſdain;
When [b] War and Kings I ſung, then *Phœbus* thus,
[c] Nipping my Ear, advis'd; Hold, *Tityrus*,
Shepherds ſhould feed their Flocks,& tune [d] ſoft Lays:
Now I (for many it delights thy Praiſe
And bloody Wars, Great [e] *Varus*, to reherſe)
On ſlender Reeds ſhall tune an humble Verſe.
Nor uncommanded ſing I; ſtruck with Love,
If any read the Shrubs, and every Grove
Shall ſing thee, *Varus*: What can more engage
Phœbus, than thy Name on the Title-page?

Say,

Say, Muſe, how [f] *Chromis*, and *Mnaſylus*, found
In's Cave [g] *Silenus* ſleeping on the Ground,
With laſt night's *Bacchus* ſwell'd (his [h] uſual guiſe)
Far from his Head his [i] faln off Garland lies;
By a worn Handle hung his heavy [k] Can.
Him (for with promis'd Verſes the Old Man
Had often mock'd their Hopes) they ſeiſe, and [l] bind
With his own Wreaths; to them, yet fearful, joyn'd
[m] *Ægle* the fair, who, as he firſt did rowſe,
Painted with bluſhing [n] Mulberries his Brows.
He ſmiling at their Plot, And why thus bound?
Looſe, 'tis enough that thus I could be [o] found:
Take Verſes which I promis'd, they are done;
Her I'll pleaſe otherwiſe: Who thus begun;
Then mightſt thou ſee Wild Beaſts and Fawns ad-
In ſportful Meaſure, and tall Foreſts dance; (vance
Nor ſo in *Phœbus* joy [p] *Parnaſſian* Spires,
[q] *Iſmare*, nor *Rhodope*, *Orpheus* ſo admires:
He ſung how from the ſpacious *Vacuum* came
The [r] Seeds of Earth, of Water, [f] Air, and Flame;
How firſt theſe Principles did all beget,
And the great Joynts of [t] th' Infant World were knit;
Earth then condenſing, did the Sea exclude,
And by degrees diſtinctive Forms endu'd:
The Sun is next their Wonder, by whoſe Power
Vapors aſcend a Cloud, and fall a Shower;
After the ſhady Groves began to ſpread,
And on ſtrange Hills a few Beaſts wandring fed;
Next [u] *Saturn*'s Reign, the [x] Stones by *Pyrrha* flung,
Caucaſian Fowl, [y] *Prometheus* Theft he ſung.

An

And [z] *Hylas* next, where Saylors near the Spring
Call *Hylas*, *Hylas*, till the Shores did ring.
And bleſt [a] *Paſiphae*, if no Herds ſh' had ſeen,
Nor with a white Bulls Love delighted been.
What Folly hapleſs Virgin made thee yield? (fill'd,
Though [b] *Pretid's* Lawns were with feign'd Lowings
Yet none of thoſe ſuch ſtrange Deſires provoke,
Although their Necks had trembled at the Yoke,
And oft in their ſmooth Brows felt knotty Buds.
Thou hapleſs Virgin wand'reſt through the Woods,
Whilſt he on Flow'rs his ſnowy ſide hath laid,
Chewing the Cud, ſhelter'd in pleaſant ſhade,
Or Courts ſome other in the ample Drove:
Shut Nymphs, *Dictæan* Nymphs, ſhut up your Grove,
Leſt any Tracts as he ſhall wandring paſs
By chance we find, or took with verdant Graſs,
Or following Cattel, other Heifers call,
And they intice him to *Gortina's* Stall.
The Virgins who [c] Heſperian fruit admir'd,
And [d] *Phaeton's* Siſters, with green Moſs attir'd,
Turn'd into ſtately Alder, next he ſings,
Then [e] *Gallus* progreſs to Permeſſian Springs;
How him a Muſe th' *Aonian* Mountain ſhews,
Where *Phœbus* Quire honoring the man, aroſe;
What *Linus* then, in Heavenly numbers ſaid,
Veiling his Treſſes with a floury ſhade,
Theſe Pipes which once the Muſes by Decree
Gave to old [f] *Heſiod*, they confer on thee;
Who could, when he to theſe was pleas'd to ſing,
Down ſtately Aſh from lofty Mountains bring;

With these shall be describ'd *Apollo's* Grove,
Lest *Phœbus* more some other place approve.
Why should I mention [g] *Scyllas* snowy Wast,
With barking Monsters round about embrac'd,
Vexing Dulichian Ships? huge Billows there
With cruel Sea-Dogs woful Sailors tear.
Next [h] *Tereus* Transformation he declar'd,
And bloody Feast by *Philomel* prepar'd,
How swiftly to the Desarts she withdrew,
And o're her Palace how th' unhappy flew.
All this which *Phœbus* long before declar'd,
And blest *Eurotas* with Attention heard,
Bidding his Laurels lean, *Silenus* sung;
Against the Stars, the echoing Valleys rung;
Till Night bid house their Flocks, their numbers tell,
And from unwilling Skies the Evening fell

AN

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The Sixth ECLOG.

*OUr Author having together with *Quintilius Varus*, ſtudied under *Silon*, an Epicurian Philoſopher, in this Eclog diſcourſeth of the Original of things, according to the ſenſe of that Sect; inſerting many fabulous Transformations and other pieces of Ethnick Theology, all in the Perſon of *Silenus* (under which he veils his Tutor) particularly intended in praiſe of his fellow Scholar *Varus*; Hence it is commonly intitled *Silenus*, by ſome the *Metamorphoſis*, *Divinity*, *Varus*.

[a] *Virgil* firſt transferr'd the *Greek* Paſtorals of *Theocritus* a *Syracuſian*, to the *Romans* in their own Tongue.

[b] *Donatus* and *Servius* affirm, that he made an Attempt in Verſe upon the *Roman* ſtory firſt, but was deterred from it by the harſhneſs of the Names.

[c] Proverbially ſaid of ſuch as admoniſh; either taken as *Eraſmus* will have it, from the old cuſtom of thoſe who when they cited any man to the Court, to bear witneſs for them, nipp'd them by the Ear; or becauſe the Ear is ſuppos'd to be the loweſt Seat of the Memory. *Pliny* 11. 45.

[d] *Dydy-*

[d] *Deductum carmen Macrobius* expounds *tenue, & ſubtile*; *Nannius, molle & ſuave*; *Servius* ſaith, it is metaphorically taken from Wool.

[e] That *Quintilius Varus* was of the Epicurian Sect, we have already alledg'd upon the Teſtimony of *Servius*; That he was by *Auguſtus* made Commander in Chief of the *German* Army, and with three Legions cut off by the Circumvention of *Arminius*, is aſſerted by *Velleius Paterculus* and *Tacitus*, upon whoſe Death *Horace* thus, (comforting our Poet,)

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus ſopor
Urget? cui pudor & juſtitia ſoror
In corrupta fides, nudaq; veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem.

[f] Two young Satyrs, by whom *Virgil* is believ'd to mean himſelf and *Varus*.

[g] That the elder Satyrs are ſo call'd, is not unknown from *Pauſanias*. *Silenus* was conceiv'd to be the Foſterer and Educator of *Bacchus*; very ill countenanc'd, flat Nos'd, whoſe Repreſentation in Boxes and Statues, *Socrates* the Phyloſopher (eminent for outward Deformity, and inward Beauty) extreamly reſembled.

[h] He is indeed commonly deſcribed drunk by the Poets. *Ovid.*

Ebrius ecce ſenex pando delapſus aſello,
Clamarunt Satyri ſurge age, ſurge Pater,

Concu

Concurrunt Satyri turgentiaque ora parentis
Rident, percuſſo claudicat ille genu.

The Reaſon given by the Mythologiſts is, becauſe he is Inſtructor of the reſt, repleniſh'd with Learning.

[i] To wear a Wreath or Garland was one Mark of Drunkenneſs, the falling of it off a greater. See *La Cerda.*

[k] *Cantharus*, a Can, was proper to *Silenus*, as *Scyphus*, a Cup, to *Hercules. Val. Max. 3. 6.*

[l] It was the property of the *Sileni* never to ſing, but upon ſuch conſtraint, as hath been obſerv'd from *Maximus Tyrius* and *Ovid*, the ſame is reported of *Proteus* bound by *Ariſtæus*; *Faunus* and *Picus* bound by *Numa*, by *La Cerda* prov'd as natural to all the *Semidei.*

[m] A Nymph is here added (ſay the Interpreters) that nothing might be wanting to expreſs the Luxury of the Epicurian Sect: But theſe equally injure *Epicure* and *Virgil*, who as here, ſo in his *Ciris* more particularly profeſſeth himſelf his Follower; ſee what *Gaſſendus* hath ſaid to juſtifie the firſt. *lib. 7. cap. 5.*

[n] *La Cerda* underſtands this literally, and proves that *Color rubeus* was proper to the Gods; with which Tincture the Nymph here ſought to pleaſe *Silenus*, to invite him to ſing.

[o] Becauſe (ſay ſome Interpreters) the *Semidei*, as Fauns, Nymphs, Satyrs, *&c.* were never ſeen, but when they themſelves would, or (as *Servius*)

ſufficit quod talis vobis viſus ſum ut etiam ligari poſſim.

p *Parnaſſus*, a Mountain of *Phocis*, ſo call'd (according to *Hellicanus*) from *Parneſſus* a *Hero* that dwelt there; as others will, from *Parnaſſus* the Son of *Neptune*; formerly *Larnaſſus* from *Larnace* the Son of *Deucalion* ſays *Andron*; others, from the Ark of *Deucalion*, ſo call'd, which reſted there. See the Scholiaſt of *Apollon. lib.* 2. *&* *Stephan.*

q Mountains in *Thrace* acquainted with the Muſick of *Orpheus*, of whom *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 10 *&* 11.

r *Germanus* and *La cerda*, note that *Virgil* reflects not upon the Univerſal Seminary (παντοσπερμίαν) of *Anaxagoras*; but upon the Atoms of *Epicure*; which diſtinction is very unneceſſary, for to him that conſiders the nature of thoſe ὁμοιομερία ſimilar parts, as deſcribed by *Anaxagoras* (in *Plutarch. de placit. Phil.*) there will appear no little affinity betwixt the Aſſertions.

ſ *Animæ*, i. e. *aer.* ἀνεμῶ.

t Thoſe Philoſophers who believ'd the World was not Eternal but made, call'd it, as here, the Infant, the young World. *Philo* the Jew, *If the World were made, it was at ſome time or other but a Child*, Νήπιῶ., and elſe where νέῶ. Κόσμῶ., the young World. They who expound *tener* here otherwiſe, *viz.* of rotundity and ſmoothneſs, miſtake the Poet though not the word.

u See *Ecl.* 4.

x The World being deſtroy'd by the general Deluge, *Deucalion* and his Wife *Pyrrha*, the onely Perſons that

that had eſcap'd it, conſulted the Oracle for ſome means to renew the Species of Mankind; they were by it adviſ'd to caſt over their Shoulders the Bones of their Grandmother, which Interpreting Stones, they obey'd, and the Stones were transform'd into Men.

y *Prometheus* made Men of ſlime and Earth, in Imitation of *Jupiter*, and by the help of *Minerva* getting up to Heaven, ſtole Fire from thence; to inſpire his new Work withal; whereat *Jupiter* being diſpleas'd chain'd him to the Mountain *Caucaſus*, and ſent an Eagle (or as ſome) a Vulture, which tir'd upon his Liver every day, as often renewing: The Mythology is various, receive this as leaſt obvious from the Schoſiaſt of *Æſchilus*, *by Fire is underſtood Knowledge, as being moſt active*; *by* Prometheus *the foreknowledge of things which God gave to Man, that he might not be ſolicitous of what might happen*; *this preſcience he obſerv'd not, but began to be miſtruſtful, and full of unneceſſary Doubts, for which Reaſon he was ſaid to ſteal Fire from Heaven, when forſaking that Wiſdom which was implanted in him, he ſearch'd out things that concern'd him not.*

Thus the Scholiaſt expreſly reflecting upon the Knowledge of Good and Evil; he is ſaid to have been the Son of *Iapetus* commonly interpreted *Japhet*; but according to *Suidas*, he flouriſh'd in the time of the Judges, and firſt inſtituted Grammatical Literature.

z A fair Youth belov'd of *Hercules*, by whom carry'd along in the Expedition of the *Argonauts*: As they were upon their Voyage, *Hercules* ſent him for water to a Spring nam'd *Calciamnis*, on the *Ionian* coaſt,

the Nymphs whereof falling in love with him, pluck'd him in; at whose absence *Hercules* was extreamly afflicted, and *Polyphemus* being sent to look him, went up and down calling upon his Name: The Search of *Hercules* is admirably describ'd in an express *Idillium* by *Theocritus*: As soon as it was known that the Nymphs had ravish'd him, they instituted sacred Rites in honor of him, wherein the frequent Invocation of his Name was much us'd, and is here alluded unto Proverbially likewise us'd of those who call for any thing they cannot have. *Suidas.*

[a] Wife to *Minos* King of *Creet*, who fell in love with a wild Bull. The story see in *Ovid.*

[b] Three Daughters of *Pretus*, who comparing with *Juno* for Beauty, (or as others say, being her Priests, taking off Gold from her Garments, and making use of it themselves) were by her strucken with such a madness, that thinking themselves Cows, they run up and down the Fields lowing, and fearing the Yoke, they were reduced to their former Senses by *Melampus.*

[c] *Atalanta* deterr'd from Marriage by the Oracle, indents with her Suters, that he onely should have her who had power to out-run her, if he fail'd, to be rewarded with death. This *Hippomenes* performs by deceit, throwing in her way three Golden Apples, which she stooping to take up, lost the Race: These Apples, according to *Virgil* here, were gather'd out of the Orchard of the *Hesperides*, but *Ovid* saith, *Hippomenes* brought them out of *Cyprus*; the Fable he tells at large in his tenth Book.

[d] The

[d] The three Sisters of *Phaeton*, immoderately bewailing the Death of their Brother, were converted into Trees, which though our Author here calls Alders, *Ovid* saith were Poplars, *lib.* 2.

[e] *Cornelius Gallus*, an excellent Poet, whom *Virgil* passionately affected, as appears by this Eclog, and the fourth Book of his *Georgicks*, the latter part whereof he writ in his praise, until afterwards upon the Command of *Augustus*; he chang'd it into the Fable of *Aristæus*; see more of this *Gallus*, *Eclog* 10.

[f] The Greek Poet, contemporary with *Homer* and *Lycurgus*.

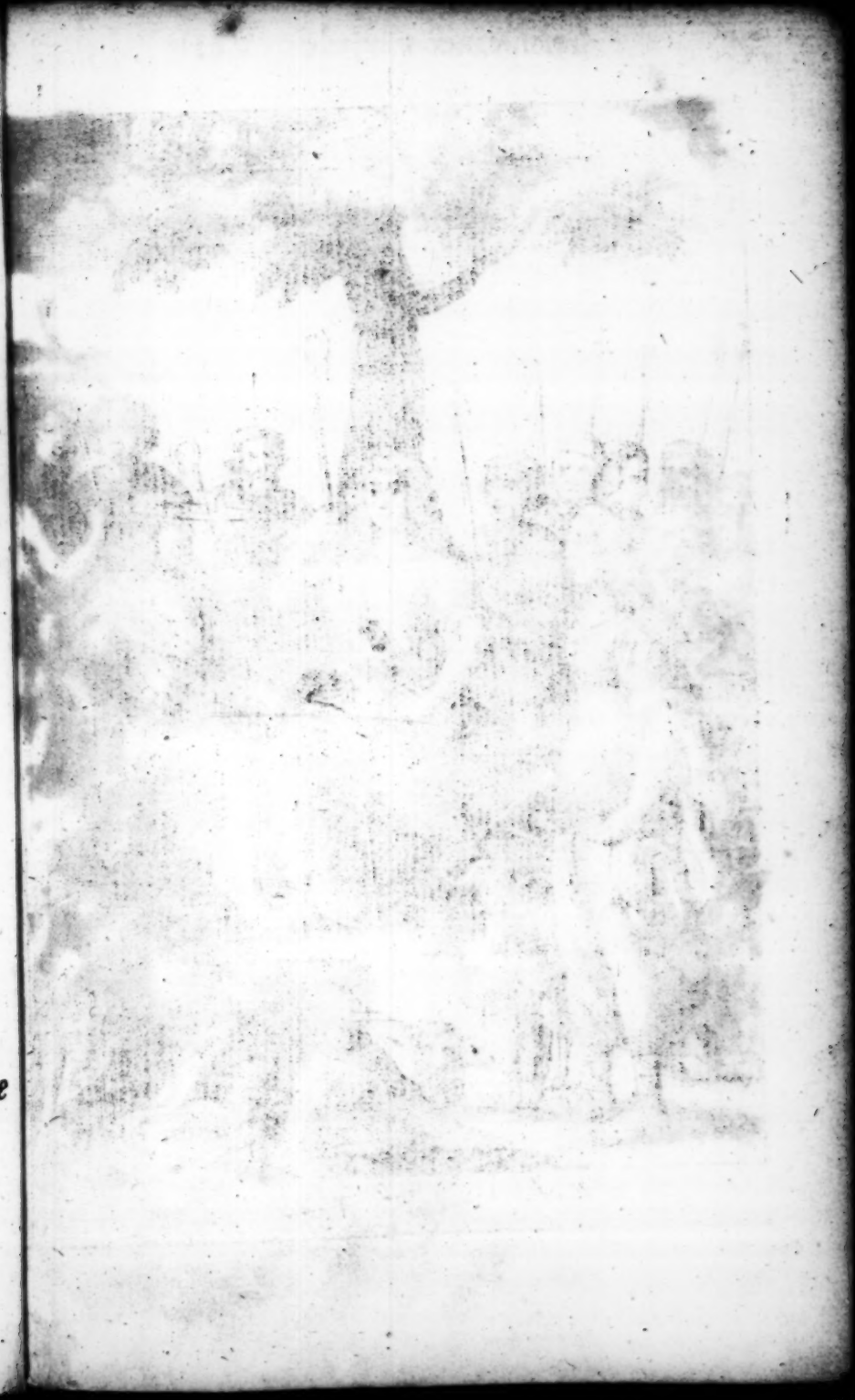
[g] *Scylla* was Daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who had on his Head a purple Hair, wherein consisted his own and his Kingdoms safety, this she (perswaded by the Love, or as *Æschilus* saith, by the Gifts of *Minos* Cing of *Creet* who besieg'd him) plucks from the Head of her sleeping Father, and delivers with it the Kingdom into the Enemies Hands; The Father according to the common Tradition transform'd into a Hobby, the Daughter into a Lark: But our Author here follows an opinion less receiv'd, that she underwent the same Punishment with the other *Scylla*, turn'd into a Sea-monster inviron'd with Wolves and Dogs, destroying all that approch'd her. Nor is it to be objected to him, that in his *Ciris* he owns the other Metamorphosis, *viz.* into a Lark, more than to *Ovid*, who tells the the same story in his *Amores*, thus with *Virgil*.

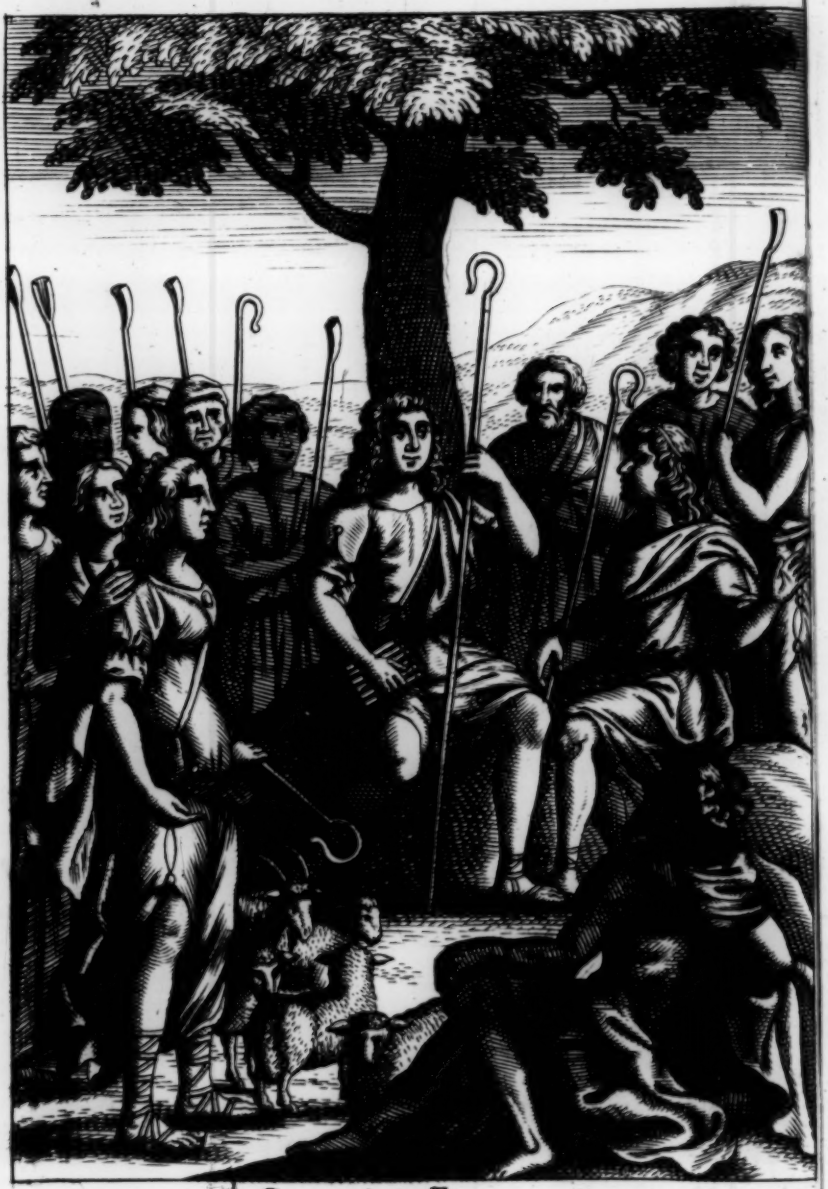
Pernix

Pernix Scylla patri canos furata capillos
Pube premit rapidos inguinibuſque Canes.

[h] The ſtory in *Ovid* is thus; *Tereus* raviſh'd *Philomela*, Siſter to his Wife *Progne*; in revenge whereof, his Wife feaſted him with the fleſh of her own Son; whereat *Tereus* enrag'd, draws his Sword upon them; they in the Purſuit were turn'd into Birds, *Philomela* into a Nightingale, and *Progne* into a Swallow. But our Author here takes the Names quite contrary, as if *Philomela* were his Wife who prepar'd the Feaſt: Nor is it rare amongſt the Poets, eſpecially the *Greek*, to uſe their Names promiſcuouſly: *Ovid* himſelf in his Conſolation to *Livia* complieth with this of *Virgil*.

The





The Seventh ECLOG.

MELIBOEUS.

---

* The ARGUMENT.

Great Emulation is in Country Sports,
As in proud Cities, and phantaſtick Courts:
Sound Judgments there, oft Prejudice betrays,
Here, ſimple Swains know where to plant the Bays.

CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

AS *Daphnis* ſate under a murmuring Oke,
[a] *Thyrſis* and *Corydon* drove on the Flock:
Sheep *Thyrſis*, *Corydon* milch Goats did bring,
[b] *Arcadians* both, in youth both flouriſhing,
Both match'd to ſing, to anſwer both prepar'd.
Whilſt I [c] from cold did tender Myrtles guard,

Here

Here ſtraid the Goat, the [d] Husband of the Flock;
Daphnis I ſpy'd, and he me ſeeing, ſpoke,
Come hither *Melibœus* (for thy Kids
And Goat is ſafe) if buſineſs not forbids,
Repoſe a while in this delightful ſhade,
Where Cattel come to water through the Mead,
Where *Mincius* verdant Banks with reeds are crown'd,
And ſwarming Bees from [e] ſacred Okes reſound.
What ſhould I do? [f] *Alcippe* did not come,
Nor *Phyllis* could I find, that might at home
Shut up my new yean'd Lambs, and on this day
Thyrſis and *Corydon* their Match did play;
I, for their ſport, laid all my buſineſs by;
They try'd it out in Verſe alternately,
Alternate numbers are the Muſes Pride;
Thus *Corydon*, and *Thyrſis* thus reply'd.

CORYDON.

[g] *Libethrian* Nymphs that are our ſole delight,
Grant me ſuch Verſe, as did my *Codrus* write,
Who *Phœbus* match'd: If ſuch cannot be mine,
[h] This Pipe ſhall hang upon that ſacred Pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadians crown your hopeful Poet firſt,
With [i] Ivy, then let ſpightful *Codrus* burſt;
Or if [k] he'll praiſe too much, let [l] *Baccar* arm
My Brows, leſt an ill Tongue your Poet harm.

CORY-

CORYDON.

[m] This rough Boars-head young *Mycon* doth impart
[n] (*Delia*) to thee, and branch'd Horns of th' old Hart.
Thy Statue ſhall be in fine Marble plac'd,
If this thou grant, with purple [o] Buskins grac'd.

THYRSIS.

[p] *Priapus*, yearly Cakes and Cream expect,
For thou our humble Gardens doſt protect.
We for a time, thee but in Marble Mould:
But, if our Flocks increaſe, thou ſhalt be Gold.

CORYDON.

Than [q] Thyme more ſweet, than [r] Ivy freſh, more (white
Than Swans is [s] *Galatea* my delight;
When thy fed Cattel to their Stalls repair,
Come if thou haſt of *Corydon* a care.

THYRSIS.

Harſh may I ſeem to thee as [t] *Sardan* graſs,
Rougher than [u] Holm, than caſt up [x] Owſe more baſe,
If this day ſhews not longer than whole years;
Go, if y' have any ſhame, go home fed Steers.

CORY-

CORYDON.

You Moſſie Springs, and Graſs more [y] ſoft than ſleep,
And verdant Boughs which you with ſhadows keep,
In Summer ſave my Flock, ; great heat comes now,
And pregnant Grapes ſwell on the gladſome Bough.

THYRSIS.

We alway, keep good Fires of blazing Pine,
With daily Smoke our Chimney-pieces ſhine;
The Cold of *Boreas* here, we fear no more,
Than Wolves our Cattel, or fierce ſtreams the ſhore.

CORYDON.

Here Juniper, and [z] Rough-skin'd Cheſnuts be,
And tempting Apples under every Tree:
All things now ſmile; but if *Alexis* fly
Our Mountains, thou ſhalt ſee the Rivers dry.

THYRSIS.

Our ſcorched Graſs, the Airs Diſtemper kills,
And *Bacchus* Viny Shades denies the Hills;
[aa] When *Phyllis* comes, all ſhall wax green again,
And [bb] *Jove* deſcend in joyful Showers of Rain.

CORY-

CORYDON.

cc *Hercules* Poplar, *Bacchus* Vines doth praiſe;
Fair dd *Venus* Myrtle, and bright ee *Phœbus* Baies,
Phyllis loves Hazels; if ſhe them allow,
Myrtle and Lawrel muſt to Hazels bow.

THYRSIS.

Tall Aſh in Woods, Pines are in Orchards fair,
Poplar near Streams, Firs lofty Mountains bear;
Fair *Lycida*, if oft thou viſit me,
The ſtately Aſh and Pine ſhall ſtoop to thee.

MELIBOEUS.

Theſe I record, and *Thyrſis* vanquiſh'd thus;
From that time *Corydon*, *Corydon* for us.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Seventh ECLOG.*

* *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* in this Eclog contend in alternate Verſe, according to the Law whereof (See Ecl. 3.) *Corydon* hath much the Advantage, (as is exactly obſerv'd by *La Cerda*) and is crown'd with the Victory.

[a] *Nannius 6 Miſcell.* obſerves, that *Virgil* here, as in the ſecond Eclog, by *Corydon* underſtands himſelf by *Thyrſis* ſome of his Emulators, or rather (as *La Cerda*) *Theocritus*; the former being too far beneath the Compariſon. By *Daphnis*, ſome think that *Cæſar* is meant.

[b] Not as to their Countrey, for the Scene is *Mantua*. *La Cerda* diſputes much, whether it be meant in reſpect to their youth, or Skill in Muſick, and concludes for the firſt, *Arcadia* being remarkable for bringing forth ſtrong men; but confeſſeth that it likewiſe aboundeth with Poets: To which ſenſe this is more eaſily apply'd.

[c] Of all *Servius* his Interpretations the beſt is, that the provident Shepherd made this preparation againſt Winter,

Winter; for the time wherein it was done, by the following Circumſtances, appears to have been the Spring.

[d] Thoſe Interpreters that are diſpleas'd with this Metaphor, are beſt overthrown by the many Examples wherewith it is confirm'd. See *La Cerda.*

[e] So likewiſe thought by the *Grecians*; the Reaſon of this Epithet is either deriv'd from the Protection which *Jove* particularly afforded it, or from the Nymphs which are ſuppos'd to dwell in Trees, and eſpecially in this.

[f] *Servius* conceives theſe to be Names of the Sweethearts of the two young men that contended in ſinging.

[g] *Libethros* (ſaith *Servius*) is a Fountain where the Muſes are worſhipped, who are call'd Nymphs, as ſignifying the ſame; and not without Reaſon, according to *Varro*, ſince the Motion of Water maketh Muſick, as we ſee in Water-Organs; the ſame *Varro* affirms, the Muſes to be but Three, One begotten by the Motion of Water, a Second a Sound made by percuſſion of Air, the Third conſiſting meerly of Voice; thus *Servius*: But *La Cerda* diſtinguiſheth betwixt the Nymphs and the Muſes of *Libethros*, upon the Authorities of *Strabo* and *Pauſanias.*

[h] Alluding to the old Ceremony, They who gave over any Art, hung up the Inſtruments thereof as conſecrated to the Gods. *Tibullus.*

Pendebatq; vagi Paſtoris in arbore votum
Garrula Silveſtri fiſtula ſacra Deo.

He that would ſee Inſtances of this kind in other profeſſions, may conſult *La Cerda.*

[i] Ivy is proper to Garlands of Poets, *Servius* ſaith, in reſpect of the affinity betwixt Poetick Rage, and *Bacchus* God of Madneſs; *Alciatus* gives theſe other Reaſons:

Haudquaquam areſcens hedera eſt arbuſcula, Liſſo
Quæ puero Bacchus dona dediſſe ferunt;
Errabunda, procax, auratis fulva Corymbis,
Exterius viridis, cætera pallor habet.
Hinc aptis vates cingunt ſua tempora ſertis:
Palleſcunt ſtudiis, laus diuturna viget.

[k] Exceſſive praiſe was ſuppos'd to call down the Envy of the Gods; of this there are many Inſtances among the Poets, as *Niobe*, *Andromache*, &c. This praiſe, though from an Enemy, onely out of a malicious intent, was equally puniſhable by the Gods upon thoſe Parties (though in themſelves innocent) whoſe worth was brought by any in competition with theirs; which manner of Witchcraft (purpoſely bringing ill upon any) by commendations, was call'd *Faſcinum*, *The unhappy Event of exceſſive Commendations and Glory*, as *Tertullian* defines it; And the Authors of it, *great or ill Tongues*, that in reſpect of the means, this of

of the event. So that this was not a deriſory Commendation, as *Servius* and *La Cerda* interpret it, nor obtrective, as *Taubman*; but malicious, and therefore *ultra placitum*, underſtand here to mean *Deorum*.

[l] A ſweet Herb fit for Garlands, whoſe Root hath a ſmell like Cinamon, and therefore us'd of old in Unguents, ſuppos'd prevalent againſt faſcination.

[m] The Cuſtome of the Hunters was to cut off the Head, Foot, or ſome other part of the wild Beaſt which they had taken, and to nail it upon ſome Tree in Honor of *Diana*: This is obſerv'd by *Euſtachius*, and the Scholiaſt of *Ariſtoph.* in *Plut.* to which our Poet alludes, *lib. 9.*

——*Si qua ipſe meis venatibus auxi*
Suſpendive tholo aut ſacra ad faſtigia fixi.

The ſame *Ammianus Marcellinus* atteſts of ſuch men as were ſacrific'd to *Diana* by the *Thracians*, *viz.* That they nail'd their Heads upon the Walls of the Temple, *velut fortium perpetua monimenta faſcinorum.*

[n] *Diana*, Goddeſs of Hunting, ſo nam'd from the Iſland *Delus*, where born.

[o] The Habit of a Huntreſs, and in that reſpect proper to *Diana.*

[p] The Ruſtick and inferior ſort of Deities (of which number was *Priapus*) had no Sacrifices, nor Wine-offerings, but Milk, Cake, and Fruits, accordine to that of *Varro*, *Semonibus Lacte ſit, non Vino.* See *Lipſius Antiqu. Lect. C.* 18.

q *Hybla* is a Town of *Sicily*, at preſent call'd *Avola quaſi Apola aut Apiola* from the Bees; famous for Honey, being exceedingly repleniſh'd with Thyme.

r Of Ivy there are two ſorts, one white, mention'd here, the other black, of which *Georg.* 2. this call'd by *Pliny* Maſculine, that Feminine, and therefore here aptly compar'd to a Nymph.

s *Erithræus* obſerves, that the Poets as oft as they light upon this Name, Indulge much in Deſcription of the Perſon to whom they apply it. He alledgeth *Homer* and *Heſiod. La Cerda* adds *Theocritus*, *Ovid*, and others.

t An Herb growing in *Sardinia*, which deſtroyeth the Jaws of him that eateth it, ſometimes to death, and draweth the Face into a kind of laughing poſture; whence it is us'd proverbially, *The Sardonick Laugh.*

u From the Latin Word *Ruſcus*, (ſaith *La Cerda*) is deriv'd *Bruſco*, by which Name it is known to the *Spaniards*, *Germans* and *French*: It is properly a wild *Myrtle*, as *Diaſcorides* deſcribes it. 4. 141.

x A Weed which grows in the main Sea, us'd in dying, very beneficial to the Fiſhes, for both reſpects much eſteem'd, but being caſt upon the ſhore by a Tempeſt (in which ſenſe here mention'd) wholly unprofitable. *Horace.*

——*Cras foliis nemus*
Multis, & alga littus inutili
Demiſſa Tempeſtas ab Euro
Sternit.

y They

y They who interpret *Herba mollior ſomno* to be *mollior ad ſomnum parandum*, forget that the Expreſſion is borrow'd from *Theocritus*, *Idyll.* 15.

z Theſe ſeem to be oppoſite to the ſoft Cheſnuts mention'd in the firſt Eclog, and therefore (ſaith *La Cerda*) not to be underſtood with *Servius*, as taken out of their briſtly Husks, but with *Hermolaus*, of thoſe that are cover'd all over with a rough down, a different kind from the other.

aa By *Phyllis* here, *Vives* conceives is meant *Auguſtus Cæſar*, returning, after ſome abſence from *Rome*.

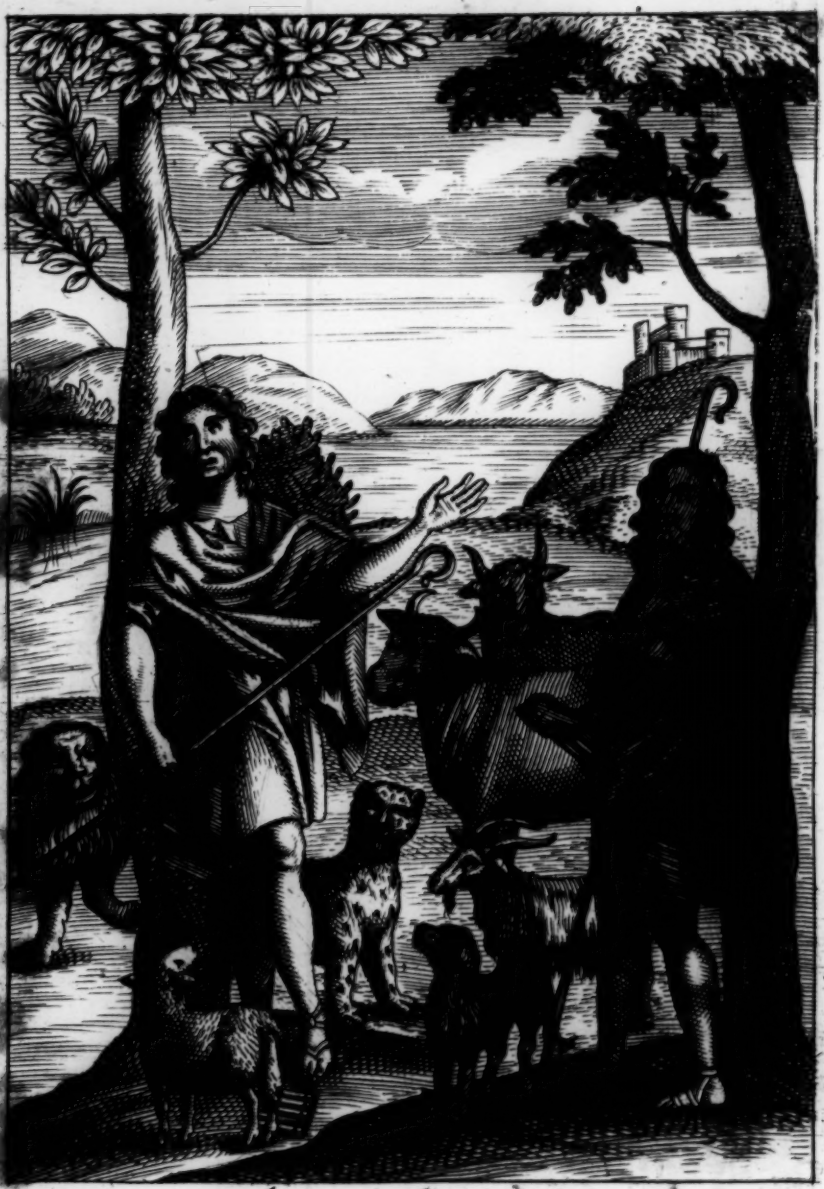
bb The Antients believ'd *Jupiter* to deſcend in ſhowers of Rain, thence Sirnam'd by the *Grecians* Κατα-βάτης, by the *Latins*, *Elicius*, as *Turnebus* notes.

cc The white Poplar is that which is ſuppos'd properly ſacred to *Hercules*, who is reported to have made a Crown of this kind which he found upon the Banks of *Acheron*, thence by *Homer* call'd *Acherois*; but of both, thus *Alciat*,

Herculeos crines bicolor quod populus ornet
Temporis alternat noxque dieſque vices.

dd The Myrtle is ſacred to *Venus*, as well for being a Maritime Plant, loving Waters, whereof that Goddeſs was born, as for that being in it's full vigor, it is believ'd to have the vertue to procure affection.

ee The ſtory of *Apollo* and *Daphne* is enough known: The reaſon why this Tree is believ'd ſacred to him, is in regard of the nature of the Plant, which is, Hot and Dry.



The Eighth ECLOG.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

* The ARGUMENT.

Nothing can eaſe the Pangs of cruel Love,
Though a baſe Subject do the Fancy move;
And when they feel the Power of Cupid's *Dart,*
They will not ſtick to uſe the blackeſt Art.

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

Alpheſibe, and *Damon*'s Muſe repeat,
At which the wondring [a] Steers forgot to eat,
Their learned ſtrife wild Lynxes did amaze,
Whilſt in his Chanel the ſwift River ſtaies;
Alpheſibe and *Damon*'s Muſe repeat.
Whether [b] thou paſs [c] *Timavus* Rocky Seat,
Or cutt'ſt [d] *Illyrick* Waves, Oh! ſhall the Day
Come, when thy Victories I may diſplay?
It ſhall; when I'll to all the World rehearſe
Thy Deeds worth onely [e] Sophoclean Verſe.

What ſprung from thee, in thee ſhall end; then take
Thoſe numbers I by thee commanded make,
Nor this our humble Ivy diſallow
'Mongſt conquering Lawrels to impale thy Brow.
Scarce were the Heav'ns unmask'd from gloomy night,
When pearly Dew, the Cattels chief Delight,
Silver'd the tender Graſs, *Damon* as ſoon,
'Gainſt a ſmooth Olive leaning, thus begun.

DAMON.

Uſher bright [f] *Lucifer* the glorious day,
Whilſt I lament how *Niſa* [g] did betray,
For a baſe fellow, me her trueſt Love;
And at my laſt hour to the Gods above,
Who never help, I dying do complain.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Pines ſtill crown [h] *Mænalus*, and murmuring Groves,
Who always hears diſtreſſed Shepherds Loves;
And *Pan* whom firſt ſhrill Reeds did entertain.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrain.

And now foul *Mopſus* muſt fair *Niſa* wed;
Deſpair not Lovers you may all be ſped:
So may wing'd [i] Griffons be with Horſes joyn'd,
And fierce Dogs water with the fearful Hind.
[k] Cut Torches *Mopſus*, thou muſt now be wed;
[l] Strow Nuts; for thy ſake [m] *Heſper* leaves his Bed.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Slight-

Oh bravely Match'd! whilſt thou doſt all diſdain,
Slighting my Pipes and Flock, nor, proud, canſt brook
My unſhorn Beard, and melancholly look;
Thou thinkſt the Gods hear none when they complain.
Now play my Pipes play the Mænalian ſtrain.

When in my Mothers Orchard thee I ſpy'd
Gathering with her ripe Fruit (I was your Guid;)
My twelfth year then did unto [o] thirteen ſtretch,
And I from ground could yielding Branches reach.
I ſaw, and periſh'd, ſo I took my Bane.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Now know I what Love is; him *Iſmar* fed,
Or Rocky *Rodophe*, or *Africk* bred:
No humane blood runs in his Salvage Veins.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrains.

A cruel [p] Mother, by dire Love ſubdu'd,
In her own Childrens Blood her Hands imbru'd;
[q] Thou a ſtern Mother wert, but who was worſt,
Was ſhe more cruel or the [r] Boy more curſt?
The Boy was curſt, and thou a cruel Dame.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Now Wolves ſhall fly from Sheep, and golden Fruit
Spring from hard Oke, Tulips from Alder ſhoot,
And pureſt Amber flow from every Tree,
Owls, Swans ſhall Match, and *Tytirus*, *Orpheus* be;
Orpheus in Woods, [s] *Arion* on the Main.
Now play my Pipes, play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Let

Let all things now be Sea; farewell you woods,
From yonder Hill I'll leap into the Floods;
This Legacy take from a dying Man.
Now Pipes no more play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Theſe *Damon's*, what *Alpheſibœus* were,
You Muſes tell; all not for all things are.
Bring [u] VVater hither, with [x] ſofts VVreaths adorn
Th' Altars, then [y] Vervain with [z] rich Incenſe burn,

That I ſome way by Magick Art may find,
To [aa] change my now neglected Husbands mind:
For nothing but commanding Verſe [bb] we lack.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

Vanquiſh'd with [cc] Charms, from Hev'n the Moon (deſcends,
[dd] *Circe* with Charms transform'd *Ulyſſes* friends,
Charms in the Fields will burſt a [ee] poyſonous Snake.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

[ff] Three Liſts, and each of Colours three, I bound,
And with thy Picture thrice the Altars round;
The Gods moſt pleaſure in [gg] odd Numbers take.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

Three ſeveral Colours *Amaryllis* fetch,
And quickly tye in treble Knots, diſpatch;
[hh] Then ſay [ii] *Theſe Knots I knit for* Venus *Sake.*
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

As

As the ſame [kk] fire binds Clay, and ſoftens VVax,
Our Love ſhall *Daphnis* harden and relax,
Seaſoning the Cake, and [ll] crackling Laurel burn;
For cruel *Daphnis* me to flames doth turn;
In ſtead of him, of this a Fire I make.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

Let *Daphnis* like a wanton Heifer love,
Tir'd out to find a Bull in ſome large Grove,
Lay'd on green Banks, near cooling ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Nor when Night comes to her own Herd returns:
So let him love, and me his trouble lack.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

With me theſe [mm] Clothes the faithleſs man did leave
His own dear Pledge, which Earth muſt now receive;
Theſe Pledges of my *Daphnis* from me take.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

For me theſe Herbs in [nn] *Pontus*, *Mœris* choſe;
Where every powerful Drug in plenty grows.
Transform'd t' a [oo] VVolf I often *Mœris* ſaw,
When into ſhady VVoods himſelf withdraw.
He oft from deepeſt [pp] Sepulchers would charm
Departed Souls, and from anothers Farm
Into his own Ground [qq] Corn yet ſtanding take.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

Forth *Amaryllis* with the [rr] Aſhes haſt,
And o'r thy Head them in the [ss] River caſt;

Nor

Let all things now be Sea; farewell you woods.
From yonder Hill I'll leap into the Floods;
This Legacy take from a dying Man.
Now Pipes no more play the Mænalian ſtrain.

Theſe *Damon's*, what *Alpheſibœus* were,
You Muſes tell; all not for all things are.
Bring [u] VVater hither, with [x] ſofts VVreaths adorn
Th' Altars, then [y] Vervain with [z] rich Incenſe burn,

That I ſome way by Magick Art may find,
To [aa] change my now neglected Husbands mind:
For nothing but commanding Verſe [bb] we lack.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back

Vanquiſh'd with [cc] Charms, from Hev'n the Moon
(deſcends,
[dd] *Circe* with Charms transform'd *Ulyſſes* friends,
Charms in the Fields will burſt a [ee] poyſonous Snake
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back

[ff] Three Liſts, and each of Colours three, I bound,
And with thy Picture thrice the Altars round;
The Gods moſt pleaſure in [gg] odd Numbers take.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back

Three ſeveral Colours *Amaryllis* fetch,
And quickly tye in treble Knots, diſpatch;
[hh] Then ſay [ii] *Theſe Knots I knit for* Venus *Sake.*
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back

As the ſame [kk] fire binds Clay, and ſoftens VVax,
Our Love ſhall *Daphnis* harden and relax,
Seaſoning the Cake, and [ll] crackling Laurel burn;
For cruel *Daphnis* me to flames doth turn;
In ſtead of him, of this a Fire I make.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

Let *Daphnis* like a wanton Heifer love,
Tir'd out to find a Bull in ſome large Grove,
Lay'd on green Banks, near cooling ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Nor when Night comes to her own Herd returns:
So let him love, and me his trouble lack.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

VVith me theſe [mm] Clothes the faithleſs man did leave
His own dear Pledge, which Earth muſt now receive;
Theſe Pledges of my *Daphnis* from me take.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

For me theſe Herbs in [nn] *Pontus*, *Mœris* choſe;
There every powerful Drug in plenty grows.
Transform'd t' a [oo] VVolf I often *Mœris* ſaw,
Then into ſhady VVoods himſelf withdraw.
He oft from deepeſt [pp] Sepulchers would charm
Departed Souls, and from anothers Farm
Unto his own Ground [qq] Corn yet ſtanding take.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

Forth *Amaryllis* with the [rr] Aſhes haſt,
And o'r thy Head them in the [ſſ] River caſt;

Nor

Nor [tt] look behind; theſe Rites for *Daphnis* take,
VVho neither Gods regards, nor Charms I make.
Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis* back.

See, [uu] th' Aſhes of themſelves on th' Altars blaze,
VVhilſt I to bear them out, thus uſe Delaies;
I know not what it means; ah may it thrive;
And [xx] *Hylax* barks at Dore. Do we believe?
Or thoſe that love, Dreams to themſelves do feign?
Now Charms forbear, *Daphnis* comes home again.

A N-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Eighth ECLOG.*

* THere are two Parts of this Eclog; In the firſt, *Damon* (in Love with *Niſa*) complains of his Miſtreſſes Diſdain in preferring *Mopſus* before him; In the latter (which is wholly taken out of an *Idyllion* of *Theocritus* of the ſame Name) *Alpheſibœus* ſings of a Sorcereſs endeavoring by Charms to work *Daphnis* to a Compliance with her Deſires, which at laſt ſhe effects. This Eclog ſeems to have been written when *Auguſtus* made War in *Illyrium*, and at his Command.

[a] To parallel this Expreſſion with ſome true Stories, *Ælian* reports of one *Pythocaris*, that with the ſound of his Flute he repreſs'd the Fury of many Wolves ready to aſſault him. The ſame is affirm'd of Bears in the *Gothiſh* Story, that being ready to ruſh upon the Shepherds, they are with-held by the Muſick of their Pipes, which they uſe as a cuſtomary defence againſt them.

[b] *Auguſtus*, as is formerly hinted in the Argument.

[c] See *Æneid.* 1.

[d] *Illyria*

[d] *Illyria* is now call'd *Sclavonia*, taking its first Name from *Illirius* the Son of *Polypheme* and *Galatea*. Our Author is here suppos'd to intend the *Dalmatick* Expedition, which was not till after *Anthony*'s defeat, and so cannot in point of time be here admitted; and the *Pannonick* and *German* Wars be perform'd by his Lieutenants, going himself no further than *Ravenna*, *Milan*, or *Aquileia*, as *Suetonius* in his Life *c.* 20. of which nothing in this place can be understood. See *Ramus in prælect. Virgil.*

[e] The *Greek* Tragœdian, for the sweetness of this Verse sirnam'd μέλισσα, the Bee, as his Scholiast attests.

[f] The Planet *Venus*,

——modo lotis undis
Hesperus, pulsis iterum tenebris
Lucifer idem. Senec. Hyppolyt.

[g] Nothing more frequent than for Lovers to accuse one another of Perjury. See *Medea*'s Epistle to *Jason*, and that of *Phyllis* to *Demophoon*,) But this seems to be transferr'd from his *Ceiris*.

[h] A Mountain in *Arcadia*, which seems to have borrowed it's Name from a City there, so call'd from *Menalus* the Founder. *Stephan. de Urb. Mænalian* is us'd in the same sense as Pastoral, the *Arcadians* bearing the Prize of old, for such kind of Musick and Poetry.

[i] Griffons are said to have the Bodies of Lions, the Faces and Wings of Eagles, concerning which, read *Ælian l.* 4. *c.* 26. and *Livy* his fabulous stories, *l.* 10. *c.* 49.

c. 49. where he reports, that they keep golden Mines in *Scythia*, aud have often Conflicts with the *Arimaſpians*, who come to dig for Oar.

[k] It was the ſolemn Cuſtome of the Antients to have Torches carry'd before the Bride, made of Fir or White-thorn, cut like Ears of Corn, and Taper'd towards the Top; the Reaſon why they us'd Torches was, becauſe the time permitted for Nuptial Solemnities was the Night onely, and the Reaſons for that, *Plutarch* ſays, were either becauſe the Bridegroom might happily have ſome Reſentments of Modeſty in his approaches to his Bride, as to a ſtranger, or of Reverence, as to his Wife, or for the better concealment of any corporal Deformities, or in reproach of illegitimate *Venus*, which they accounted ſuch, when they come not with due Modeſty to the Lawful Sheets.

[l] Alluding to the *Roman* Cuſtome, which was for the Bridegroom at his Wedding-night to throw Nuts among the Boys to ſcramble for; either for good Omens ſake, becauſe (as *Varro* ſays) Nuts being under the immediate Protection of *Jupiter*, the Bride might be like *Juno*; or to put her in mind, that as the Nut is defended with a double Husk or Coat, ſo the Child in the Womb; or, *Ne compreſſæ Virginis Clamor audiatur*; or, by way of Admonition to the marry'd Couple, that they ſhould renounce all childiſh Sports, and Vanities of youth; or, as *La Cerda* adds, out of a Ceremonious Frollick; Nuts being us'd *inter miſſilia amatoria*.

[m] So

m So *La Cerda* excellently interprets this place.

n So *Theocr.* (*Id.* 11.) whom ours here imitates.

o So *Servius* expounds *alter ab undecimo*; for *alter* is ſpoken of two, and therefore the ſecond from eleven; with whom *Joſeph Scaliger* ſeems to conſent in his *Manilian Annotations*, though *Sigonius* and *Vives* otherwiſe expound this place.

p Meaning *Medea*, of which *Ovid* in his ſeventh Book, *Euripides* and *Seneca* in their Tragedies ſo entitled.

q This ſeems to be a ſuſpenſion of his Cenſure, in laying all the blame upon Love, and transferring it rather where it was juſtly due, upon Female cruelty.

r Love, whom he cannot ſay which was more cruel, he or *Medea*.

ſ A famous *Leſbian* Muſician, who was firſt favor'd and honor'd by *Periander* King of *Corinth*, afterwards making a Voyage into *Sicily* and *Italy* and returning thence to *Corinth* with a great ſtock of Money, he was by the covetous Mariners thrown overboard (having firſt given him leave to put on his richeſt Robe, and tune his Harp, to ſing his *Epicædium*) but a Dolphin allur'd by his Muſick, took him on his Back and carry'd him ſafe to ſhore. *Plutarch* parallels this with a true ſtory of one *Enalus* a Youth, ſo ſav'd by a Dolphin, (*in Sympos.*)

t By Interpreters ſuppos'd *Leucadia*, a certain Rock belonging to an Iſland of the ſame Name in the *Ionian* Sea, now call'd St. *Maure*, from which whatſoever Lover caſts himſelf down, ſhould be releas'd of his Paſſion.

Paſſion. See what Mr. *Sandys* hath ſaid of it in the beginning of his Journal, to which we ſhall onely add, that it took the Name from *Leucus* Son to *Ulyſſes*, who there built a Temple to *Apollo*. The Original of its Vertue being thus: *Venus* wandring up and down after the Death of *Adonis*, to ſeek ſome eaſe of her Paſſion, was by *Apollo* adviſ'd to throw her ſelf down from *Leucadia*, which ſhe did and was cur'd; whereupon enquiring the cauſe, *Apollo* anſwer'd, That he had often obſerv'd *Jupiter*, when he lov'd *Juno*, and could not obtain her, to ſit there, and receive Remedy of his Grief. See more in *Scaligers Lection. Auſon.*

[u] Water is much us'd in Magical Ceremonies, and that warm, as *Lucian* in *Lucio* atteſts, ſuch *La Cerda* conjectures to be meant here.

[x] The uſe of *Vittæ*, *Fillets*, in all ſacred Rites is enough known, particularly in Magical, *Virgil* borrows it from *Theocritus* in *Pharmac.* who makes it of Wooll.

[y] Under this Name are comprehended all ſorts of Herbs gather'd in a pure place, proper for Sacrifices. As *Becanus lib. 6. Orig.* proves upon the Authority of *Pliny*.

[z] So with *Brodæus* we interpret *Maſcula Thura*, not in Relation to any Feminine Kind, but to the Excellence.

[aa] That Magick hath that Power (though attributed unto it by the Prophets and others) is deny'd by moſt Ancient and latter Divines; for though it may beget Madneſs, diſtract the fantaſie, diſturb the

office and ſunction of the Organs of the Brain, and corrupt the Memory, it cannot yet force the Will from its repugnancy to a conſent to ſin, and therefore not to unlawful affections; the ſenſitive Appetite it may compel to a longing or loathing; and ſo bind or looſe, promote or hinder conjugal Love and Duties. See *Delrius.*

[bb] Verſes were believ'd of greateſt efficacy in all Incantations; ——*Quid enim non Carmina poſſunt? Ovid. Met. lib.* 7.

[cc] The Moon, of all Planets, was eſteem'd moſt ſubject to the power of Charms, either as being nigheſt the Earth, or becauſe conceiv'd the Preſident of Witchcraft. Examples are frequent among the Poets, *La Cerda* adds, that this was moſt practis'd by *Theſſalian* Witches, at which time ſhe look'd as red as blood, and being brought whither they would, ſhed a malignant kind of Froth upon the Herbs, of much Vertue in their magical Experiments, which was the Reaſon why they call'd her down: The Original of this erroneous Opinion ſee in *Plutarch, de defect. Oracul. Turnebus* fathers it upon *Callimachus* his making the Moon deſcend to the Embraces of *Endymion*, which *Germanus* ſeems to approve of.

[dd] Daughter of the Sun and *Perſis:* skilful in Herbs and Roots; which Art ſhe learnt of her Mother, who was Daughter of *Oceanus.* She Married the King of *Salmatia*, whom ſhe poyſon'd, and behaving her ſelf Tyrannically towards the People, they expell'd her. Thence paſſing into *Italy*, ſhe ſettled in a Moun-

a Mountain nam'd after her in *Campania*, not far from *Cajeta*, and there transform'd by her Charms, all ſuch as came to her, into Beaſts.

Alciat. *Sole ſata Circes tam magna potentia fertur,*
Vertitur ut multos in nova monſtra viros.
Teſtis equum domitor Picus, tum Scylla biformis,
Atque Ithaci poſtquam vina bibere ſues.
Indicat illuſtri meritricem nomina Circe,
Et rationem animi perdere, quiſquis amat.

ee An Epithet given from the quality of the Venom; Poyſons of this nature being obſerv'd to be more expedite in killing, than the hot.

ff Theſe Threads *La Cerda* obſerves to have been of Wooll, the Image of Wax, on which he conjectures the name of *Daphnis* to have been inſcrib'd; conſult *Agrippa* where he ſpeaks *de Imaginibus*. The number here obſerv'd was moſt ſacred with the *Pythagorians*, and of greateſt efficacy in Inchantments.

gg Of the Parity and Imparity of Numbers, thus *Aquinas* cited by *Germanus* upon this place: *The* Platoniſts *held Number to be the Eſſence of all things. The formal principle of Number, they make* One, *the material* Two; *and becauſe an unequal number retains ſomething of the indiviſion of Unity, therefore they conſtitute two Elements of number, equal and unequal; attributing to the laſt Indentity and Finiteneſs; to the firſt, alterity and infinity; for the adding of unequal Numbers to a Unity, always produces equal, and of like kinds; and of Equal to a Unity, unequal*

and different: Hence they maintain Indentity and Diverſity to be the Elements of all things, attributing Indentity to unequal, Diverſity to equal Numbers; But becauſe they plac'd the Subſtance of the Soul in the midſt between Superior Subſtances, that are always the ſame, and Corporeal Subſtances that alter and change, they ſuppoſe the Soul to conſiſt of theſe Principles, the ſame, and divers, equal and unequal Numbers; for a Mean ought to have affinity with both its Extreams: The reaſon why affected by the Deity, *Ariſtotle* aſſigns, as being the moſt perfect, having Begining, Middle and End; always us'd in Divine Worſhip, and that as he affirms, by the Inſtinct of Nature.

hh A requiſite Circumſtance in Inchantments, words being as the form to thoſe things that are to be perform'd by Witchcraft; of which Examples are obvious. Our Anthor in 2 *Georg. Miſcueruntque herbas, & non innoxia verba Plin. l.* 28. *c.* 2. Yet ſome deny this to be perform'd by the force of Words, to which the antient Platonick, and Cabaliſtical Magicians aſcrib'd too great a Power, it being not the Words of the Inchanters, but the Divel by Compact that works the effect.

ii By theſe *La Cerda* underſtands onely the powerful Ties of Charms and Enchantments, which yet were really effected by theſe Knots. And there is a Law in *Plato*, that cenſures ſuch to be puniſh'd, who ſhould be found by tying of Knots, Charms, or other Veneficious to work the hurt of any. In *France* they call it *Nover l'eſguilliet*, and is practis'd in ſome Parts thereof to the prejudice, many times, means, of ſome young

young Bridegrooms in their firſt Nuptial Approaches.

kk There are many Examples of Witchcraft in this kind, one moſt eminent in the *Scotch* Hiſtory. *Duff* King of that Country fell into a languiſhing Diſeaſe, of which his Phyſicians could give no account, never ſleeping, but waſting in continual Sweat; At laſt it was found out to be procur'd by Witches, who were taken at Midnight roſting an Image of their King againſt the Fire, which one of them baſted with a certain Liquor, muttering ſome words all the while; the Image being broken in pieces, the King return'd to health. The reaſon of the different matter of the two Images is, that the one (of Wax) might ſoften his affection to her ſelf, the other (of Clay) harden his Love to others.

ll *Fragiles lauri à fragore. Turneb.* That the Epithet is here to be taken in this ſenſe (beſides the Authority of *Theocritus* whom *Virgil* follows) may be alledg'd the good Omen which was ſuppos'd to be portended by the Noiſe. *Tibullus.*

Ut ſuccenſa ſacris crepitet benè laurea flammis,
Omine quo fœlix & ſacer Annus erit.

In which reſpect the Lawrel is by ſome taken for the Symbol of Divination, amongſt the kinds whereof δαφνομαντεία is one.

mm In Witchcraft the Garments of thoſe that they bewitch are thought much to further their endeavors.

nn Eminent for Poyſon, and Simples appropriate

to Witchcraft, *Senec. in Medea*, *Quas Pontus herbas genera.* A Region of *Asia*, now poſſeſt by the *Turks*, and call'd *Anatolia*; where *Mithridates* was once King, nor had more Dominion over the Land than its Poyſons, growing, by accuſtoming himſelf unto them, to be Proof againſt them, according to that of *Martial. l.* 5.

Perfecit poto Mithridates ſæpe veneno,
Toxica ne poſſent ſæva nocere ſibi.

oo *Trithem*, reports the ſame of *Balanus* King of *Bulgaria*, that he would when he pleas'd, transform himſelf into a Wolf, or any other Beaſt. There is a late ſtory to the ſame effect, of one *Stuppater* a German. The firſt that ſuffer'd this Metamorphoſis was *Lycaon.* Some refer this to that kind of Madneſs call'd *Lycanthropia*, wherewith he that is poſſeſt, believing himſelf turn'd into a Wolf, runs into the Woods ſeeking out their Company, imitating them in howling and the like. *Bodin* and others deny that the power of Magick, or the Devil, can transform a man into another Creature: Yet *La Cerda* gives us out of *Spranger*, the ſtory of an Engliſhman, who being a Soldier in *Cyprus*, was by a VVitch turn'd into an Aſs, and when his Fellows were Shipp'd follow'd them to go aboard, until beaten back with Cudgels he return'd to the VVitch again, who made uſe of him; when one day as ſhe was driving him through the Streets, he ran into a Church, fell down on his Knees, and ſaid his Prayers; upon which Signs of Devotion, (above the expreſſi-

on

on of a Brute) ſhe that drove him was apprehended upon ſuſpicion, carry'd before the Judges, confeſt the Fact, and (after ſhe had reſtor'd him to his former ſhape) was executed for a VVitch.

pp This is believ'd to be effected by VVitches and Sorcerers, but they abuſe their own Faith and others; for neither the Power of Necromancy, or the Devil, is able to command the Soul of one deceas'd, whether of the Damn'd or Bleſs'd, unleſs by the help of a Miracle, or Divine Permiſſion; as by the laſt the VVitch of *Endor* rais'd *Samuel*. For, that it was no Illuſion, or Diabolical Apparition, but real, *Bellarmin* ſtrives to prove, as an Opinion moſt conſonant to Scripture, and moſt generally receiv'd by the Fathers. *l.* 4. *de Anima Chriſti c.* 11.

qq This, ſaith *Servius*, was ſo much us'd by Sorcerers, that in the twelve Tables it was particularly forbidden to tranſport another mans Corn and Fruit, which *Varro* and many other VVriters affirm to have been done: *Pliny* reports that an Olive-ground belonging to *Vectius Marcellus* a Roman Knight, Procurator to *Nero*, was carry'd in this manner croſs a common Road.

rr That is, the Aſhes of the conſum'd Vervain, Frankincenſe and Lawrels.

ſſ The reaſon why they caſt the Aſhes of the Offering into the water was, that they might not be ſeen or trod upon, both which they thought would prophane them.

tt This Ceremony was of great neceſſity amongſt

the reſt: A great part of the Magical Diſcipline imagin'd to conſiſt in it. By our Author borrow'd from *Theocritus*. The reaſon of it was, that they believ'd the Gods came at that inſtant and gather'd up that which they threw away, and therefore they would not look back, out of a religious Reverence.

uu An Omen always fortunate, πυρομαντεία being one Species of Divination. The ſame *Plutarch* atteſts to have hapned to *Cicero*, ſolicitous about puniſhing the Conſpirators of *Catalin*'s party, after he had ſacrific'd, and the Fire on the Altars extinct.

xx *Hylax* is feign'd a Name for a Dog, deriv'd from the Greek, which ſignifies to bark. It was the Opinion of the Antients, that the barking of Dogs, and tinking of Braſs, had Power to diſſolve Charms and Incantations. But the Barking of Dogs is rather a ſign of their accompliſhment, as being the forerunners of *Hecate*, by whoſe preſence they are confirm'd.

The



Ecl. 9

The Ninth ECLOG.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

* The ARGUMENT.

Beſt Princes Peace affect, and more delight
Their Subjects to preſerve, than their own right;
But thoſe who follow War, no Power can awe;
Swords make Opreſſion juſt, and Madneſs Law.

LYCIDAS.

Moeris where go'ſt thou, to Town the neareſt way?

MOERIS.

Shepherd, we live to hear a Stranger ſay,
Whom we ne'r dream'd ſhould call [a] our Land his own,
Now all theſe Fields are mine, old Swains be gone.
Oppreſt and ſad, (ſince Chance ſways all things) we
Bear him theſe Kids, may they [b] unlucky be.

LYCI-

LYCIDAS.

I heard indeed, that where the Mountains bend,
And by degrees, down to the Brooks descend,
Where the old rotten Beech hath stood so long,
All this was sav'd by your *Menalcas* Song.

MOERIS.

[e] Thou heardst, and so 'twas fam'd; but our verse proves
'Gainst cruel Arms, like the [d] *Chaonian* Doves,
When th' Eagle comes; if from the hollow Tree
Th' [e] unlucky Crow had not premonish'd me
To cut off new Debates, nor more to strive,
I, nor *Menalcas*, now had been alive.

LYCIDAS.

Could any barbarous Monster use such spight?
With thee *Menalcas* farewel all delight (flow'rs,
Who'll sing to Nymphs, who'll strew the Earth with
Or shelter silver Springs in shady Bow'rs?
Or write such Verse as late I snatch'd from thee,
When thou our *Amyrillis* went'st to see?
Till I return, my Goats dear Tityrus *feed,*
The way is short, and Water if they need,
But as you drive them, take especial care
Of the He-Goat, for he will strike, beware.

CORY-

CORYDON.

He ſung to *Varus* this imperfect ſtrain;
Varus *thy Name, if* Mantua *ours remain,*
([f] Mantua *to ſad* Cremona, *ah! too near*)
High mounted [g] *Swans to Heav'n ſhall ſinging bear.*

LYCIDAS.

So may thy Swarms the [h] Cyrnean Yew-tree ſhun;
And ſweet graſs make thy Cows ſwoln Udders run;
What e'r thou haſt, begin; the Muſes me
A Poet made, and I have Poetry;
To me our Swains the ſtile of Poet give,
But them I'm not ſo fooliſh to believe.
I pleaſe not yet, [i] *Varus* nor *Cinnas* Ear,
But like a [k] Gooſe 'mongſt warbling Swans appear.

MOERIS.

I'm thinking on't, and to my ſelf rehearſe,
Could I remember no ignoble Verſe.
Fair Nymph, my *Galatea*, ah! draw near,
What ſport's in Waves? the [l] purple Spring is here,
Here verdant Banks are deck'd with various flow'rs,
Here Poplar Branches twin'd in ſhady Bow'rs
With tender Vines, perfect the cooling ſhade:
Come, let the boiſtrous Floods the ſhore invade.

LYCIDAS.

What was't I heard thee ſing the laſt fair Night?
I have the Tune, could I the Words recite.

MOERIS.

Daphnis why ſtudieſt thou the antient Spheres?
Now [m] Dionæan *Cæſar*'s Star appears;
The Star which fields, with Fruit and Gladneſs fills,
Purpling ripe Grapes upon the Sunny Hills.
Daphnis graff Pears, which after-times may eat;
Age all things waſts, and ſpends our lively heat.
I but a Boy, could ſinging ſet the Sun;
Now all thoſe Notes are loſt, and my voice gon:
[n] A Wolf ſaw *Mæris* firſt. *Menalcas* yet
Can all theſe Sonnets perfectly repeat.

MOERIS.

Thou by delaies our longing doſt increaſe:
Through all the Plains is ſpread a ſilent Peace,
The Air is ſtill, and we are half-way there,
And old [o] *Bianor's* Tomb do's now appear.
Here where they ſtrip the verdant Boughs let's 'bide,
Here let us ſing, here lay our Kids aſide;
Betimes we'll *Mantua* reach; and if you fear,
[p] Th' Evening ſhould gather Rain, e'r we come there,
Singing let's go, the way ſhall better pleaſe;
That we may ſing, thee of thy Load I'll eaſe.

LYCI-

Shepherd, no more; let's do what next remains,
And to *Menalcas* we'll ſing better Strains.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Ninth ECLOG.*

* When in the diſtribution of the Countrey beyond *Padua* (mention'd in the firſt Eclog) by the order of the *Triumviri*, *Virgil* amongſt the reſt was turn'd out, he went to *Rome*, where he was ſo much favor'd, as to be re-inſtated in his own Land: But *Arius* the Centurion, to whoſe Lot it had faln, was ſo much diſpleas'd with his endeavors thereof, that he had almoſt kill'd him; the ſtory goes, that he threw him into a River, to which he is ſuppos'd to allude *Ecl.* 3.

——Come not too nigh,
For now the Ram himſelf his Fleece did dry,

Virgil for Redreſs of theſe Inſolencies, repairs once more to *Rome*, leaving order with his Servant to comply with *Arius* till his return; the Servant is here repreſented by *Mœris*.

[a] *Briſſonius* (*form. lib.* 5.) proves *Virgil* to allude to the ſolemn form of vindication; according to which he that challenged his Servant, laid his Hands upon him,

him, saying: *Hic est meus*, *This Man is mine.*

[b] The common Ceremony upon any occasion of Designs, Offerings, *&c.* was to say *Dij benè votant*; And on the contrary, *res malè vertat tibi*, as here, *Servius* affirms the Poets expression to be deriv'd from *Ajax* and *Hector*, who exchang'd Gifts mutually, which prov'd fatal to each other, according to the *Greek* Epigram:

Ἕκτωρ Αἰάντι ξίφος, *&c.*

Hector ut Ajaci dedit Ensem, illi ut dedit Ajax
Zonem, utrique necem munus utrumque dedit.

This Scholiast of *Sophocles* upon *Ajax* his Complaint to this effect, ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα, saith, that the least Gift of a Friend ought to be accepted, the greatest of an Enemy to be refus'd, as dangerous; in which sense *Servius* understands *Mœris*, as wishing his Present may prove such.

[c] It appears by this, that *Virgil*, who here calls himself *Menalcas*, had not absolutely recover'd his Land, when he writ this, but had so far ingratiated himself with *Augustus* by his Verses, that there was great likelihood of it; which favour of the Emperor towards him, was spread by fame, but obstructed for a time by the *Actian* Expedition. *Serv.*

[d] *Servius* ingeniously (perhaps not so naturally) refers the meaning to Augury, as if he should say, verse gives place to Arms, lesser Auguries of Doves give place

place to the greater of Eagles; *Chaonia* is a part of *Epire*, here taken for *Epire* it ſelf in reſpect that the whole Countrey was full of Oraculous Doves.

e *Siniſtra Cornix*; for though Omens on the Left-hand were accounted happy, on the other unfortunate, this was chiefly ſo underſtood of ſuch as were deliver'd in Thunder, not of Birds, whoſe Auguries were moſt commonly fortunate on the right ſide, or rather indeed uncertain; as *La Cerda* obſerves.

f The Emperors us'd to command the Countreys which they meant to diſtribute (*Metari*) to be divided into ſmall equal parts, that the Diviſion amongſt their Soldiers might be more exact: And if the Countrey which they had laid out for that purpoſe were not large enough, they added to it the Neighboring Places. Hence is the Poets Complaint: For the Countrey belonging to *Cremona* not being of Extent ſufficient to ſatisfie the Soldiers, innocent *Mantua* was joyn'd with it. See *Eclog* 1. *Nannius* obſerves this Cuſtome to have been us'd by *Romulus*, who made the like Diſtribution amongſt his Soldiers.

g It was not onely a Fiction of the Poets that Swans could ſing, but affirm'd by the graveſt of Philoſophers *Plato*: And ſome Naturaliſts have undertaken to give the reaſon of it, which they will have to proceed from the length, flexure and narrowneſs of the guttural Pipe, by which means the Voice is ſtrain'd forth more ſmall and ſweet, but this opinion of old was derided by *Lucian* as fabulous, cenſur'd for no leſs by *Pliny*, condemn'd by *Scaliger*, nor without Reaſon by a late

late judicious Author of our own, rank'd in the Claſſis of Vulgar Errors: But by Swans in this place is meant Poets, of whom that Fowl is the Symbol. Wherefore *Plato* in his *Republick* affirms *Orpheus* after his death to be chang'd into a Swan; and ſuch a Tranſmutation *Horace* fancied of himſelf, when he ſaid,

Jamjam reſidunt cruribus aſperæ
Pelles, & album mutor in Alitem.

See *Pier. Hierogl. l.* 23. *c.* 2. *&* 8.

[h] *Corſica* (ſaith *Pliny*, 3. 6.) is by the *Græcians* called *Cyrnus*; ſome ſay, from a King of that Name. *Turnebus* and *Germanus* obſerve, that *Diodorus* and others take notice of the Box-trees of *Corſica*, which corrupt and embitter the Honey of that Place; but of the Yew-trees nothing: Yet *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* adviſeth to remove Hives far from them. And that the Honey of *Corſica* was of very ill account, *Ovid* atteſts, 1. *Amor.*

Melle ſub infami Corſica miſit apis.

Which *La Cerda* believes the Reaſon why the *Romans* exacted onely Tributary Wax of them, not Honey. *Liv. lib.* 40.

[i] Two eminent Poets; the one call'd *Varus*, whom *Horace* commends for *Epick* Poeſie: the other wrote a Poem call'd *Smyrna*, an elaborate Piece, and long time in poliſhing, as *Catullus* teſtifies.

[k] Not without alluſion (ſay the Interpreters) to a fooliſh Poet nam'd *Anſer*, an Emulator of *Virgil*, as *Bavius* and *Mævius* were: *Servius* affirms, that he writ the Acts of *Anthony*, and therefore the more maligned by our Author, who was ſo great an Admirer of *Auguſtus*. *Propertius* mentions him, *Lib. 2. El. ult.* with compariſon to *Virgil*, whom he calls *The Swan*.

[l] Reading *Ver purpureum*, not *perpetuum*; the Spring by Poets is adorn'd with that Colour, thence call'd Φοινικόπεπλον.

[m] *Julius Cæſar*; ſo call'd, becauſe deſcended from *Venus*, who, as ſome ſay, was the Daughter of *Dione*; as others, ſo call'd her ſelf; nor unproperly, if the Word be deriv'd from ἡδονὴ, *Pleaſure*: Which, as *Plato* (in *Philebo*) ſays, is the trueſt Name of *Venus*. Of this Star ſee what is ſpoken in the Eighth of the *Æneid*.

[n] A Proverb occaſion'd by the Nature of the *Wolf*. The Naturalliſts (ſaith *Servius*) affirm, That he whom the *Wolf* ſees firſt, immediately loſeth his Voice: Of which, with *Brodæus*, I ſhould ſooner affirm no Reaſon to be given, than yield to that of *La Cerda*, *viz.* That it proceeds from the Fear of him that ſees the *Wolf*: For it is commonly ſaid of thoſe whom the *Wolf* ſees before they ſee him. So likewiſe *Theocritus*, from whom *Virgil* hath it.

[o] *Bianor*, otherwiſe *Oenus*, built *Mantua*, and nam'd it after his Mother. *Virgil* here toucheth the Cuſtom of the Ancients, who erected Monuments and Sepulchres in their High-ways, and that for the benefit of Travellers,

Travellers, by which they might know how much of their Journey they had gone, or were to go. *Virgil* herein imitating *Theocritus* in his ſeventh *Idyllium.*

P See *Ariſtotl. Meteor.* 2. 5. where he gives a Reaſon why Waters more abound in Winter than in Summer, and by Night, than in the Day-time.

The Tenth ECLOG.

GALLUS.

* The ARGUMENT.

The Wiſe and Valiant Men oft feel the Flames
Of cruel Love, and follow wanton Dames:
Yet ſcornful Ladies ſtill this Curſe purſues,
To ſlight the Better, and the Worſer chuſe.

THis my laſt Work, O [a] *Arethuſa*, aid;
Some Verſes for our *Gallus* muſt be paid,
Such as the coy *Lycoris* may delight;
And who for *Gallus* will refuſe to write?
So [b] *Doris* mix not her ſalt Waves with thine,
When thou *Sicilian* Floods doſt undermine;
Of whoſe unhappy Love our Theam muſt be,
Whilſt our Goats browſe upon yon tender Tree:
Nor to the Deaf do we our Numbers ſing,
Since Woods in anſwering us with Echoes ring.
Say, *Naiades*, where were you, in what Grove,
Or Lawn, when *Gallus* fell by ill-match'd Love?

Parnaſſus Spires, nor [c] *Pindus* have delay'd,
Nor by *Aonian* [d] *Agamippe* ſtaid.
Pine-bearing *Menalus*, Shrubs, and Laurel wept
For him, whilſt on a lonely Rock he ſlept,
And cold *Lycean* Cliffs as much did mourn,
And bleating Flocks, which we to feed not ſcorn,
Since fair *Adonis* kept Sheep near the Stream;
Nor thou, beſt Poet, be aſham'd of them.
The Shepherd and the ſlothful Herdſmen haſte,
And fat *Menalcas* flies from Winter-Maſt:
All ask, Whence ſprung this Love? *Apollo* came,
And ſaid, What madneſs *Gallus* doth inflame?
Thy dear *Lycoris* wanders through cold Snows,
And in rough Ways after another goes.
Sylvanus comes adorn'd with [e] Rural Boughs,
Lilies and Fennel dangling on his Brows:
Pan comes, *Arcadia's* God, whom once we ſpy'd
With *Synople* and bluſhing Berries dy'd.
Betwixt Extremes is there no Mean? He ſays,
Love hath regard to no ſuch things as theſe:
Not Love with Tears, nor Graſs with Streams, nor Bees
With Thyme are ſatisfi'd, nor Goats with Trees.
Then † ſaid, [f] *Arcadians*, you ſhall theſe things ſtill
Sing on your Downs, you onely have the Skill;
O! then my Bones ſhall take their quiet Reſt,
When by your Pipes my Love ſhall be expreſt.
I would, with you, a Shepherds Life were mine,
To follow Sheep, or prune the tender Vine.
Could I, or *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* move,
Or any other, to accept my Love,

(What

(What though [g] *Amyntas* much of Beauty lack?
Sweet Violets and Bilberries are Black.)
We ſhould enjoy our ſelves in ſhady Bow'rs,
Amyntas ſing, my *Phillis* gather Flow'rs.
Lycoris, here ſweet Meads, cool Fountains be,
Here Groves, where I could ſpend my Age with thee.
But me fond Love engag'd, 'mongſt fierce Alarms
Of cruel Foes, invironed with Arms:
Thou far from home, I'll ſcarce believe it though,
The frozen *Rhine*, and cruel *Alpine* Snow
Seeſt without me: Let no Cold touch thy Heart,
Nor ſharp Ice make thy tender Feet to ſmart.
Verſes I made in a [h] *Chalcidick* ſtrain,
I'll play on Pipes of a *Sicilian* Swain:
Where I in Woods reſolve my Loſs to grieve,
And in the Dens of Salvage Beaſts to live;
There I on tender Barks will carve my Love,
And as they grow, ſo ſhall my Hopes improve.
Mean-time I lofty *Mænalus* ſhall view,
Or among Nymphs the cruel Boar purſue;
Nor will I be in ſharpeſt Froſt withſtood
With Dogs to Traverſe the [i] *Parthenian* Wood:
'Mongſt ruſling Groves and Rocks me-thinks I go,
Pleas'd to ſhoot Arrows from a *Parthian* Bow;
As if this were a Med'cine for our Love,
Or by our Harms *Cupid* would milder prove.
[k] Wood-Nymphs diſpleaſe, Verſes are in diſgrace,
And now again refreſhing Groves give place.
Nor can our Troubles work in him a Change;
Should we drink *Hebrus*, in mid-Winter range

Through *Scythian* Snow, where cruel VVinters be,
Nor when parch'd Grapes hang dying on the Tree,
Should we our Flocks to *Cancer*'s Heat remove,
Love conquers all; *let us ſubmit to Love.*
Let this ſuffice your Poet to have ſaid,
VVhilſt he a Basket of fine Ruſhes made.
Muſes, you ſhall great things for *Gallus* do,
VVhoſe Love to me as much doth hourly grow
As the green Alder ſhooteth in the Spring.
Let us now riſe; *Shades oft hurt thoſe who Sing*:
Juniper-ſhades are to our Fruit a Foe.
The Ev'ning comes, go home my fed Kids, go.

A N-





Ecl. 10

NNOTATIONS

ON

The Tenth ECLOG.

Cornelius Gallus was an excellent Poet, and the firſt *Præfect* of *Ægypt*, who having exhauſted City of *Thebes* by interception of many things, at return was accus'd of abuſing his Charge, and depulating the Country; (or, as others ſay, of having Hand in the Conſpiracy againſt *Julius Cæſar*, with om he was very intimate.) Hereupon fearing the cens'd Nobility of the Country, to whom the Emror had committed the Examination of the Buſineſs, fell upon his own Sword. This *Gallus* fell in love ith *Cytheris*, a Curteſan, the Free-woman of *Volumus*; but ſhe deſpiſing him, follow'd *Anthony* into *ance*, whom *Cicero* reproacheth for his Love to her: is Affliction (for ſuch it was to *Gallus*) *Virgil* endeas to comfort in this *Eclog*, veiling her under the me of *Lycoris*.

[a] He invokes as his Muſe *Arethuſa* the *Sicilian* mph, in relation (as more than once already) to *eocritus*.

[b] *Doris* was Mother of the Nymphs, Daughter of *Oceanus*,

Oceanus, VVife of *Nereus*, here taken for the Sea it ſelf. The Fable of the Loves of *Alpheus* and *Arethuſa* ſee at large in *Ovid*; the Natural Occaſion of it is thus: Alpheus, *a River riſing in* Arcadia, *paſſeth through the* Ionian *Sea, and joyns with* Arethuſa, *a River in* Sicily, *with ſo little interruption, that* (*to uſe the Words of* Achilles Tatius) *the Aſhes, Leaves, and Flowers that are thrown into* Alpheus *at Celebration of the* Olympick *Games, he conveys to his Miſtreſs* Arethuſa, *as Pledges of his Affection.* Here he reflects upon *Moſch. Idyll.* 8. thus rendred by Mr. *Stanley.*

At Piſa, *croſs the Sea* Alpheus *ſtrays,*
And with his Olive-fertile Stream conveys
To Arethuſe *Leaves, Sacred Aſhes, Flow'rs,*
Which head-long into hers, his Current pours.
Under the Sea flows his unmingled Tide,
Nor knows the Sea what Waves beneath him glide.
Thus Love, that little Tyrant can direct
Rivers to ſwim to thoſe whom they affect.

[c] A Mountain of *Theſſaly* near *Thrace.*

[d] A Fountain near the Hill *Helicon* in *Bœotia*, which is nam'd alſo *Aonia.*

[e] The Rural Gods (ſaith *Lilius Girald.* 15. *Symb.*) are ſaid to carry *Ferulæ*, whence ſirnam'd *Nathecophori*, *Feruliferi*; and were Crown'd with Lilies, Reeds, *&c.* *Ferula* is by Interpreters expounded a Cave, ſacred to *Bacchus* and *Silenus.*

† *Gallus* is here introduc'd thus ſpeaking.

[f] That

[f] That the *Arcadians* were eſteem'd the moſt practiſed in Muſick, we have it from the Teſtimony of *Polybius*, who reports them to have been brought up in the conſtant Exerciſe thereof from their Youth; nor was the ignorance of any thing ſo opprobrious, as that of Muſick. This was not out of any affected effeminacy or delicacy, but in regard they were a rough People, inur'd to Toil and Labor, living under a rigid Climate, they held it requiſite to ſweeten their harſh Natures with this pleaſing Allay; And therefore as he ſaid, *Muſick might be delightful to others, but to them it was neceſſary.*

[g] He alludes, ſaith *La Cerda*, to the property of Lovers, who cannot ſee the Blemiſhes of thoſe they affect, but, on the contrary, believe them Graces. The Reaſon *Mirandula* gives thus, in his *Platonick* Diſcourſe upon Love: *Frequently, if not always*, ſaith he, *the Lover believes that which he loves, more beauteous than it is; he beholds it in the Image his Soul hath form'd of it, ſo much fairer, as more ſeparate from Matter, the Principle of Deformity: Beſides, the Soul is more indulgent to this Species, conſidering it is her own Child, produc'd in her Imagination.*

[h] *Servius* atteſts, that *Gallus* tranſlated into *Latin* the Verſes of *Euphorion* the *Chalcidean*: the *Greek*, *Victorius* 33. 13. believes neglected, and loſt by reaſon of their obſcurity; for ſuch the Author is reported by *Cicero.*

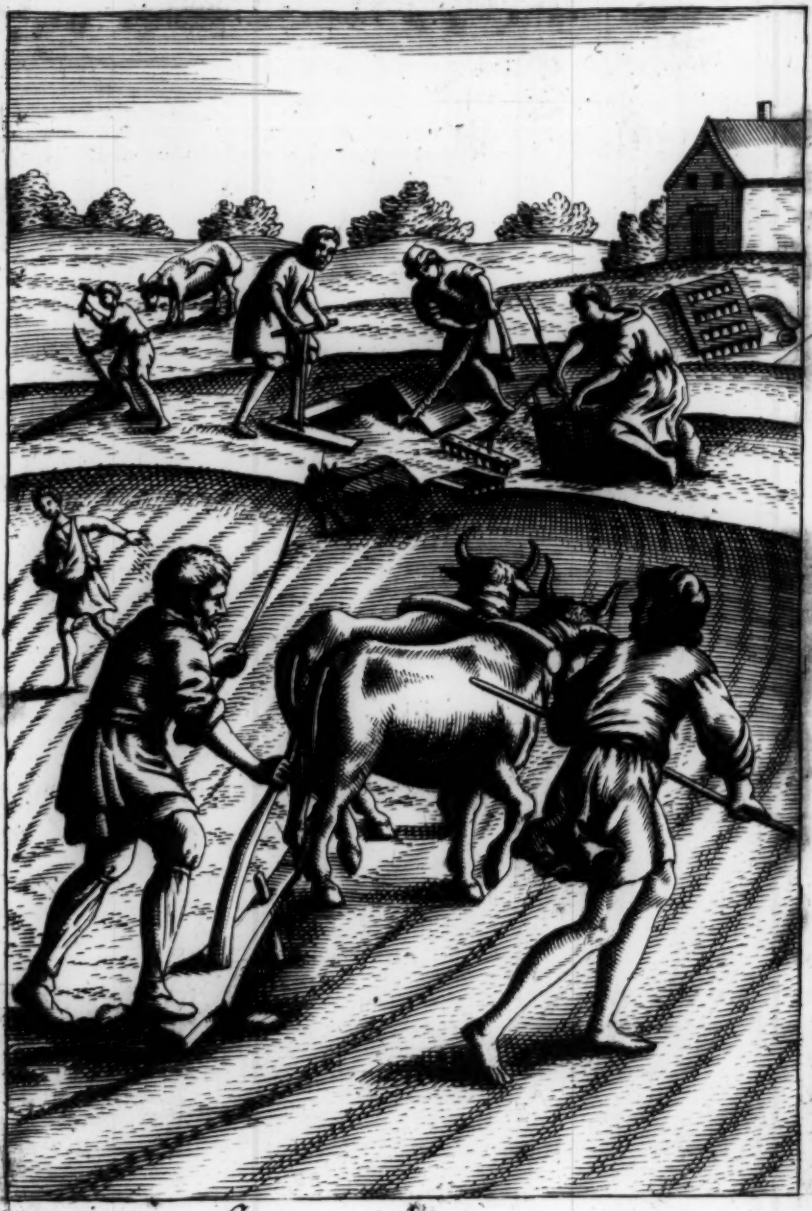
[i] *Parthenius* is a Mountain of *Arcadia*, ſo nam'd from the Company of Virgins that us'd to reſort thither, attending upon *Diana.*

[k] Nymphs

[k] Nymphs of Trees, ſo nam'd as being born ἅμα ταῖς δρυσι, at once with the Trees themſelves; of old, as *Scaliger* obſerves, call'd *Querquetulanæ.*

VIRGIL's





Geo. I

VIRGIL's
GEORGICKS.

The First Book.

* The ARGUMENT.

What Times are beſt to Sowe: What Natures are
Of diff'ring Grounds: What Induſtry and Care:
What hurts the Corn: The Plowman's ſeveral Rules,
Who muſters up innumerable Tools.
Who firſt the World with th' Art of Tillage bleſt:
Summer and Winter Swains muſt take no reſt:
Plowmen muſt learn the Stars, which Froſt and Snow,
Fair and foul Weather, Rain and Winds forſhow.
Claſhing of Nobles, Tumults, and of late
Popular Fury, and Great Cæſar's *Fate.*

WHat makes Rich Grounds; In what Cœleſtial Signs
'Tis good to Plow, and marry Elms with Vines;
What

What beſt fits Cattel, what with Sheep agrees;
And ſeveral Arts improving frugal Bees,
I ſing, *Mecænas.* You [a] the Worlds bright Eyes,
Which guid the ſliding Seaſons through the Skies;
Bacchus, and [b] *Ceres*, in whoſe bleſſed Reign
Earth chang'd [c] *Chaonian* Maſt for Golden Grain,
And Watery Cups mixt with invented Wines;
And [d] *Fauns*, ſtill aiding Husbandmens Deſigns;
You *Fauns* and [e] *Dryades*, together come;
Your Gifts I ſing: And *Neptune*, thou to whom
[f] The Earth firſt Trident-ſtruck, brought forth a [g] Steed:
And [h] Woods Protector, thou whoſe Snow-white breed
Three hundred Steers in fertile [i] *Cæa* graze;
Pan, thou that guard'ſt our Flocks, thy Native Place
[k] *Lycean* Groves forſaking, oh! draw near,
If e're to thee thy [l] *Mænalus* was dear:
And [m] *Pallas*, who the Uſe of Olives found;
With him whoſe [n] crooked Plow firſt broke the ground;
[o] *Sylvanus*, aid, with thy lov'd Cypreſs, yield;
And all you [p] Pow'rs, Protectors of the Field,
Whoſe kindly Influence chears the ſprouting Grain,
Or ſend from Heav'n on Corn large Show'rs of Rain.
And [q] *Cæſar*, thou, whom, in what Starry Throne
The Houſe of Gods will ſeat, is yet unknown;
If thou o're Realms and Cities ſhalt take Care,
Or Lord of [r] Seaſons thee the World declare,
From whom all ſorts of various Plenty flow,
Binding thy [s] Mothers Myrtle on thy Brow;
Or elſe, vaſt Seas thy Godhead onely Rule,
Obey'd by Sailors, and the utmoſt [t] *Thule*,

And

And [u] *Thetys* purchaſe thee with all her Brine;
Or to [x] ſlow Months be joyn'd another Sign.
A Place ſtands vacant 'twixt [y] *Erigone*
And ſwift-purſuing [z] *Libra*, where, for thee,
The Fiery *Scorpion* now ſhrinks up his Claws,
And from the [aa] larger half of Heav'n withdraws.
But Hell not thee muſt for a King expect,
Nor thou ſo much muſt Government affect;
Although the *Greeks* [bb] *Elizium* Fields admir'd,
Nor to return loſt [cc] *Proſerpine* deſir'd.
Oh! whereſoe're thou art, from thence incline,
And grant Aſſiſtance to my bold Deſign;
Pitty, with me, poor Husbandmens Affairs,
And now, as if tranſlated, hear our Pray'rs.
[dd] When firſt the Spring the Froſt-bound Hills unbinds,
And harder Gleab relents with Vernal Winds,
Then let my [ee] Steers begin to groan at Plow,
And my worn Coulter bright in Furrows grow.
The greedy Villager likes beſt that Mold
Which [ff] twice hath felt the Sun, and twice the Cold;
The Man's great Harveſts doth his Garners burſt.
But e're thou break the unknown Fallow, [gg] firſt
Obſerve the Winds, and Heavens ſtill-varying Face,
Old Cuſtom, with the Nature of the Place;
What every Soil will bear, and what refuſe
This Corn, that Vines more kindly doth produce;
Here Plants beſt thrive, and there rank Herbage grows;
Saffron [hh] Odours [ii] *Tmolus* ſtill on us beſtows;
[kk] *India* ſends Ivory, [ll] *Sabæa* Gums;
From the [mm] nak'd *Chalybs*, Steel; from [nn] *Pontus* comes

The

The Bever-ſtone; from oo *Epire*, pp Mares for Race;
qq For Nature hath impos'd on every Place
Eternal Laws, ſince firſt rr *Deucalion* hurl'd
Stones, to re-people the unpeopled World;
Whence Men, a ff hard Race, ſprung. Therefore go on,
And thy rich Soil with the firſt tt cheering Sun
Let thy ſtrong Oxen Plow, that Heat may cruſt
The mellow Gleab, and bake to Summers Duſt.
If poor thy Soil before uu *Arcturus* riſe,
To break a ſhallow Furrow will ſuffice;
There, leſt the Corn ſhould harm from Weeds receive,
Here, leſt ſmall Moiſture barren Acres leave.
Let thy Land reſt alternately xx untill'd,
And to worn Grounds annual Ceſſation yield;
yy Or there in ſeaſon thou ſhalt Barley ſow,
Where pleaſant Pulſe with dangling Cods did grow,
Where brittle Stalks of zz bitter Lupins ſtood,
Or ſlender Vetches in a aaa murmuring Wood.
Thy Field bbb Line, Oats, and ſleepy Poppy burns;
ccc But eaſie is the Labor made by turns:
Nor with ddd rich Dung ſpare hungry Grounds to feed,
And eee unclean Aſhes on poor Champains ſpread.
So your fff chang'd Seed delights the pregnant Plains;
And Ground left Fallow, grants no little Gains.
ggg To burn dry Stubble, and the barren Fields,
In crackling Flames, oft handſom Profit yields;
Whether ſome ſudden Faculty derives
From thence, which with pure Sap the Earth revives,
Or inconcocted Humors ſpent by Heat,
And uſeleſs Moiſture, vapor forth in Sweat;

Or

Or that the looſening Flames new ways hath wrought,
And breathing Chinks, by which more juyce is brought
Up to the ſprouting Corn, or elſe reſtrains
By obduration the Earths gaping Veins,
Leſt ſoaking Showers, or Heat which more annoys,
Or bitter Cold of piercing Winds deſtroys.
And much advantage to poor Swains it yields,
To uſe their hhh Rakes, than Harrow ſterile Fields;
Nor golden *Ceres* from the lofty Skies
Shall view his Labor with regardleſs Eyes;
And who athwart the Furrows Plows the Plain,
Then iii breaks the Clods obliquely o're again,
Turning his Teem, and by eternal Toil
T' obedience brings a diſobedient Soil.
Pray for kkk wet Summers, lll Winters wanting rain;
Winter-duſt glade the Ground, but more the Grain:
Not mmm *Mæſia* then ſhall boaſt ſuch Crops, nor more
Shall *Gargarus* admire her wondrous Store.
What ſhall I ſay of him that ſow'd his Land,
Then ſtreight goes on, abroad ſpreads barren Sand?
nnn Streams to his Corn in flowing Rivers turns;
And when ſcorch'd Fields with dying Herbage burns,
Behold! ooo conducteth from ſome riſing Ground
Water, whoſe current makes a murm'ring ſound
'Mongſt poliſh'd Pebbles, and Refreſhment yields,
From bubling Rivolets, to thirſty Fields?
Or thoſe, who leſt ppp rank Ears the Stalk o're-lade,
Luxurious Corn eat in the tender Blade,
When firſt it hides the Earth? and from their Land
Who ſetled Plaſhes drain'd with drinking Sand?

Eſpecially when frequent Showers of Rain
Make ſwelling Floods not their own Banks contain,
And with a ſlimy Mud drowns all beneath,
Whence hollow Ditches putrid Vapors breathe.
But yet for all Mens Toil, and Oxens Pains,
Skilful in Tillage, the *Strymonian* qqq Cranes,
With plundring Geeſe, and bitter Succory harms,
And noyſom Shade deſtructive are to Farms.
Nor would Heav'ns King make Tillage eaſie, who
Did firſt with toilſom Art the Earth ſubdue,
And Mortals did to many Cares inure,
Nor in his Reign would heavy Sloth endure.
Before rrr *Jove*'s time no Tiller vext the Grounds,
Inclos'd his own, nor limits others Bounds;
sss All Common was, and of her own accord
The Earth full Plenty freely did afford.
He to foul Serpents deadly Poyſon gave,
Commanded Wolves to Prey, and Seas to rave.
Robb'd Leaves of Honey, Fire conceal'd, and Wine,
Which ran before in Rivers, did confine;
That various Arts by Study might be wrought
Up to their height, and Corn in Furrows ſought;
And Mortals ſhould from Veins of Flint ſtrike Fire.
Then Rivers firſt did ttt Alder Boats admire;
Then Sailors † Nam'd, and number'd every Star,
And knew what all the Conſtellations were;
uuu Then ſnares for Beaſts, & Lime for Birds was found,
And how xxx Dogs ſhould the mighty Woods ſurround;
This ſtrikes broad Rivers with his Caſting Net;
That, Fiſhing-Lines draws through the Ocean, wet.

Then

Then Steel and yyy grating Saws were firſt receiv'd;
Before, ſoft Wedges eaſie Timber cleav'd.
zzz Then Arts began: *Fierce Toil through all things breaks,*
And urgent Want ſtrange Projects undertakes.
[1] Firſt *Ceres* Mortals taught to Plow the Ground,
When Acorns ſcarce in Sacred Groves were found,
And [2] *Dodon* Maſt deny'd; then Swains did toil,
Leſt [3] ſmutting Mildews golden Ears ſhould ſoil,
And the baſe Thiſtle over all aſpire;
The Corn decays, whole Groves of armed Brier
And Burs ariſe, and o're a glorious Land
Pernicious Darnel and Wild Oats command.
Unleſs with Rakes thou daily break'ſt the Grounds,
And Birds affright'ſt with terrifying Sounds,
Cut'ſt ſpreading Weeds which ſhade thy golden Grain,
And Supplications mak'ſt with Vows, for Rain,
Thou ſhalt in vain ſee others great Increaſe,
When ſhaken Oke thy Hunger muſt appeaſe.
The hardy [4] Plowman's Tools we next muſt know,
Which wanting, we can neither Reap nor Sow.
A heavy Plow of crooked Oke, a Share,
And the ſlow-wheel'd [5] *Eluſine* Mothers Care;
Sledges and Flails, Rakes ponderous enough,
Fine Oſier Baskets, Country Houſhold-ſtuff,
Hurdles, and laſt, *Iacchus* [6] myſtick Van;
All which, if th' art a careful Husbandman,
Remember to provide, if the Divine
Glory of Tillage thou intendeſt thine.
Next in the Woods with mighty Labor bow
An Elm, and form it to a crooked Plow.

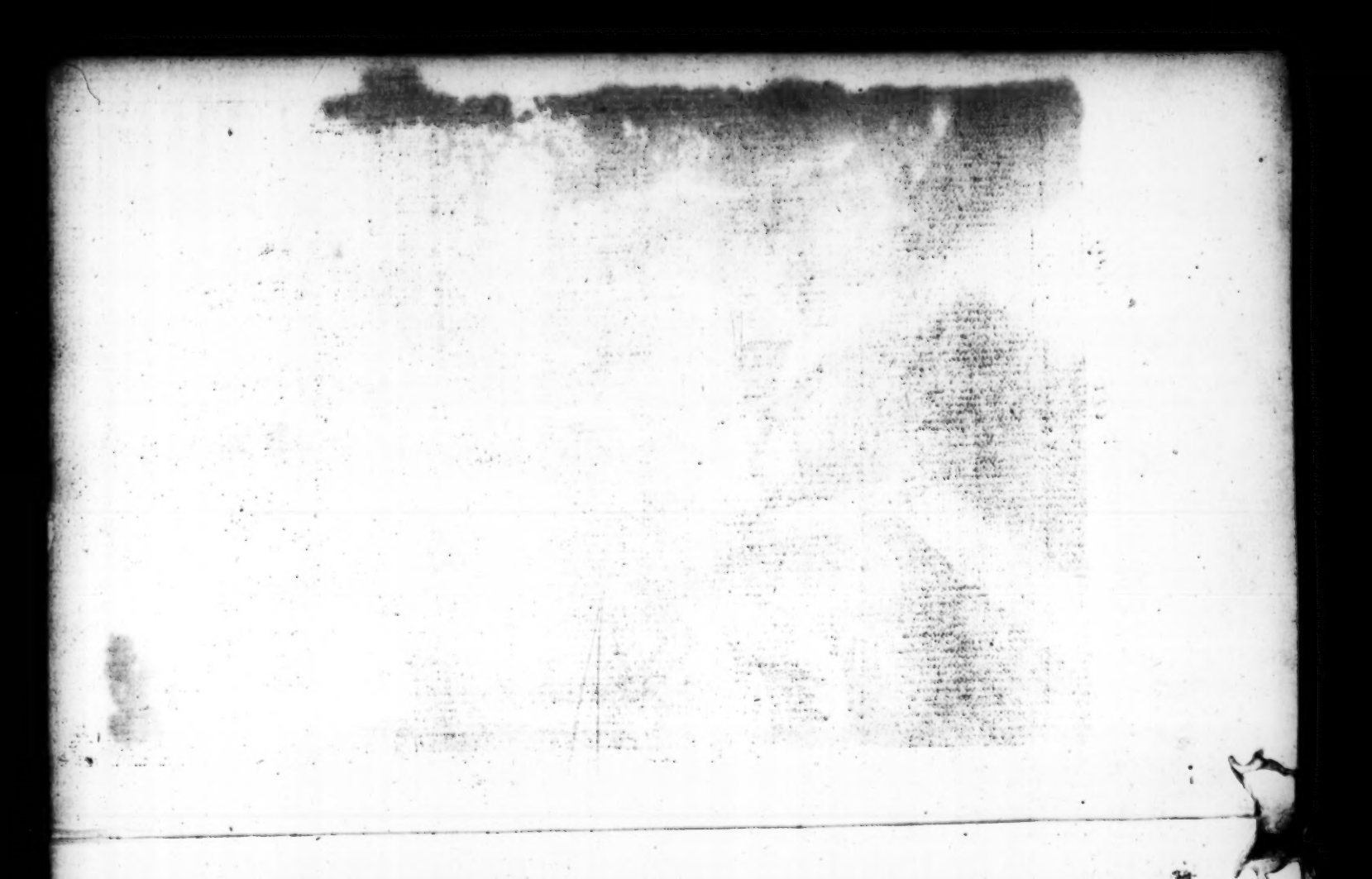
To this a Teem beneath of eight Foot cut;
To the [7] bow'd Back [8] two Ears and Dentals put,
Of lofty Beech your Plow-tail, but the Yoke
Let that be from the gentle Teil-tree took,
Which from behind ſhall the deep Turnings guide,
And Oke with hanging in the Chimney, try'd.
Here many Antient Rules I could declare,
Unleſs thou ſcornſt to mind ſo mean a care.
With a great Rowler firſt thy [9] Barn-floor lay,
Smooth'd with the Hand, confirm'd with binding clay,
Leſt graſs ſpring up, or it ſhould duſty grow,
Then many Miſchiefs chance; for oft below
The little Mouſe her ſtore hath, and abode,
And the [10] blind Mole her Bed; there lurks the Toad;
For many Creatures in the Earth are born;
Thence Weeſels plunder mighty Hoards of Corn,
And [11] Ants fore-ſeeing Age, and Want to come.
Obſerve when firſt the [12] Nuts begin to bloom,
And flouriſhing, bends the tender Branch; if theſe
Prove fruitful, ſuch ſhall be thy Corns increaſe,
And in great Heat huge Harveſts ſhall be found:
But if with ſwelling Leaves the Shades abound,
Then thou ſhalt Threſh a Chaffie Stalk in vain.
I have ſeen many would [13] anoint their Grain
With Nitre firſt, then Lees of Oyl would ſpread,
That the Husk ſwelling might inlarge their Seed;
Then with lent fire ripen the tender Grain.
I ſaw Seed pick'd and cull'd with tedious pain,
[14] And yet degenerate, unleſs yearly we
The largeſt chooſe; Each thing by Deſtiny

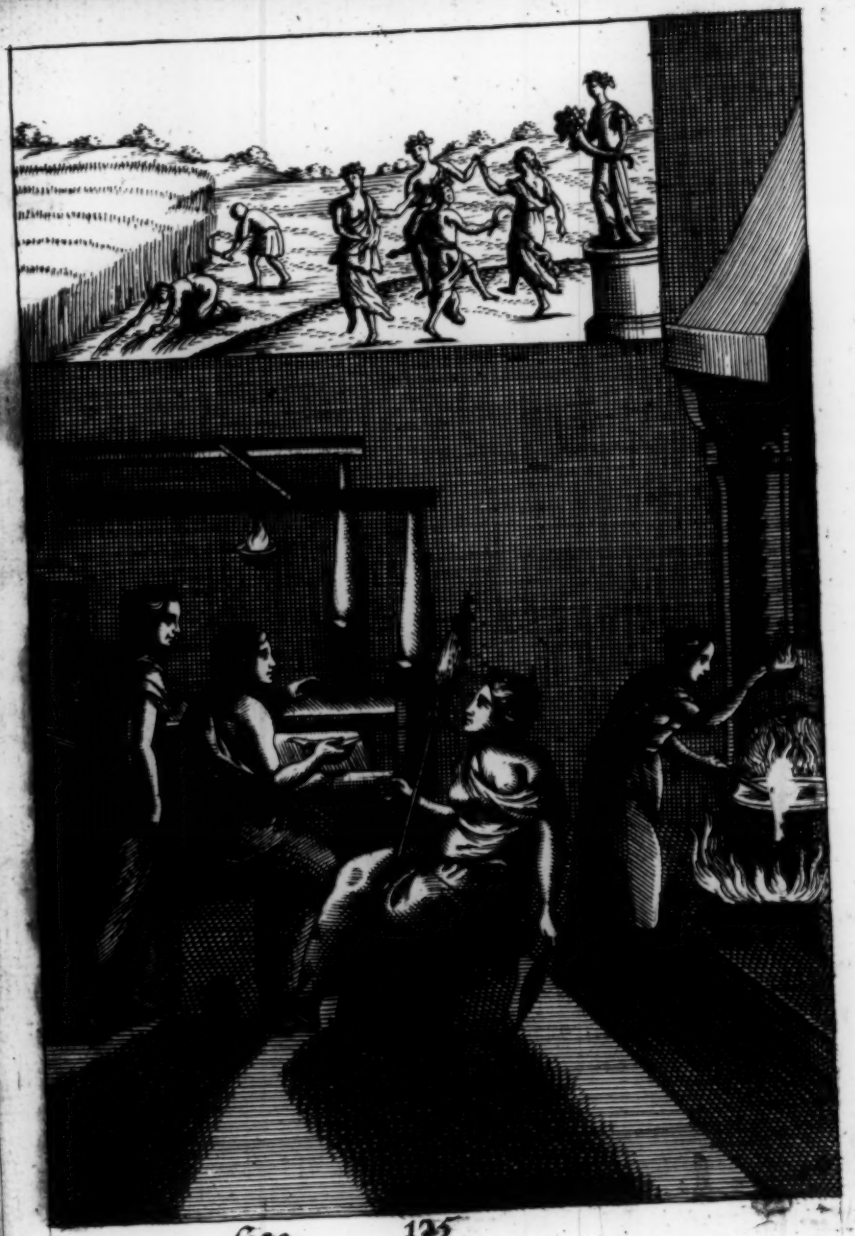
So

So haſtens to grow worſe, and backward goes;
As one againſt the ſtream a Veſſel rowes,
Who if by chance his Arm a little ſlack,
The Boat in the ſwift Channel hurries back.
They ſhould beſides their Obſervations make
From [15] Northern Stars, the [16] Kids, and [17] ſilver Snake,
[18] Like thoſe that homeward through ſwoln Billows trade,
And [19] Oyſter-breeding *Heleſpont* invade.
When *Libra* juſt in Balances ſhall weigh
Darkneſs with Light, and Shadows with the Day,
Then exerciſe your Steers, and Barley ſow,
Till too extreme tempeſtuous Winter grow.
Line-ſeed and [20] *Cerealian* Poppy ſet
Then in the Earth, and let thy Oxen ſweat
With heavy Toil, when Drowth confirms the Ground,
Whilſt Clouds impending in the Sky are bound.
Beans ſow in Spring, then the rich Furrow takes
[21] Clave-graſs, and Millet [22] annual Care awakes;
[23] When *Taurus* golden Horns open the Year,
And [24] *Syrius* leaves to adverſe Stars the Sphere.
But if for Wheat and ſtronger Corn thy Ground
Thou exerciſe, and but one Crop propound,
Firſt let the Eaſtern [25] *Pleiades* go down,
And the bright Stars of [26] *Ariadnes* Crown;
Commit due Seed to Furrows then, nor fear
Earths truſt with hopes of the enſuing Year.
Many begin e're *Maia* ſets, but them
Expected Corn mocks with a barren Stem.
Wouldſt thou the Ground ſhould Vetch or Faſels bear,
Nor ſhalt deſpiſe *Ægyptian* Lentils care?

Bootes fall no obſcure Sign will ſhow;
Begin, and ſowing to Mid-winter ſow.
Therefore the golden Sun in equal Lines
Divides the World, and rules Twelve glorious Signs.
[27] Five Zones the Heavens infold, hot Sun-beams beat
Always on one, and burns with raging Heat.
The two Extremes to this on [28] each hand lies
Muffled with Storms, fetter'd with cruel Ice.
'Twixt Cold and Heat two more there are, th' Aboads
Aſſign'd poor Mortals by th' Immortal Gods.
Athwart theſe two in [29] th' Oblique Zodiack ſhines,
Whirling ſtill round the twelve Cœleſtial Signs.
[30] As we the Pole to *Scythian* Mountains raiſe,
So 'tis depreſt in *Lybia's* Southern Bayes:
This always gilds our Hemiſphere; but Hell
Sees that, and Spirits which in Darkneſs dwell.
Here round about the mighty Serpent glides,
And like a River the two Bears divides
With vaſt Infoldings; [31] Bears that never yet
Durſt in the Ocean bath their ſilver Feet.
There, as they ſay, is either [32] laſting Night,
Or gloomy Shades, for ever hindring Light;
Or elſe from us to them *Aurora* ſpeeds,
Bringing the Day; and when with panting Steeds
The Dawn firſt breathes on us, there Night retires,
And bluſhing kindles late Nocturnal Fires:
Hence from no doubtful Signs we Seaſons know,
When beſt to reap, and at what time to Sowe,
Or when to truſt the treacherous [33] Sea again,
And [34] well-rigg'd Ships adventure to the Main,

Or





Or in vaſt Foreſts fell well-ſeaſon'd Pines.
Nor vainly mark ſetting and riſing Signs,
Which in four Quarters equal Years divide.
If a cold Show'r makes Swains within abide,
Much may be done which when the Weather's fair
Might take up time; To whet the blunted Share,
To make [35] a Boat, to brand the Sheep, and Mete
What Meaſures make the Mountains of thy Wheat.
Theſe ſharpen Forks and Stakes, the tender Vine
Others infold with Bonds of *Amerine*,
And ſome with [36] *Rubean* Twigs neat Baskets bind;
Now dry their Corn at Fire, and now they Grind.
Some Works on Holy-days are to be done;
[37] Cleanſe or caſt Rivers; no Religion
Or Law forbids; nor yet to [38] hedge in Corn,
And Snares to lay for Birds, to burn the Thorn,
To waſh the bleating Flocks in curing Floods.
The Driver of the ſlow Aſs often Loads
His Back with Oyl, or Fruit, or elſe doth fetch
From a Town Hand-mill, or a Maſs of Pitch.
The Moon grants ſeveral Days ſhould be employ'd,
[39] Lucky for ſeveral Works; the [40] fifth avoid;
Hell and the [41] Furies then were born, and Earth
Gave mighty [42] *Typhon* and the Giants Birth;
Which Covenanting Brethren thrice aſſay'd
To pull down Heaven, *Pelion* on *Oſſa* laid,
On *Oſſa* green *Olympus* would have thrown: (down.
Thrice *Jove* with Thunder threw thoſe Mountains
[43] The ſeventeenth Day is good to plant the Vine,
That Day to break thy ſturdy Steers deſign,

Then thy fine Web begin; [44] the ninth relieves
Thoſe make Eſcapes, but dangerous for Thieves.
Many Works better in cold Night are done,
Or when the pearly Morning brings the Sun.
Night, to mow Stubble, and dry Meadows, chuſe;
Night not neglects to pay refreſhing Dews.
And ſome at late, and [45] Winter Fires being ſet,
Will pointed Stakes with a ſharp Whittle whet;
Whilſt his dear Wife her Web weaves fine & ſtrong,
Shortning long Labor with a pleaſant Song;
Or with lent Fire decocts ſweet Muſt, and skims
With Leaves the Liquor from the boyling Brims.
But beſt at Noon to cut the ſtately Wheat,
And the dry Sheaves Threſh better in the Heat.
[46] Plow and Sowe naked; in cold Winter Swains
Receive th' Enjoyment of their former Pains;
The Genial time invites them to prepare
For mutual Feaſts, at which they drown all Care:
Like loaden Veſſels Anchor'd in the *Downs*,
[47] Whoſe lofty Sterns the joyful Sailor crowns.
But then they may get Maſt, and Olives grind,
And Bay-berries, with blood-ſtain'd Myrtles find;
Courſe Hares, lay Nets for Deer, for Cranes a Spring,
Or ſwinging round the [48] *Balearian* Sling,
Wound from the Hempen Cord the flying Deer,
When Snow lies deep, and Ice the Rivers bear.
What ſhall I of [49] Autumnal Seaſons ſay,
When Heat decreaſeth with decreaſing Day?
Of which the Plowman muſt take ſpecial heed:
Or in the Spring, when ſudden Tempeſts breed,

When

When ripe Ears ruſsle on the waving Plain,
Or when green Stalks but ſwell with milky Grain:
Oft have I ſeen when Fields of golden Corn
Were fit to Reap, and ready to be born,
The warring Squadrons of the Winds contend,
And from the Roots the wealthy Harveſt rend;
Then boyſterous Tempeſts with a Whirlwind bear
Light Straw, and Stubble, through the Cloudy Air.
Oft from the Skie deſcends a dreadful Show'r,
And muſter'd Clouds from Sea recruit their Pow'r
With hideous Storms; the troubled Skies reſound,
And Corn, the Toil of Men and Cattel, drown'd;
Then murm'ring Brooks up humble Rivers raiſe,
And o're-grown Seas rage in tempeſtuous Bays.
Amidſt the horrid Darkneſs, Thundring *Jove*
Diſpenſeth dreadful Lightning from above,
Which ſhakes the Earth; Beaſts fly, his fiery Darts
Deject with trembling Fear the proudeſt Hearts,
Whilſt he at [50] *Athos* aims his blazing Fires,
Or [51] *Rhodope*, or high [52] *Ceraunian* Spires;
Then Storms grow louder, Clouds all Heav'n ſurround,
Now Woods, now Shores, with hideous Guſts reſound.
This to prevent, with Monthly Stars adviſe;
Obſerve how the [53] cold Star of *Saturn* plies,
Or what Sphere [54] wandring *Mercury* invites.
[55] But firſt the Gods adore, and Annual Rites,
Working in joyful Fields, great *Ceres* bring,
When ſtormy Winter ends in pleaſant Spring.
Then Lambs wax fat, then cheering Wine grows old,
Then Sleep is ſweet, then Mountains Shades infold.

Let

Let *Ceres* all the youthful Swains adore,
And her with Honey, Milk, and Wine implore;
Let the bleſt [56] Offering thrice new Corn ſurround,
Thy Roof with Gueſts and joyful Friends reſound,
Calling on *Ceres*; nor the meaneſt Clown,
Unleſs his Temples [57] Oken Garlands crown,
To *Ceres* rudely Dance, and Verſes ſing,
Shall Sickle to the Golden Harveſt bring.
And that we may by certain Tokens find
When Heat and Rain will be, when ſtormy Wind,
The Moon great *Jove* appointed to foreſhew,
And in what Sign *Auſter* [58] begins to blow;
Which oft the skilful Husbandman perceives,
And nearer to their Stalls his Cattel leaves.
Before a Storm, either [59] the Ocean ſwells,
Or mighty Sounds are heard in lofty Hills;
Shores far off Thunder-beaten with the Floods,
And Murmurs riſe in the diſturbed Woods.
Then Billows ſcarce will talleſt Ships forbear,
When ſwift-wing'd [60] Cormorants cut yielding Air
From Sea to Land, and fill with Cries the Bay;
Or when on Shore the wanton Sea-fowl play,
Deſerting Lakes, and long-frequented Floods,
And the Hern mounts above aſpiring Clouds.
Oft alſo thou, before a Storm ariſe,
Shalt ſee bright Stars [61] ſhoot headlong through the Skies,
Leaving behind them a long Train of Light,
Gilding a Tract through ſable Shades of Night.
[62] Chaff thou ſhalt oft behold, and falling Leaves,
Or Plumes that wanton on the bounding Waves.

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Of Storms unskilful, when they Spinſters ſee
The rich Oyl ſparkle in the ſhining Lamp,
And waſted Cotton make the Light grow damp.
Nor leſs from Storms maiſt thou fair Seaſons learn,
And long before by certain ſigns diſcern;
For then no Star an obtuſe Beam diſplays
Nor is the Moon eſtrang'd from *Phœbus* Rays;

Nor

Nor through the Sky, Clouds, like white Fleeces, run,
73 Nor dear to *Thetys*, *Halcyons* in the Sun
Open their ſpreading Wings; nor ſcatter'd Straw
In filthy Mouths foul Swine delight to draw.
But Clouds embrace the Vales, and on the Plain
Themſelves repoſe; nor th' Owl foretelling Rain
From the high Roof, obſerving *Phœbus* ſet,
Will idly then Nocturnal Notes repeat.
74 *Niſus* appears high in Ætherial Air,
Tormenting *Scylla* for his Purple Hair;
Where-e're ſhe cuts with fanning Wings the Skies,
After, her Perſecutor, *Niſus* flies;
Where-ever *Niſus* the ſwift Clouds divides,
Scylla from thence with all her Forces glides.
Three or four times then with extended Throats
Loud croaking Ravens double watery Notes,
And oft, I know not by what reaſon, ſport
Amongſt the Leaves that ſhade their lofty Court;
And the Storm paſt, delighted are to ſee
Their own lov'd Buildings, and dear Progenie.
75 Nor think I Heav'n on them ſuch Knowledge ſtates,
Nor that their Prudence is above the Fates;
But when a Tempeſt, and the fleeting Rack
Have chang'd their courſe, & the moiſt Air grows black
With Southern Winds, which thicken in the Skies
Thin Vapors, and the groſſer rarifies;
Their Thoughts are chang'd, the motions of their Mind
Inconſtant are, like Clouds before the Wind:
From hence Birds chaunt forth ſuch melodious Notes,
The Beaſts are glad, and Crows ſtretch joyful Throats.

If





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If the ſwift [76] Sun, whoſe Horſes never ſwerve,
And Moons in following Order thou obſerve,
Th' enſuing Day ſhall never thee deceive,
Nor Nights fair Promiſes of Hope bereave.
When firſt the Moon recruited Flame adorns,
If a groſs Air obſcure her blunted Horns,
Great Show'rs for Sea and Husband-men prepare;
But if her Face a Virgin-bluſh declare,
It ſhall be Wind; with Wind ſhe bluſheth ſtill.
If the Fourth Day her Orb with Silver fill,
(For that by long Experience hath been try'd)
Nor with blunt Horns through Cryſtal Heav'n ſhall glide,
That Day, and all that follow, you ſhall find,
To the Months end, free both from Rain and Wind:
Then Sailors ſav'd, [77] their Vows at Landing pay
[78] To *Glacus*, [79] *Melecert*, and [80] *Panopea*.
Alſo the Riſing Sun true Tokens Shows;
And when in *Thetys* Lap he takes repoſe:
For the moſt certain, on the Sun attend,
Both in the Morn, and when the Stars aſcend.
When Riſing he with many Spots grows pale,
Drown'd in a Cloud, and half his Orb doth veil,
Then Storms expect; Winds muſter from the Main,
The common Foe to Cattel, Fruit, and Grain.
Or when amongſt thick Clouds at break of Day
Many refracted Beams themſelves diſplay;
Or when forſaking *Tython*'s golden Bed,
Much paleneſs hath *Aurora*'s Cheek o'reſpread,
Ah! then but ill the Boughs their Grapes defend,
Such Show'rs of Hail on ratling Roofs deſcend.

This

This Obſervation by no means forget,
When, Heav'n forſaking, *Sol* is near his Set,
Then oft mixt Colours in his Face we find;
The Duskie threatens Rain, the Fiery, Wind;
But if the Spots red Flaſhes ſhall unfold,
All vext with Rain and Wind thou ſhalt behold;
That Night ſhall none perſwade me to the Sea,
Nor yet adviſe that I my Anchor weigh.
But when he gives, or takes the Day again,
His Orb be clear, thou fear'ſt a Show'r in vain,
And ſhalt behold ſoft Gales move murm'ring Woods.
What Weſtern Winds, which drive the gilded Clouds,
What South Winds plot, the Sun doth ſignifie;
And who ſo bold to give the Sun the Lie?
[81] Clandeſtine Tumults he doth oft foreſhow,
And open War from ſecret Plots to grow:
He pittying *Rome*, [82] at *Cæſar*'s Funeral ſpread
A mourning Veil o're his Illuſtrious Head,
That th' Impious Age eternal Darkneſs fear'd.
At Sea and Land what Wonders then appear'd!
Both [83] howling Dogs, [84] and fatal Fowl preſag'd:
How oft we [85] ſmoking *Ætna* ſaw enrag'd,
Who from dire Breaches the *Cyclopean* Grounds
With Fire-balls, and a Pumice Deluge, drowns!
Germany heard from Heav'n a [86] ſound of Arms,
And the *Alps* trembled at unus'd Alarms;
A mighty Voice in ſilent Groves was heard,
And gaſtly Spirits wondrous pale appear'd
[87] Before dark Night obſcuring Shades did make,
And [88] Oxen then (Who will believe it?) ſpake;

Earth

Earth gap'd,[89] ſwift Rivers ſtood,[90] Braſs Statues ſweat,
And weeping Ivory made the Temples wet.
[91] *Eridanus* the Monarch of the Floods
[92] Tears down, and drowns in violent Edies, Woods:
Then Beaſts inſpected [93] Entrails Threats foreſhow'd,
And purple [94] Blood from ſilver Fountains flow'd;
And when the populous Cities did reſound
With howling [95] Wolves, which walk'd their nightly round;
[96] From ſerene Skies it never Lighten'd more,
Nor ſuch dire Comets e're was ſeen before.
Again [97] *Philippi*, *Roman* Squadrons ſaw
With equal Arms, for dreadful Battel draw.
Twice with our Blood the Gods were pleas'd to yield
Moiſture to [98] *Emus*, and [99] th' *Æmathian* Field.
The time will come, when, in thoſe Confines, Swains
Shall ruſtie Piles find, plowing up the Plains,
Or ſhall with Rakes from empty Helms ſtrike Fire,
And mighty Bones diſſepulchred admire.
Great *Veſta*, *Romulus*, and [100] Patriot Gods,
Who guard Imperial *Rome*, and [101] *Tuſcan* Floods,
For the Young Man at laſt your ſelves engage,
That he again repair this ruin'd Age:
Long ſince enough we with our Blood did pay,
What might the [102] *Trojan* Perjury defray.
Heav'ns Court now envies us, for thee, afeard
Leſt Humane Triumphs thou too much regard;
Where Wrong is Right,& War through all the world
So many Shapes of Wickedneſs hath hurl'd.
None to the ſcorned Plow due Honor yields;
Swains preſt for Soldiers, have neglected Fields,

And

And crooked Scythes to Swords transformed are.
103 *Euphrates* here, there *Germany* makes War;
The neighbouring Towns in Civil Arms engage,
And impious *Mars* through all the World doth rage:
As when swift Chariots starting from the Bar,
Streight through the listed Champaign hurried are,
The Charioter is born away, in vain
Checking their swiftness, who contemn the Rein.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The First BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *GEORGICKS.*

THeſe Books of Husbandry (for ſuch the Title imports) *Virgil* wrote in imitation of *Nicander Colophonius*, *Heſiod*, *Aratus*; borrowing likewiſe from *Ariſtotle*, *Theophraſtus*, and *Mago* the African, aſſiſted by *Cato*, *Varro*, *Cicero* in his Oeconomicks, and others of his own Nation, who before him had written upon the ſame Subject, as may eaſily appear to the conferring Reader.

The Order and Diviſion of this whole Work he hath compriz'd in the four firſt Verſes of this Book, which, as *Servius* notes, he took from *Varro*, who thus writes: *All Grounds are diſtinguiſh'd into four kinds, i. e.* Arable, *for Grain and Corn*; Sative, *for Plants and Trees*; Paſture, *for Grazing and Herbage*; Floral, *for Gardening and Bees*: Whence the reaſon may be clearly collected

why *Virgil* divided this Poem into nor more nor leſs, than four Books. This firſt which treats of the principal Part of Husbandry, Ploughing and Sowing, is made up of ſix ſeveral Parts; The firſt ſhews the Rules of Ploughing; the ſecond of Sowing; the third, the Invention of Fruits and Grain; the fourth the Tools and Inſtruments of Husbandry; the fifth, the ſeveral Toyls and Seaſons; the laſt, the Signs and Prognoſticks.

[a] The Sun and Moon worſhipp'd not onely by the Heathens, but the Jews themſelves; to the latter of whom they ſacrific'd (as *Jer.* 7. & 18.) calling her the Queen of Heaven; the Men in Womens, and the Women in Mens Apparel, becauſe reputed (as *Venus*) both Male and Female, and therefore of old by the *Romans*, call'd *Lunus* as well as *Luna*; by the *Jews*, *Baaleth*, which ſignifies *Lady*; the firſt they worſhipp'd under the Names of *Malech*, which ſignifies *King*, and *Baal*, which ſignifies *Lord* (*Macrob. lib.* 3. *cap.* 5.) Here we may obſerve with how much better Decorum *Virgil* makes his Invocation, than *Heſiod*, who upon the like occaſion implores onely the Muſes, whereas *Virgil* makes his Addreſs to the Deities appropriate to the Subject he is to treat on.

[b] *Macrobius* in the firſt of his Saturnals, *c.* 21. and *Servius* upon this place following him, diſtinguiſh not theſe two Deities from the *Glorious Light*; but take *Bacchus* for the Sun, *Ceres* for the Moon: Yet *Varro* in the beginning of his Agriculture in the like Invocation clearly differences them; whom we rather chuſe to follow.

[c] *Chaonia*

[e] *Chaonia* is a Province in *Epire*, fertile in Okes and Maſt-Trees, Acorns being the food of the Antients; which yet they us'd not to eat raw, if we may evince ſo much from theſe Words of *Arnobius: The Meat let it be Rye-Bread, or (in Imitation of the Antients) Acorns parch'd in warm Aſhes, or Berries gather'd from the Hedges*, Arnob. *lib.* 2. contra Gen.

[d] Theſe ſeveral Deities of the Ethnicks are by ſome confounded with Satyrs, from which yet they are diſtinguiſh'd by *Ovid*.

Sunt mihi Semidei, ſunt Ruſtica Numina Fauni,
Et Nymphæ, Satirique, & monticolæ Sylvani.

And though in their Shapes they hold ſome reſemblance, yet were they expreſly different by their *Geſtamina*, or *Inſignia*; for the Fauns had Pipes, Sheephooks, Panthers Skins, and Crowns of Pine, which the Satyrs had not.

[e] *Dryades* were Nymphs that liv'd in Trees, *Hamadriades*, thoſe that were born and dy'd together with their Trees; theſe by the *Latins* were call'd *Querquetulanæ*, to whom (as our Author here) the Antients offer'd Prayers and Sacrifices, as may be collected from theſe reprehenſory Verſes of *Sedulus*.

——Ponit alius Radicibus Aras
Inſtituitque Dapes——

An Idolatry practic'd in this Nation in the time of

the *Saxons*, and condemn'd by expreſs Laws, as Mr. *Selden* ſhews in his Notes on *Marmor. Arund.*

f *Turnebus* conceives the Reaſon of the Epithet to be taken out of *Heſiod*, who makes the Earth to be educ'd out of Chaos, before the other Elements, nay, Heaven it ſelf; others in relation to the Shore, as in the *Æneis*——*primaq; vetant conſiſtere terra*; or in reſpect of *Attica*, where the Horſe was produc'd (though the place be controverted, ſome ſaying it was in *Theſſaly*, others in *Arcadia*) which was conceiv'd the moſt antiently peopled of all others, at leaſt ſo boaſted of by its Inhabitants. *Germanus* thinks the Poet here may allude to the reverend Opinion which the Antients had of the Earth, as chief of the Deities, whence *Æſchylus* ſtiles her πρωτόμαντιν γαῖαν, *Pindar* Ἐρεμνὰν πρωτὰν θεῶν. And *Ariſtotle* (*Meteor.* 2.) reports that the antient Poetical Theologues always us'd to ſpeak moſt reverendly of the Earth, on whom they believ'd the Ambient of Heaven and its ſeveral Lights to wait, as ſo many Attendants, being ſeated in the midſt, as the moſt honorable place, accounted not the leaſt, but principal part of the Univerſe.

g The Scholiaſt of *Pindar* ſays, this Horſes Name was *Scyphius*, ſome *Syron*, others *Arion*, and that *Neptune* from this Accident of forcing the Rock, gain'd the Sirname of πέλεθαῖος, the Reaſon why the production of the Horſe is attributed to him, is in regard of the ſwiftneſs of his Motion, as being God of the Sea, whoſe Tydes are ſwift and violent. Hence *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, in regard of the ſwiftneſs of their Lights, are

are ſaid to have the Protection of Horſes. *Serv.*

[h] Meaning *Ariſtæus*, who when he had found out the making of Honey, Oyl, and recall'd the Eteſian Winds, was ſtil'd *Jupiter Ariſtæus*, and paſtoral *Apollo*. Scholiaſt. of *Apollonius*.

[i] *Cæa*, or as *Pliny* writes it, *Ceos*, is an Iſland of the Ægean Sea, lying near the *Attick* Coaſt, of which *Ovid in Epiſt. Acontii*; fertile in Herbage and Paſture, as *Athenæus* out of *Theophraſtus*.

[k] Foraeſts about *Lycæum*, a Mountain of *Arcadia*.

[l] As in *Mænalus*, ſo call'd from the ſtore of Sheep that us'd to graze there. *Serv.*

[m] The Fable of *Pallas* her Contention with *Neptune*, and producing the Olive-trees, is recorded every where by the Poets, and particularly by *Pauſanias* in *Atticis*; by *Pliny* made no Fable, who reports that the ſame Olive-tree was to be ſeen in his days; but that *Pallas*, the Goddeſs of War, ſhould produce the Olive, the Emblem of Peace, the reaſon ſeems to be, In regard that Peace is the Effect of a juſt War, which is manag'd to no other end, than for the attaining and ſettling thereof.

[n] Some conceive *Oſyris* is here meant, for according to *Tibullus*.

Primus aratra manu ſolerti fecit Oſyris,
Et teneram ferro ſollicitavit humum.

Others *Triptolemus*, who firſt taught the uſe of the Plough to thoſe of *Attica*; the more probable opini-

on, in regard the *Egyptian* Deities (as was *Oſyris*) were not then indenizon'd at *Rome*.

o See the Fable already explain'd in the Notes upon the tenth Eclog.

p After ſpecial Invocation, it was uſual to make an Addreſs to the Gods in Common, which our Author here obſerves, as unwilling to omit any Deity propitious to Husbandry, amongſt whom were reckon'd *Flora, Rugibus, Sera, Segeſta, Sarritor, Occator*, &c.

q *Auguſtus*, whom our Authors flattery inſerts among the Deities; for as *Scaliger* notes, the antient Poets, intending to dedicate their Labors to perſons of Eminence, were ſo ſuperſtitiouſly bold, as to implore their Aſſiſtance and Influence, with the ſame reverence they us'd to their Gods. Thus our Author invokes *Auguſtus, Ovia Germanus, Lucan Nero, Flaccus Veſpatian, Statius Domitian*; nor is this wholly to be aſcrib'd to *Virgil*'s Flattery, but to a real truth; for though no other Emperors were (till after death) admitted into the number of the Gods, *Auguſtus* had divine honors conferr'd upon him in his life time (as is already noted) which may afford ſome ground of excuſe for our Author in this particular above the reſt.

r In that ſenſe *Servius* and *La Cerda* take *Tempeſtates* to be underſtood rather than of Storms and Tempeſts; of which afterwards he ſpeaks apart in the Dominion of the Sea; and therefore not likely here to confound them.

s Alluding to *Auguſtus* his Original, who was deſcended from *Iulus* the Son of *Æneas*, whoſe Mother was

was *Venus*, to whom that Tree was ſacred; with whoſe Boughs ſhe is ſaid to have Crown'd her ſelf after her Victory over *Pallas* and *Juno*, in the Contention for Beauty; (*Nicander.*) Our Author herein reflecting upon the Mercy, Clemency, and pacifique mind of *Auguſtus*, deſirous of unbloody Conqueſts, the Reward of ſuch being a Myrtle Wreath, which was call'd *Corona ovalis.*

[t] *Pliny* makes it an Iſland, ſix days ſail from *Britany*, ſome an Iſland in *Britany*, others *Britany* it ſelf. *Mercator* will have it to be *Izland*; *Ortelius*, *Tylemark*; *Cambden* (upon the Authority of *Peucocus*) *Shetland*, or *Hethland*, an Iſland in the Scottiſh Seas, lying between *Norway* and *Scotland*, and under the Dominion of the latter; by Sea-men commonly call'd *Thylenſel.* Which Opinion the much knowing Mr. *Selden* ſeems to approve of in his *Mar. clauſ. l.* 2. *c.* 1. *p.* 121. Its Name *Suidas* derives from *Thules*, a King of *Egypt*: *Iſidire* from the Sun, and ſome from the *Saxon* word *Tell*, which ſignifies a Limit, as if it were the North-weſt Bound of the World.

[u] He ſeems to allude to that king of Matrimony amongſt the Antients which was call'd *Coemption*, in which the Husband and Wife did make a mutual Bargain and Sale one of another; for Marriage among the *Romans* was Contracted three ways: By Uſe, Confarreation and Coemption; concerning which ſeveral kinds, ſee *Servius Danielis* upon this place. *La Cerda* proves the laſt to have been in uſe with other Nations as well as the *Romans*; but *Scopas* his brief and perti-

nent Expoſition of theſe words is not to be omitted, who by *Emat* in the Original, underſtands no more than *ſumat* or *accipat*; all Commutations or Exchanges, being antiently compriz'd under the word *Coemption*, as is further illuſtrated by *La Cerda*.

x Meaning the Months of *June* and *July*, in which the days are longeſt; (See *Cælius Rodigin.* and *Palladius*) the enſuing Month being honor'd with the Addition of his Name perhaps here imply'd.

y She was the Daughter of *Icarius* a Shepherd of *Attica*, and Siſter to *Penelope*, ſay ſome, who by immoderate lamenting the death of her ſlain Father, was by the Commiſerating Gods taken up into Heaven and made a Conſtellation, yet not one of the twelve Signs (as *Sabinus* obſerves) though others will have her to be the ſame with the Daughter of *Aſtræus*, known in the Zodiac by the Name of *Virgo*, and call'd *Erigone* before her Aſſumption. *Hygin. c.* 130.

z *Joſeph Scaliger* in his Notes on *Manilius*, conceives *Virgil* to aſſign this part of the Zodiac to *Auguſtus*, in regard he was born when the Sun was in *Libra*, whence is that of an old Poet.

Et libram quam Cæſar Habet——

Antonius Clarus, cited by *La Cerda*, thinks *Virgil* reflects upon the impartial Government of *Auguſtus*, and his exemplary Juſtice, the ſureſt Supportreſs of Crowns.

aa The Sign *Scorpio* extends his Claws or *Chela* to the

the Conſtellation of *Libra*, which our Author here promiſes he ſhall contract more than half way to make *Cæſar* Room.

[bb] The Seats of the bleſſed Souls according to the fiction of the Poets, of which in the *6th* of the *Æneis*.

[cc] This ſeems to contradict the Fable; for *Ceres* hearing that her Daughter was raviſh'd by *Pluto*, made her Complaint to *Jupiter*, and requeſted her reſtitution, which *Jove* granted, upon Condition ſhe had eaten nothing; Which Conceſſion was fruſtrated by *Aſcoluphus*, the Son of *Styx*, who detected her of eating ſome Pomegranate Kernels; nevertheleſs *Jove* permitted her to be ſix months above with her Mother, and ſix Months below with her Husband; The Phyſical reaſon of this fiction is, that *Proſerpina* which is the Moon, is ſix Months increaſing, and ſix waining,

[dd] The Poet begins his Inſtructions for Tillage from the time moſt proper for it, the Spring, a Seaſon moſt agreable to the practice of the Antients, as may be collected from the Authorities of *Heſiod* and *Xenophon*, the latter of whom in his *Oeconomicks* gives the Reaſon why Winter and Summer are not ſo proper for that Work; in the firſt, the Earth being too moiſt and miry; in the ſecond, too dry and brittle; the Ground broken up at this time of the year, the ancient *Latins* call'd *Vervactum*, *quaſi Vere actum*. Yet was not this Rule ſo generally obſerv'd, but that in ſome Parts they began to Plow about the end of Autumn, or beginning of Winter, toward the ſetting of the *Pleiades*, this diverſity proceeding from the difference of the Climate

and

and Nature of the Soil, whereof *Pliny* tells us, that in warmer Regions it is better to break the Earth, eſpecially if it be ſad and heavy, in Winter; in cold Climates in the Vernal Equinox.

ee In moſt Countreys antiently they plow'd with Oxen as now with Horſes; in many places with Mules, which *Homer* (*Ill.* 20.) ſeems to prefer before others.

ff That is, which hath been four times plow'd, firſt in Winter, then in Spring, next the Summer, laſtly in Winter again; this *Pliny* confirms; *Virgil* (ſays he) *is conceiv'd to enjoyn Sowing after the fourth Plowing, when he ſaid that was the beſt Ground which had twice felt the Sun, and twice the Cold.* which is to be underſtood of the Spring or Summer Sun, and two Winters Cold; This reduplicate plowing the *Latins* expreſs'd by four diſtinct terms, *Proſcindi*, *Effringi*, *Offringi*, *Lirari*; and this was done for the better breaking and mellowing the Earth. *Servius* his Interpretation of the Days heat and Nights Cold repeated, by which he underſtands the Vernal and Autumnal *Arature*, is inconſiſtent with the meaning of our Author, and diſallow'd by *Salmatius*, in his *Plinian Exercitations*, *p.* 726. *Germanus* and *La Cerda* likewiſe adhering to *Pliny*'s more Authentick Expoſition. The word *Seges* in the Original is not to be underſtood of the Grain or Seed commited to the Earth; but of the Earth plowed, and prepar'd for Seed, Hence that of *Accius*, *Fruges in ſegetem dare.*

gg A requiſite Caution for an Induſtrious Husbandman

man e'r he begin his Work, to conſider the Winds, Temper of the Heavens, Manner of Tillage, and Nature of the Soil; which *Xenophon*, *Pliny*, *Columella* and others, ſeriouſly inculcate.

[hh] The Common *Servius* expounds this of Saffron onely, nor amiſs: *Servius Danielis* tells us, ſome underſtand in this place *Vinum Tmoleticum*, which had a Saffron Flavor. To this adheres *Beroaldus* and *Germanus*; yet *La Cerda* perſwades the Reader to incline to the firſt.

[ii] *Servius* makes it a Mountain in *Cilicia*, the Saffron of which Countrey was reputed of greateſt Excellency, and ſo commended by *Pliny*; who ſeems yet to make *Tmolus* a Mountain of *Lidya*, not far from *Sardis*, where likewiſe *Ptolomy* ſeats it in his Deſcription of *Aſia*. (*Tab.* 1.)

[kk] This hath ever been eſteem'd the peculiar Merchandize of that Country, whence the *Indians* receiv'd ſo great a Reputation, that for that Reaſon by St. *Chryſoſtom* they are ſtyl'd the *Happieſt, and beſt of Men*; with them ſo frequent, that they made Poſts for their Houſes and Stalls for their Cattel thereof, as *Pliny* and *Polybius* teſtifie. *Hermippus Athenæis* Celebrates the Ivory of *Libya*, which yet is not comparable to that of *India*, the Elephants of that Country being much larger than thoſe of *Africk*, as *Pliny* obſerves; wherefore our Author aſſigns the Pre-eminence to *India*.

[ll] *Sabæa* is a Region of *Æthiopia*, and the Metropolis likewiſe of *Arabia the Happy*, fertile in Gums, Myrrh, Cynnamon, Balſom, Palms, and plenty of all things, of which *Strabo, l.* 16.

[mm] A

mm A People of *Scythia*, who are ſaid to be the firſt Inventors of Iron and Iron-work, thence call'd Σιδηροτέκτονες. Yet *Strabo* attributes the Invention thereof to the *Idæan Dactyli*; *Pauſanias* to one *Glaucus* of *Chios*, who agrees therein with *Herodotus*; others to the *Cyclops*. The Epithet *La Cerda* conceives to be given from the neceſſity of their Employment, as being ſtill hammering at the Anvil, and toiling at the Forge of Mines, hence ——*Nudus Membra Pyracmon.* in the *Æneis l.* 8.

nn The Bevers of *Pontus* are accounted the beſt. This Beaſt when hunted cloſe, and in danger to be taken, is ſaid to bite of his Teſticles, as knowing them by natural Inſtinct the Cauſe of his purſuit; though this upon Experiment is deny'd by *Seſtius* in *Pliny*, ſince by *Valleſius*, *Brodæus*, *Gorræus*, *Mathiolus*, and others, condemn'd for a figment, as indeed it is, and firſt owing to *Æſop*.

oo *Epire* was famous for good Horſes, thence call'd Εὐιππος, now *Albania*.

pp Why Mares rather than Horſes, the Reaſon *Turnebus* apprehends to be either *Virgils* Imitation of the *Greeks*, who often us'd the Word ἵππος, in the very ſame ſignification, or becauſe Mares were more frequently ſent to the Olympick Games; or (which is the Conjecture of *La Cerda*) in regard Mares are for the moſt part fleeter than Horſes, and ſo fitter for the Race; which he obſerves from *Homer*, who calls the Mares of *Pheretiades*, ποδώκεας ὠρνίθας ὥς; *Swift of Foot, as Birds of Wing.*

qq From

qq From this and the precedent Verſes of the divers natural qualifications of ſeveral Regions, *Seneca* takes occaſion thus to moralize; *The Land* (ſaith he) *is divided into Regions, and thoſe deſcribed, to the end there might be a mutual Commerce between Men; for the ſupply of thoſe things which one place may want of another; the chief Good hath its place too, but it grows not where Ivory or Steel is to be found; if you ask where its Seat is, 'tis the mind; which unleſs it be pure and holy, can be no Receptacle for the Deity. Epiſt.* 87.

rr The Fable of *Deucalion* his Reparation of Mankind by the caſting of Stones is ſufficiently known, and already explicated. The Learned ſuppoſe this Fable of the Deluge Copy'd from the Original of Scripture, which ſeems to be confirm'd by what *Plutarch* writes of the Dove (in his Book *de Induſtria Animalium*) agreeing with that of *Noah* in *Geneſis*.

ſſ This ſeems to be borrow'd from that of *Lucretius lib.* 5.

En genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius, ut decuit, tellus quod dura creaſſet.

The reaſon of the Fable thus explain'd by *Euſtachius*; *At which time men liv'd in Woods and Caves, they many times expos'd their Children in hollow Trees, and Rocks, not being able to provide for their Suſtenance, whence came the vulgar opinion, that the Children ſo expos'd, were born of Stocks and Stones.*

tt Herein

tt Herein *Virgil* ſeems to differ from *Theophraſtes*, who preſcribes the Plowing of wet, cloſe, heavy and fat Ground, in Summer; looſe, dry, light and lean, in Winter.

uu Barren Grounds, *Columella* adviſes to plow toward the end of *Auguſt*, that the Sun may not have too great a power to draw out the Juice and ſtrength of the Earth; conſenting with our Poet, who will have it to be done about the Riſing of *Arcturus*, which is according to *Columella*, the Nones of *September*; as *Pliny* will, Eleven Days before the Autumnal Equinox; but the Reader is here to underſtand the Coſmical Riſing of *Arcturus*, not the Heliacal or Chronical.

xx Of the reſting of Ground, *Xenophon* in *Oeconomic.* ſuitable to the Expreſſion of our Poet, who ſeems yet to have borrow'd this from *Pindar. Od. ult.*

yy Having diſtinctly deſcrib'd the peculiar times for Plowing, according to the ſeveral Natures of the Soyls, he proceeds to Inſtructions for meliorating of Ground, which he adviſes by change of Seed, Stercoration, and ſeveral kinds of Compoſt. The Reaſon for the firſt is, in regard the Earth by receiving onely one kind of Grain, comes to a ſatiety, and fructifies but poorly; wherefore beſides the reſting of the Ground, it is requiſite to vary the Seed. Lord *Bacon* his *Natural Hiſtory*, *p.* 137.

zz *Triſtis pro amaro tranſlatio decus eſt. Macrob. l. 6. c.* 5. The Reaſon the Etymologiſt gives, *Lupines* is a *Greek* word, (deriv'd ἀπὸ της λύπης, *i. e. Triſtitia*) becauſe it contriſtates the Taſters looks with its bitterneſs, *Iſidor. l.* 17. *Etym. c.* 4.

aaa A Metaphor expreſſing the Store and Plenty of the Crop.

bbb Theſe three do much burn and dry the Earth; as all ſeem to have receiv'd from this Teſtimony of our Author; the Reaſon for the firſt, *Columella* makes the Quality of the Plant, as being hot of Nature; The ſecond *Theophraſtus* aſſigns the Multiplicity of its Roots, which much exſiccate or impoveriſh the Earth; The third by *Diagoras* and *Eraſiſtratus* in *Pliny* is not onely condemn'd of a ſoporiferous, but mortal Quality; proceeding not from Cold, as anciently believ'd, but as latter Chymiſts and Naturaliſts have experimented, from a Narcottick Sulphur, and bitter Salt inherent; which is likewiſe found in hot things, as in Spirit of Wine, and the like.

ccc That is of reſting the Earth every other year.

ddd He now comes to the ſecond means of Meliorating Grounds, Stercoration; which is the moſt ordinary help: Sheeps Dung is conceiv'd the beſt, next that of Kine, thirdly that of Horſes, which is held to be ſomewhat too hot, unleſs it be mingled. That of Pidgeons for a Garden, or a ſmall quantity of Ground excelleth. The ordering of the Dung is, if the Ground be Arable, to ſpread it immediately before the Plowing and Sowing, and ſo to plow it in: for if you ſpread it long before, the Sun will draw out much of the fatneſs of the Dung; if Grazing-ground, to ſpread it ſomewhat late towards Winter, that the Sun may have the leſs power to dry it up. It was generally receiv'd of old, that the Dunging of Grounds when the

West

Weſt Wind bloweth, and in the decreaſe of the Moon doth greatly help; the Earth, as it ſeems, being then more thirſty and open to recive the Dung. (Viſcount St. *Albans Nat. Hiſt. p.* 121.

ccc Among thoſe ſubſtances that have a Vertue to make ground fertile, though they be not meerly Earth, Aſhes excell; inſomuch as the Countries about *Ætna* and *Veſuvius* have a kind of amends made them for the Miſchief the Eruptions (many times) do, by the exceeding fruitfulneſs of the Soyls, caus'd by the Aſhes ſcatter'd about.

fff In the varying of the Seed, the Antients obſerv'd this Method; In fat grounds after a Crop of Wheat, Rye, or Barly, to ſow them twice with Pulſe, the third year with Corn again; In indifferent Soyls, after a Crop of Corn to ſow them thrice with Pulſe; In leaner grounds after the third year to lay them fallow, which is, that the Author adviſes in the next Verſe; which is not to be underſtood of alternate Ceſſations, but of laying fallow for ſome longer time.

ggg This is preſcrib'd as another means of meliorating Ground, and that for four Seaſons; for as *Berſman* obſerves, the Diſeaſes of Grounds proceed chiefly from four Cauſes, Leaneſs, coming from defect of Aliment; Slimyneſs, caus'd by an Exceſs of Moiſture; Cloſeneſs which binds up and ſuffocates the Seed; Laxity which gives too eaſie admiſſion to heat and cold. The Poet hath preſcribed in one as many Remedies; for burning Cures the Leaneſs, conſumes the ſlimyneſs, opens the cloſeneſs, and ſhuts up the Laxity of the Earth.

hhh He

hhh He intends here, Harrowing, which by the *Latins* was call'd *occatio ab occadenda*, becauſe it broke into ſmaller pieces the greater Clods or Glebes of Earth, (*Feſt.*) *Scaliger* will have it to be ſo call'd *ab Occa*, which ſignifies a Rake, the proper Inſtrument of that work.

iii This oblique Plowing the *Latins* call'd *Iterationem. Servius* (in *Salmaſius* his opinion) hath miſtaken the time when this was to be done; affirming the Autumn to be the proper Seaſon for it, whereas *Varro* teſtifies it was perform'd in the Summer, *Inter Solſtitium & Caniculam. Occation* and *Iteration*, were both to one and the ſame end, that is, to break and leſſen the Clods of the firſt Plowing, but the one was done with the Harrow, the other by the Plow running croſs the Furrows.

kkk This begins the ſecond part of this Book, which ſhews the Seaſons moſt proper for Sowing, deſcrib'd here to be the moiſt Summers, and dry Winters, which our Author (as *Macrobius* obſerves) ſeems to have taken from the moſt primitive Precepts of *Italian* Husbandry, expreſt in theſe Verſes:

Hiberno pulvere, verno luto,
Grandia farra, Camille, metes.

Winters Duſt and Summers Rain,
Bring (Camillus) *ſtore of Grain.*

But of this Seaſon, thus *Pliny*; *Many anticipate the time of ſowing, and begin after the eleventh of the Autumnal*

Æquinox, the Conſtellation of the Crown then riſing; when for certain days there is a conſtant fall of Rain. Xenophon *will have it to be before the God hath given the Sign, which* Cicero *interprets to be Rain, and ſince it is a certain Rule, not to ſow before the Leaves begin to fall, they think the fitteſt time for it, the ſetting of the* Pleiades; which among the Antients was the moſt legitimate Seaſon; as from the Teſtimonies of *Heſiod, Xenophon, Theophraſtus* and *Pliny*, *Salmaſius* hath collected in his Exercitations upon *Solinus*.

111 Yet *Pliny* ſeems to correct our Author, *l.* 17. *c.* 2. When he ſays, *Hiberno pulvere fieri Meſſes lætiores, luxuriantis Ingenij fertilitate dictum eſt.* For (as he writes) both Corn and Plants affect long Snows. However it is obſerv'd by ſome of the Antients, that Duſt helps the fruitfulneſs of Trees, eſpecially of Vines; inſomuch that they caſt Duſt upon them on purpoſe: for it ſhould ſeem that, that Powdering, when a ſhower cometh, maketh a kind of ſoyling to the Tree, being Earth and Water finely laid on, and they note that the Countrys where the Fields and Ways are duſty, bear the beſt Vines, why not the beſt Corn likewiſe?

mmm It is not eaſily reſolvable what Parts of the World the Poet here intends; for ſome confound *Mæſia* and *Myſia*, others difference them. Some will not have *Virgil* here to mean the Province, but a City of that Name. No leſs diſſent they about *Gargarus*; ſome with *Servius*, taking it for the Top of *Ida*; others with *Macrobius*, far more probably, for a City

City at the Foot of *Ida*, Celebrated for the Fertility of its Soyl, occaſion'd by the Deſcent of Rain from the Mountain, kindly over-flowing the under-lying Level, which brings along with it an enriching ſlime or Compoſt. See *Macrob. l.* 5. *c.* 20.

nnn Irrigation of Grounds is an excellent Improvement, both for Corn and Graſs, this is done in two manners, the one by letting in and ſhutting out waters at ſeaſonable times; and this ſerves onely for Meadows which are along ſome River. The other way is to bring Water from ſome hanging Grounds, where there are Springs into the lower Grounds, carrying it in long Furrows drawing it traverſe to ſpread the Water. It is the richer, if thoſe hanging Grounds be fruitful, becauſe it waſheth off ſome of the fatneſs of the Earth. And generally where there are great Over-flows in Fens, or the like, the drawing of them in the Winter, maketh the Summer following more fruitful: The cauſe may be, for that it keepeth the Ground warm, and nouriſheth it; as in the Summer it cools and refreſheth it. *See the Lord* Bacon *in his* Natural Hiſtory, *p.* 126

ooo *Scaliger*, *Victorius*, *Urſinus*, and others, think *Virgil* in this place to have æmulated *Homer* (*l.* 21. *Ill.*) the Prize by *Victorius* given to *Homer*, by *Scalig.* to *Virg.*

ppp Rankneſs is reckon'd among the Diſeaſes of Corn; the Remedy whereof is two-fold, either mowing it down after it is come up, or putting ſheep into it to crop it ſhort; the laſt our Author here intimates. *Pliny* reports, that about *Babylon* they us'd twice to mow it and then to turn in their ſheep.

ggg *Virgil* here adviſes the induſtrious Husbandmen to beware of four great Enemies to Corn; Geeſe, Cranes, Succory and Shade; the firſt are very deſtructive to all young Sprouts and Buds, for whatever is tender they crop, their Dung likewiſe kills and taints young Corn and Graſs. Secondly, concerning Cranes, ther is nothing as to this particular more obſervable than of other Fowl, which generally are kept from all young Plants. *Pliny* (*l.* 18. *c.* 17.) tells us of an Herb, the Name of which is unknown, which being bury'd in four Corners of the Field, is of vertue to drive away Stares, Sparrows, and ſuch kind of Birds. Thirdly, Succory or Endif, is for two reaſons hurtful to the Corn, as *Turnebus* notes, firſt by the ſpreading of its Roots, which drain the Juice of the Earth, and defraud the Corn: Next, as being a great Inviter of Geeſe, who extreamly affect this Herb. Fourthly, Shade in general is deſtructive to Corn; and *Pliny* reckons it the chiefeſt knowledge of a Farmer to underſtand what Plants receive either Nouriſhment or Detriment from ſhade. Some Plants thrive more in the Shade than in the Sun, as Straw-berries and Bays: And the ſhades of ſome Trees are more hurtful than others, as that of Wallnut-trees, Pines, Firs and Juniper, by *Pliny* accounted deadly, to which our Author thus alludes in the laſt Eclog.

Surgamus, ſolet eſſe gravis Cantantibus umbra:
Juniperi gravis umbra, nocent & frugibus umbræ.

rrr In this following Digreſſion our Author ſeems to

to have laid down a Deſcription of the ſtate of Man before and after his fall, the laſt incurring that Curſe in *Gen. chap.* 3. A ſight of which Primitive truth, *Budæus* conceives to have been the Ground or Occaſion of our Poets introducing this allegorical Fiction.

ſſſ Of theſe times thus *Juſtine:* Saturn *is ſaid to have been a man of ſo much Juſtice, as he forc'd none to ſerve him, and had nothing as private to himſelf, but all things were in Common and undivided, as if one Univerſal Patrimony to all.* In Memorial of which, in the *Saturnalian* Feſtivals the Servants us'd to feaſt in common with their Maſters, all Right and Diſtinction laid aſide. And for this Reaſon was the common Treaſury kept in the Temple of *Saturn*, in Sign of that Ancient and Primitive Community.

ttt Theſe were made of one Tree hollow'd, which in the *Indies*, they call a *Canoa*; theſe the *Gauls* us'd upon the River of *Rhoan* in aſſiſting the Tranſport of *Hanibal*'s Army in his Enterprize of *Italy*, who according to *Livy*, *l.* 1. were the firſt Inventers thereof; but *Pollidor Virgil* gives the Invention of theſe *Canoas* to the *Germans* inhabiting about the River of *Danubius*, which kind of Veſſels *Iſidore* calls *Tarabes*.

† Appliable to this place is that of *Macrobius Som. Scip. That there is a Star of* Mars, *of* Jupiter, *and* Saturn, *is not the Conſtitution of Nature, but human perſwaſion; which gave both Number and Names unto the Stars.* Whence *Seneca* in his Natural Queſt. 125. *It is not yet* 1500. *years ſince* Greece *gave the Names and Numbers of the Stars.*

ûuu The firſt that invented the uſe of Nets and Toyls, (according to *Oppian*) was *Hyppolitus*, the Son of *Theſeus*.

xxx The manner of Hunting among the Antients, was to ſurround the Woods with a Fence, to intercept all paſſage for flight. Concerning which, ſee *Xenophon*, *Oppian*, *Gratius* & *Nemeſianus*. The Reader may take a view of it, in theſe words of *Apuleius* (*Metam.*8.) *The Dogs being put in to rouſe the Beaſts from their Covert, mindful preſently of their imparted Diſcipline, they ſurround all the place, and block up all the paſſages.*

yyy The Invention of this *Pliny* aſcribes to *Dædalus*, *Ovid* to *Perdix*, his Siſters Son; *Seneca* and *Diodorus Siculus*, to *Talus*.

zzz Our Poet ſeems to have taken this from *Theocritus*, who before him hath wittily intimated thus much in the beginning of his *Fiſhers*.

Want (Deiophontus) *is Arts onely Spur,*
The Riſe, and Rule of Labor is from her.

1 This Invention by Poets generally is aſcrib'd to *Ceres*, as is the Production of all Grain, except the Bean, if we credit *Pauſanias*; but the reaſon of this attributed Honor is, becauſe ſhe firſt brought Corn from other Places into *Greece*. The firſt Ground ſhe ſow'd was a Field near *Eleuſis*, call'd *Rharion*, whence ſhe derives one of her Attributes.

2 A City of *Epire*, near which was a Grove abounding with Maſt, and in that a Temple of *Jupiter*, and an

an Oracular Oke. *Euſtath.* upon theſe words (*Ill.* 2.) ὁι περὶ δωδώνην δυσχείμεσον, makes it a Region in the North of *Theſprotia*, ſacred to *Jupiter*; where from an Oke he gave Oracles, by two golden Pidgeons, ſays the Fable, which were ſuppos'd to be two Women, ſo call'd, becauſe they came from far.

3 By the *Latins* call'd *Rubigo*, or as *Budæus*, *Nebula*; by the *French*, *Nielle*. *Scaliger* on *Theophraſtus* thus defines it; *Smut*, or *Mildew*, *is a certain putrefaction, when the Dew or Rain that is lodg'd in the Ears of Corn, is not ſhaken off, but by the adventitious Heat of the Sun corrupts and putrifies.* This Diſeaſe happens moſt in inclos'd Grounds where the Air is more cloſe than in Hills or Champain; the Remedy of this (according to *Pliny*) is by ſticking Laurel Branches in the Ground, which will draw the blaſting Vapor to them; and to this end were the *Rubigalia ſacra*, inſtituted by *Numa*, in the 11*th* of his Reign.

4 Of the ſeveral Inſtruments for Tillage and Husbandry, the Picture will afford a clearer Demonſtration to the Reader, than a Marginal Note.

5 *Ceres*, ſo call'd from *Eleuſis* a City of *Attica*, where ſhe was chiefly worſhip'd; the City took its Name from *Eleuſinius*, the Son of *Mercury*, ſays *Suidas*, who receiv'd *Ceres*, going in ſearch of her loſt Daughter, and kindly entertain'd her in his Houſe, for which ſhe taught him Tillage, and he in Requital inſtituted the *Eleuſinian* Rites in her Memory.

6 The reaſon of the Epithet is taken from the frequent uſe of that Inſtrument in the Ceremony of *Bac-*

chus, whence he is ſometimes call'd λικμοφόρος, *Vanifer*, for as with the Fan Husbandmen purge and winnow the Corn, ſo with that, *Bacchus* was believ'd to purifie the minds of Men.

[7] *Duplex dorſum*, *La Cerda* Interprets *latum & craſſum* (as *duplex ſpina*, in the third Book of theſe *Georgicks*) following *Turnebus*, as he *Servius*.

[8] That all Ploughs were not ear'd, may be collected from theſe words of *Palladius* (*l.* 1. *tit.* 43.) *Ploughs* (ſays he) *are ſingle: or if the Region be plain, ear'd, that ſo the Grain may be rais'd againſt the wet of Winter in a higher Furrow*; where we ſee the ſingle Ploughs oppos'd to thoſe with Ears.

[9] That which is here call'd a Barn floor, was among the Antients, onely an open *Area* or Threſhing-place, the form and making of which *Cato* thus preſcribes (*l.* 1. *de re ruſt. c.* 129.) *Let the Earth be a little digg'd, then ſpread well over with Lees of Oyl to mellow it, when it is well broken and ſoak'd, even and level it with a Roller or Beater; being ſmooth'd and plain'd, it will be neither moleſted with Ants, nor when it rain be miry.* *Varro* adviſes it to be plac'd upon a high ground, as much above the Wind as can be, round and riſing in the middle, that when it rains, it may quickly run off again.

[10] It is queſtion'd whether the Mole have either Eyes or ſight; *Pliny* denies both; and grants onely a likeneſs of the firſt. *Ariſtotle* ſeems to allow of both, and with him *Simplicius*, but as defective; the Reaſon they give is this, that where ever there are the Inſtruments of Senſe, there are likewiſe the Offices of Senſe,

and

and if Eyes then ſight; becauſe Nature doth nothing but to ſome end: Yet though they have Eyes, as is by moſt confeſt, yet Nature ſeeing how little uſe there would be of them, hath cover'd them over with a thin Veil or Membrane, through which yet, according to *Scaliger*, *Exerc.* 144. they take in ſo ſenſible a perception of light as immediately to avoid it, which is that which Nature hath taught them for their preſervation, who being made to live under ground, have neither need of Light or Air, nor of a more perfect ſight than ſuch as may help them to avoid both, as being very pernicious.

[11] This Creature is reckon'd among the Peſts of the field by *Arnubius* and *Cicero*; yet commended as the Emblem of Knowledge, or induſtrious Providence: For the *Ægyptians*, when they would denote Knowledge, us'd to paint an Ant; which is ſaid to know where to find whatever it hoards up againſt Winter, and never miſtakes its own home. (*Or. Apollo Nilliac.*) It is obſervable otherwiſe, that when they lay in their Winter ſtore, thoſe that are empty never rob thoſe that are laden, but every one makes proviſion for himſelf. Juſtly therefore does *Solomon* ſend his Sluggard to be inſtructed by this induſtrious Creature. See *Epiphan. Phyſilog. collected by* Cauſſin *in his Symbol. elect. p.* 152.

[12] That this a Prognoſtick of a plentiful year is confirm'd by the Teſtimonies of *Iſidore*, *Theophylact.* in Natural Probl. *c.* 17. and *Philo* in the Life of *Moſes l.* 2. The Viſcount of St. *Alban* in his Natural Hiſtory, commends it as a matter of Advantage and Profit

(if

(if at leaſt it be not too conjectural to venture upon) to diſcern by ſuch Signs and Prognoſticks in the beginning of the Year, what Corn, Herbs, or Fruits, are like to be in Plenty or Scarciry; for thoſe that are like to be in plenty, may be bargain'd for upon the Ground; as the old Relation was of *Thales*, who to ſhew how eaſie it was for a Philoſopher to be rich (if he gave his mind to it) when he foreſaw a great plenty of Olives, made a Monopoly of them; and for ſcarcity men may make profit in keeping better the old ſtore.

13 The ſteeping of Grain before Sowing, a little time in Wine, is thought a Preſervative; our Author here preſcribes Nitre and the Dregs of Oyl, which is thought to aſſure it againſt Worms; notwithſtanding that Grain which toucheth Oyl or Fat, is ſaid to receive Hurt by it. The Reaſon why Nitre helpeth the Seed, is in *La Cerda*'s opinion, becauſe it is of Nature hot, and therefore Purging and Cleanſing. The Lord *Bacon* on the contrary, holds it to be a cold Body, and thinks the Cauſe to proceed from a ſubtile Spirit, which ſevereth and divideth any thing that is foul and viſcous, and ſticketh upon a body being mingled with water to the thickneſs of Honey, and apply'd to the Buds of Vines, it maketh them ſprout forth in few days, the Cauſe being, the opening of the Bud and parts contiguous by the Spirit of the Nitre, for Nitre is as it were, the life of Vegetables.

14 It is certain, that Corn ſometimes will degenerate into another kind, as is formerly Inſtanc'd by our Poet

in

in his fifth *Eclog*. And generally it is a Rule, that Plants that are brought forth by Culture, as Corn, will ſooner change into other Species, than thoſe that come of themſelves, for that Culture giveth but an adventitious Natnre, which is more eaſily put off. This hapneth chiefly from the weakneſs of the Grain that is ſown, for if it be too old, or too mouldy, it will bring forth wild Oats. It hath been noted that ſeed of a year old is the beſt, and of two or three years is worſe, and that which is more old is quite barren. (*Viſc. St. Alb. Nat. Hiſt. p.* 137.

15 That is, *Arcturus*, who is likewiſe call'd *Bootes*, and the Wain-driver, becauſe he follows that Conſtellation: ſo *Cicero*.

Arctophylax vulgo qui dicitur eſſe Bootes,
Quod quaſi temone adjunctam præ ſe quatit Arcton.

16 Two little Stars in the Left-hand of *Erichthonius*, on whoſe left ſhoulder is the *Almathæan* Goat ſeated, *Serv. & Ramus.*

17 There be three Conſtellations ſo call'd, One that is between the two Bears; the ſecond that of *Ophiuchus*; the third is one of the Southern Signs, and is call'd *Hydra*: This *Servius* takes to be meant here; but *Ramus* more truly the firſt.

18 The uſe of Aſtrology ſeems here to be preſcrib'd as neceſſary to the Farmer, as the Sailor. Which place *Pliny* reſpects, where he ſays, *The Winds and Stars, according to the Precept of* Virgil, *are to be obſerv'd as exactly, as by Sea-faring Men.* 19 *Cæteris*

[19] *Cæteris oſtroſior oris.* Catul. No leſs commended by *Ennius* and *Lucan.*

[20] The Reaſon of that Epithet is variouſly conjectur'd; it ſeems to be apply'd, either becauſe that Plant is attributed to her Invention, as *Euſeb.* notes, *præpar. l.* 3. or becauſe ſhe is ſaid to have ſtaid her Hunger therewith; or to have eaten it to allay by ſlumber the ſenſe of her Sorrow (as *Servius* conjectures) or becauſe Farmers us'd to ſow it (though hurtful) amongſt their Corn, that ſo they might ſacrifice thereof to *Ceres* (as *Brodæus* gheſſes. *Miſcel. l.*3.) or becauſe that Goddeſs us'd to carry it in her hand, and is ſo pourtray'd in her Statues (as both *Brodæus* and *Turnebus* intimate) or elſe in regard that the Garden-poppy call'd Δυγαχίτης, is good to make Bread, as *Mancinellus* conceives, and is approv'd of by *Germanus.*

[21] This Herb in the *Latin* is call'd *Medica*, becauſe it was brought into *Greece*, by the *Medes*, at what time *Darius* invaded it. *Strab. l.* 12.

[22] Added by the way of Caution, for though Clavegraſs be of that fertility, that after it is ſown it will laſt, as *Palladius* ſays, ten; as *Pliny*, thirteen years or more; yet Millet, if it be not every year ſown, will come to nothing.

[23] *Taurus* riſes with the Sun in *April*, at what time the days begin to be longer and warmer. The Poet here ſeeming to allude to the Etymon of that Month, ſo call'd, *ab aperiendo*; as *Delr. in Her. fur. Sen. Germanus* and *La Cerda* upon this place.

[24] Meaning when the Dogſtar ſets *Heliacally*; that is, at

at what time the Sun Riſes with *Taurus*. See *Macrob. l.* 1. *c.* 18.

[25] Diſſenting from *Servius*, who here underſtands *abſconditur* in the Original to imply their Heliacal Riſing, that is, their Riſing together with the Sun, and being obſcur'd by the light of his Beams. But this Interpretation (to uſe *Salmaſius* his words) is both contrary to the meaning of *Virgil*, the Diſcipline of the Stars, and common obſervation: for here is to be underſtood their Coſmical Setting in the Weſt with *Taurus*, at what time the Sun Riſes in the Eaſt with *Scorpio*; which happens about 44, or 45 days after the Autumnal Equinox; but of the differences among the Antients as to this Point, ſee *Salmaſius* in his *Plinian Exercitations*, *p.* 736.

[26] A Northern Conſtellation conſiſting of eight Stars, into which *Ariadnes* Crown, when *Bacchus* made her his Bride (after *Theſeus* had deſerted her) was converted; ſo *Ovid* in the eighth of his *Metam.*

———*The Deſolate,*
Bacchus *with Marriage Comforts, and that ſhe*
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be,
Her head unburthens of her Crown, and threw
It up to Heaven; through thinner Air it flew.
Flying, the Jewels that the verge inchace
Convert to fires, faſt fixed in one place,
Th' old form retaining, they their ſtation take
'Twixt him that kneels, and him that holds the Snake.
Mr. *Sands.*

[27] The

[27] The Zones or Diviſions of Heaven and Earth were devis'd by Aſtronomers, to diſtinguiſh the Motions of the Sun, Moon and Stars, Site and Quality of Countrys. The Torrid ſo call'd of exceſſive heat (the Sun being ever over it) is confin'd by the Tropicks of *Cancer* and *Capricorn*, and parted in the midſt by the Æquator, containing in Latitude 47 Degrees. This the Antients generally believ'd uninhabitable, but the latter Diſcoveries ſhew the contrary, being found not onely populous, but healthful and pleaſant. On each ſide of this be the temperate Zones, confin'd by the Arctick, and Antarctick Circles; each containing 45 Degrees. The Frigid Zones, held uninhabitable for the extremity of Cold, by reaſon of the Suns diſtance from their Vertical Point, extend from the former Circles to the North and South Poles; each three and twenty Degrees and a half in Latitude: yet this of the North is found within ten Degrees of the Pole to be inhabited. This Deſcription *Hadrian Julius*, and others, affirm'd to be borrow'd by our Author from *Eratoſthenes*.

[28] Right and left in ſeveral Parts of Heaven, is to be underſtood in a divers Notion. If we reſpect the Courſe of the Sun and Stars the right is the Eaſt, the left the Weſt: But the Heaven conſidered in it ſelf, admits of no ſuch diſtinctions; and therefore as *Arnobius* ſays, they are to be apply'd not to the Form of the Heavens, but to our Poſition.

[29] He marks out the oblique motion of the Sun through the Zodiac.

[30] As

30 As much as the Artick Pole is elevated, ſo much the Antartick is depreſt, this ignorant Antiquity aſſigned onely for Ghoſts and Hell.

31 The leſſer with his Head and Neck, the bigger with his Tail. So *Hyginus*.

32 According to the opinion of the *Epicureans*, as *Turnebus* notes, who thought the Sun was diſſolv'd every Night, and recompos'd next Morning; and therefore when the Sun left the upper Hemiſphere, the nether could not but be dark, elſe our Author could not be clear'd from the ſuſpition of Ignorance. But upon this *Hypotheſis* he ſtands free, and to this moſt probably *Virgil* alludes; who loves to ſprinkle his Writings with Philoſophical readings.

33 This time *Pliny* notes; *The Spring, ſays he, opens the Sea to Sailors, in whoſe beginning* Favonius *Breath ſoftens and mollifies the Winters Rigor, the Sun then obtaining the* 25 *part of* Aquarius; *Intimated by the* Lyrick.

Solvitur Acris Hiems grata vice veris & Favoni,
Trahuntq; ſiccas machinæ carinas.

This according to *Vegetius* falls about the *6th* of the *Ides* of *March*, which he not unaptly calls, *The Birthday of Navigation.*

34 Not underſtanding as ſome do, Ships of War, but Merchandize, Rigg'd and Trimm'd with all their Tackling for Sea; ſo *La Cerda* upon the Authority of *Titius*; *Claſſes Armatæ non bellicis apparatibus inſtructæ, ſed ornatæ omnibus armamentis, quibus egent ut conſiſtere in aquis poſſint.*

35 Others

35 Others yet underſtand it of hollowing Troughs for the Cattel to drink in. *La Cerda* and moſt Interpreters of hollow'd Boats or *Canoas*.

36 Becauſe growing about *Rubi*, a Town in *Italy*, as *Amerine* from a Town of the like Name, frequently mention'd by *Cicero pro Roſcio Serv.*

37 So we underſtand *deducere*, with *Servius* and *La Cerda*; forr according to *Varro*, it was a Breach of Religion, to over-flow or water grounds upon ſuch days, permitted it was, as *Columella* teſtifies, by the Pontifical Laws, to cleanſe Fiſh-ponds, Pools, and ſtanding Dikes, to which is appliable that Jeſt of *Flaccus* the Civilian, who ſaid, *That Hollidays were fitter to marry Widows in, than Virgins*; by Widows, meaning old Ditches or Trenches, that upon ſuch days uſually were Cleans'd and New-caſt; but of theſe days ſee *Briſſon l.* 1. *formul.*

38 Yet *Pomponius Sabinus* affirms it to be forbidden by the Pontifical Laws, as was the waſhing of Sheep, unleſs it were for the Cure of the Scab, for cleanſing their Wool onely, it was not permitted, *Macrob. l.* 3. *c.* 3. and *Servius* out of *Varro*, where he gives this Reaſon, *Nymphæ enim ſine piaculo non moveri poſſunt.*

39 The Poet here lays down the difference of ſome Lunary days, which *Pliny* diſcommends as a ſuperſtitious Obſervation, and ſays that *Virgil* therein followed the oſtentation of *Democritus*; but doubtleſs he imitates *Heſiod l.* 3.

40 The reaſon *La Cerda* gives out of *Galeottus*, in regard there be five days between the Conjunction of the Moon

Moon in *Cancer*, and that in *Leo*; which is counted a malignant Sign, and moſt unfortunate; by reaſon of the Interpoſition of *Mars* and *Saturn* hindring the friendly aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*; this Number is likewiſe ſacred to *Pallas*, who was a Virgin; *Unde etiam omnia ſterilia quintâ Lunâ naſci dicuntur.* (*Serv.*

41 Heſiod. *Avoid the fifth, 'tis ſad and diſmal found,*
In that the Furies walk their dreadful Round,
To puniſh Perjury.

42 By theſe are underſtood all the Giants that warr'd againſt the Gods; the Fable ſufficiently known. The Scene of this War is feign'd to be in *Theſſaly*, and its bordering *Thrace*, (where are the mention'd Mountains of *Pelion*, *Oſſa*, and *Olympus*) for the inhumanity of thoſe People, and their Contempt of the Gods; and to be overwhelm'd by them, for their flaming and ſulphureous Exhalations. Whereupon the natural ſenſe is given to this Fable, how the Giants are thoſe Winds that ſtruggle in the Caverns of the Earth, which not finding a way, inforce it; vomiting fire, and caſting up ſtones againſt Heaven, or *Jupiter*.

43 Some underſtand by *ſeptima poſt decimam*, the fourteenth day, *i. e. Septima duplicata poſt decimam.* Others think two days to be here commended, the Seventh and Tenth; the priority yet given to the laſt. But *Manilius Aſtronom.* 4. takes *ſeptima poſt decimam*, for the ſeventeenth, in imitation of our Author.

Prima rapit, nec ter quintæ clementior uſus.
Septima poſt decimam luctum, & viceſima portat.

And therefore we have rendred it accordingly; though *Servius* approve of the fourteenth (which day was held the moſt proper for planting of Vines) *Cælius Rhoaig*, and *La Cerda*, of the two ſeveral Days, diſallowing the ſeventeenth, becauſe the Moon being then too far decreaſed, affords no fit time for Planting.

44 What is ſaid of this and the other days, is collected meerly from Obſervation, which noted this day moſt commonly lucky to ſuch as make eſcapes either from an Enemy, unjuſt Impriſonment, or the like; on the contrary, ill for Thieves, which yet *Propertius* ſeems to contradict, when he ſays,

Luna miniſtrat iter, demonſtrant aſtra latebras.

As if the Moon were their Guid, the Stars their Detectors. The obſervation of thoſe other days which *Heſiod* purſues, *Virgil* here omits: As of the firſt, fourth, fifth, ſixth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, twentieth, thirtieth.

45 *Virgil* ſeems here to follow the antient opinion of thoſe who divided the Year onely into Summer and Winter, excluding the Spring and Autumn, which may eaſily be collected from the Works here aſſign'd to the Winter, which are properly perform'd in the Autumnal Seaſon.

46 In oppoſition to which, is that Mock-verſe of ſome Grammarian:

Nudus ara, ſere nudus, habebis frigora, febrem.

But

But our Author hath transſcrib'd this Precept from *Heſiods* γυμνὸν σπείρειν γυμνὸν δὲ βοωτεῖν, practis'd by the *Romans*, as is evident by the Example of *Quintius Dictator*; whom the Embaſſadors that were ſent to him, found plowing beyond *Tiber*, naked.

47 According to the Cuſtom of the Antients, who ſetting forth, or returning homeward, Crown'd their Ship with Garlands. So *Calebar* ſpeaking of the *Greeks* that return'd from *Troy*, ſays:

χαῖε τ' ἐφάνυο δὲ νῆας
καὶ κεφαλὰς, καὶ δοῦρα, καὶ ἀσπίδας ἦσι μαχήν.

They Crown'd their Ships, their Heads, and Spears, &c.

48 The *Balears* were a People inhabiting a ſmall Iſland near *Spain*, ſo call'd from their Skill in ſlinging, ἀπὸ τῦ βαλλειν; the Deſcription of the Sling ſee in *Stewechius* upon *Vegetius*, *l.* 1. *c.* 16. As to the Invention of it, *Pliny* aſcribes it to the *Phœnicians*, *Vegetius* to the *Balears*, following *Ducius Florus*, and others; of their uſe *Diodorus Siculus*, *l.* 6. *& Vegetius ut ſupra.*

49 Of theſe Seaſons, and their deſcrib'd Effects, thus *Lucretius l.* 6. aſſigning the Cauſes.

Auctumnoque magis ſtellis fulgentibus alta
Concutitur cæli domus undique totaque tellus:
Et quum tempore ſe veris florentia pandunt.
Frigore enim deſunt ignes, , ventiq; calore
Deficiunt, neque ſunt tam denſo corpore nubes.

Inter utrumq; igitur quum cœli tempora conſtant,
Tum variæ cauſæ concurrunt fulminis omnes.
Nam fretus ipſe anni permiſcet frigus & æſtum:
Quorum utrumq; opus eſt fabricanda ad fulmina nobis.
Ut diſcordia ſit rerum, magnoque tumultu
Ignibus, & ventis furibundus fluctuet Aer.
Primaque caloris enim pars, & poſtrema rigoris,
Tempus id eſt vernum; quare pugnare neceſſe eſt
Diſſimiles inter ſe res, turbareq; miſtas.
Et calor extremus primo cum frigore miſtus
Volvitur, Auctumni quod fertur nomine tempus.
Hic quoque confligunt hiemes æſtatibus acres.
Propterea ſunt hæc Bella Anni nominitanda.

50 A mighty Mountain of *Thrace*, ſtretching into the Sea in Form of a *Feninſula*; this *Xerxes* divided from the Continent, to which it was joyn'd by a Neck of Land 12 *Stadias* in breadth, by the labour of men, making his Fleet to ſail through the Strait. A work more to ſhew his Power, than of Uſe and Profit. (*Herod.* 7.) at this day by the *Italians* it is call'd *Monte Santo*; by the *Turks*, *Manaſtir*, and *Seididag* (*Leunclav.*)

51 A Mountain of *Thrace*, of which in the *6th Ecl.*

52 Mountains of *Epire*, ſo call'd from their being often Thunder-ſtruck.

53 As having a motion retrogradive, and different from the other Planets; for he comes twice to one Sign, which none of the reſt do. This motion of *Saturn*, *Pliny* calls *Stellæ tranſitium*; others, *tergiverſationes*, *& varietates*. This Star is cold, and therefore hurtful, and accordingly its Effects divers, according to the

the Sign he is in. In *Capricorn*, he is ſaid to cauſe much Rain; in *Scorpio*, Hail; in a third, Thunder; and in a fourth, Winds.

54 As being ſometimes to the South, ſometimes to the North, ſometimes before the Sun, ſometimes behind it; nor leſs inconſtant in his Influence, which is vary'd according to the Quality of the Star he is in Conjuction withal: And therefore not unaptly is he feign'd to be the *Nuncius* of the Gods, as participating of the power, and imparting the Influence of the other over-ruling Stars.

55 Taken as moſt conceive from that of *Heſiod.*

Εὔχεσθε δὲ Διὶ χθονίῳ Δημήτερι θ' ἁγνῇ, &c.

To Jove *terreſtrial, and chaſt* Ceres *pray*, &c.

The laſt chiefly here intended; her Feſtival deſcribed by its proper Adjuncts; Night-banquets, Milk, Honey, Wine, and the Victime.

56 The *Ambervale Sacrum*, of which already in the fifth *Eclog.* This onely added, that this Ethnick Cuſtome remain'd in *France* until St. *Martins* time, as *La Cerda* inſtances out of *Sulpitius ſeverus*, *c. 9. It was a Cuſtome* (ſays he) *among the French, to carry the Images of Devils, cover'd with white Veils, in a wretched Madneſs, round about their Fields.*

57 In Memorial of the hard Fate their Forefathers had, before *Ceres* afforded them better Nouriſhment.

58 We follow herein *La Cerda*, who takes *Cadere* in this place for *incumbere ad excitandas tempeſtates*; as we uſe the Expreſſion of *falling to work* and the like;

elſe I know not how the Word taken in the common ſignification can ſtand in cohærence with what follows.

59 The ſwelling and reſounding of the Sea againſt the Shore, and the noiſe of Winds in Woods, without apparant Wind, ſhew Wind to follow, for ſuch Winds breathing chiefly out of the Earth, are not at the firſt perceiv'd, except they be pent by Water or Wood. Lord *Bacon Nat. Hiſt.*

60 As to Prognoſticks of Weather from living Creatures, it is to be noted, that Creatures that live in the open Air (*ſub Deo*) muſt needs have a quicker Impreſſion from the Air, than Men that live within Doors, and eſpecially Birds who live in the Air, freeſt and cleareſt, and are apt by their Voice to tell Tales of what they find, and likewiſe by the Motion of their Flight to expreſs the ſame; thus Water-fowls when they flock and fly from the Sea to the Shore, foreſhew Wind; The cauſe may be their delight in quiet, and therefore perceiving the Waters to be troubled, they avoid them to ſeek their reſt elſewhere; or the pleaſure they take in the Moiſtneſs and Denſity of the Air. So the *Herons* lofty flight ſhews Wind, of which the cauſe may be, for that the *Heron* being a Water-fowl, taketh pleaſure in the Air that is condenſed, and beſides. being but heavy of Wing, needeth the help of the groſſer Air; and yet it is true alſo, that all Birds find an eaſe in the depth of the Air, as Swimmers do in deep Waters, Lord *Bacon Nat. Hiſt. p.* 175.

61 Theſe *Pliny* deſcribes to be ſome ſuperfluous liquid ſubſtance inflam'd, falling from a Star, as Oyl from a Lamp

a Lamp that is over-ful; wherein he ſpeaks the opinion of thoſe that held Stars to be nouriſh'd by Moyſture. *Ariſtotle* makes the material cauſe of theſe Meteors, a dry and hot Exhalation, the Efficient, the Stars attracting; theſe are ſaid to have a long Blaze of Light behind them in their fall, (which is caus'd by the Aerial Cold repulſing them) in regard of their extream Celerity, ſo that the Light cannot diſcern their Transition. *Senec. Natur. Quæſt. l.* 1.

[62] The Air hath ſubtle Preceptions of Wind riſing before Men find it. So any light thing that moveth when we find no Wind, ſheweth Wind at Hand; as when Feathers, Down, or Thiſtles, fly up and down in the Air; the Cauſe is, for that no Wind at the firſt, till it hath ſtrook and driven the Air, is apparent to the Senſe.

[63] In regard the Indications are ſo viſible and plain, that the unwiſeſt may avoid them; for to take *Imprudentibus* (as ſome) for *valdè pendentibus*, is more (as *La Cerda* ſays) than ever any of the *Latins* did.

[64] So *Ariſtotle* (*l. 9. c.* 10. Hiſtor. Animal.) *If they ſpy Clouds and a Tempeſt, they fly to the Earth, and ſit ſtill.*

[65] So *Aratus* and *Cicero de Divinitatione*; but this and many of the following Verſes are wholly taken from *Varro* as *Servius* notes. *Pliny* to this Prognoſtick of their ſnuffing the Air, adds another of their licking themſelves againſt the Hair.

[66] Many Land-birds delight in moiſt Air and Bathing, among which the Swallow; and therefore the ſigns

they give by their Motion or Voice againſt Rain, are but Expreſſions of the Comfort they ſeem to receive in the relenting of the Air.

67 Alluding to the Fable of their Converſion, of which *Ovid* in the ſixth of his *Metamorphoſis*; that there is a wonderful natural Perception in Frogs of the Change of weather, *Cicero* and *Plutarch* affirm, the latter of whom makes the clearneſs of their Croak, the ſureſt and moſt certain ſignal of Rain.

68 Of this Prognoſtick thus *Plutarch in l. de Solertia Animalium: Some ſay the Ants carry not their Eggs, but their Foed; for fearing that their Store which is laid up in cloſe Hoards, ſhould corrupt and taint, of which they have ſenſible Indications, they carry it abroad.*

69 It was the erroneous belief of the Antients, that the Rain-bow did drink up Water and Vapors at either end; concerning which *Vitruvius l. 9. c. 4. Aquæ vapores à fontibus ad nubes per Arcus excitari.* The Reaſon of the Prognoſtick *Cælius Rhodicinus* gives. *The Rain-bow is compos'd of the watery portions of a Cloud, which ſink and fall downwards, reflecting the oppoſite Beams of the Sun, appearing until the Clouds be diſſolv'd into Rain, after which it immediately vaniſhes. Hence the vulgar præſage, that it will certainly rain, as ſoon as they diſcern the Rain-bow.* Hitherto may pertinently be apply'd that Jeſt of *Plautus* in *Curcul.* concerning an old Woman taking off her Cups.

Ecce autem bibit Arcus, pluet credo hercle hodiè,
See Iris *drinks! doubtleſs 'twill Rain to Day.*

70 Of

70 Of this *Aratus* and *Plutarch in Præcept. Salub.* *Pliny* obſerves, that if any continue to ſhake themſelves, and ſet out their full Throats, it is a ſign of Wind; if they break off and ſwallow their Notes, of Wind and Rain together.

71 Here properly taken for a Lake in the *Cayſtrian* Plain, between the two Hills, *Tmolus* and *Meſſogis*, and not to be apply'd to that Part of the World ſo call'd. The Lake and Plain ſeem to have been ſo nam'd, either from *Aſia*, a City of *Lidya*, ſeated upon the Hill *Tmolus*, or from one *Aſias*, the Son of *Cotys* ſometime King of *Lidya*, who likewiſe (according to *Herodotus*, *l.* 4.) gave that Denomination not onely to *Lidya*, but to the whole Continent of *Aſia*. To this Plain and Lake, *Homer* in his *Illiads* relates; as our Author here, and in the ſeventh of his *Æneis*; which alſo the Primate of *Armagh* takes occaſion to mention, and diſtinguiſh, in his Geographical diſquiſition touching *Aſia*, *Chap.* 2.

72 Alluding, as *La Cerda* conjectures, to the natural Diſpoſition of the Crow, who often deſerts her Young and Neſt, which ſome attribute to their forgetfulneſs; yet *Ariſtotle* affirms, they forcibly expel their young ones as ſoon as they are ready to fly, and drive them out of their Confines; this unnaturalneſs of theirs, the Scriptures ſeem to touch at, in *Job c.* 38.

73 In Imitation of *Theocritus*.

Ἀλκύονες γλαυκῶπις Νηρηΐσι τῇσι τε μάλιστα
Ὀρνίθων ἐφίλαξεν.

Halcyons

Halcions which to the blue Nereides
Are deareſt of all Birds.

Theſe according to *Ovid*, were once *Ceyx* and *Halcione*, King and Queen of *Trachys*, whoſe Death and Transformation are pathetically deſcrib'd in the 11*th.* of his *Metamorph.* by *Hegeſander* and *Tzetzes* reported to have been the ſeven Daughters of *Alcyenæus* a Gyant converted into thoſe Birds. The Female of theſe, *Pauſanias* ſays, is call'd *Damar*, the Male *Cerylus*; they build in Winter, and are Hatching, according to *Demagoras*, ſeven days; according to *Philocorus*, nine; as *Simonides* will, eleven; as others, fourteen, ſeven before, and ſeven after Winter is begun. See *Ariſt.* 5. *de Hiſt. Anim. Plutar. de Prud. Animal. & Pliny.*

74 The Love of *Scylla* and *Minos*, her betraying of her Father, her Deſertion, and both their Transformations, are recorded by *Ovid l.* 8. *Met.* The general opinion is, that *Niſus* was turn'd into a Hobby, *Scylla* into a Lark, but both (as *Scaliger* the Father, *Exercit.* 233. and the Son in his Notes upon *Virgils Ciris* obſerve) miſtaken; For *Niſus*, as is evident from the Poem, was turn'd into that Fowl which in Latin is call'd *Haliætus*, by us commonly the Falcon, and Preys upon Sea fowl, as the Name imports; and therefore moſt unlikely that the Lark ſhould be his Game; nor does the Lark ſuit with the Deſcription of the *Ciris*, as *Scaliger* ſhews, rather with the Bird call'd in *Latin Egietta.* Of the *Ciris* there are two kinds, the one with a fair Tuft on the Head, the other

ther hath onely a little riſing of the Feathers on the Crown; that the former is meant by *Virgil* is evident from his *Ciris*, clearly differencing it from the common Lark; and that *Niſus* his fabulous Converſion was not into a Hobby, but a Falcon, as is clear by this of *Plautus*.

In nunc, venare leporem, nunc Cirim tenes.

From whence may be collected the unlikelineſs, for that the Hawk that ſhould catch Hares, to be flown at Larks; and from thence the difference of either.

75 *Virgil* here concludes againſt the ſuperſtitious opinion of the Ethnicks, who attributed a Divine Knowledge to Birds. The Reaſon of that Conceit *Statius* attempts to render in theſe Verſes. *l.* 3. *Theb.*

——*Mirum unde, ſed olim*
Hic honor alitibus, ſuperæ ſeu Conditor Auræ
Sic dedit, effuſum Chaos in nova ſemina texens.
Seu quia mutatæ, noſtraq; ab origine verſis
Corporibus ſubeire notis; ſeu purior axis,
Amotumq; nefas, & rarum inſiſtere terris
Vera docent, tibi ſumme Sator terraqae deumque
Scire licet.——

So *Plato* in *Timæo* affirms, that the Souls of too curiouſly ſpeculative and ſubtile men, and ſuch as by their own Wit thought they could ſoar unto, and ſearch out the higheſt Miſteries, tranſmigrated into Birds. But

Virgil

Virgil lays down the common and Natural Reaſons, being, as we have already noted, the Condenſing or relaxing of the Air. with which they are either ſadded or delighted.

76 Of the Signs and Prognoſticks of Weather from the Appearances of the Sun and Moon; we leave the Reader to be ſatisfied from common Experience, and the ordinary Ephimerides; and the rather, becauſe theſe kind of Rules are as contradictory, as their Effects uncertain.

77 He reflects here upon that ancient Cuſtom of Mariners, who vow'd if they return'd ſafe, to ſacrifice to the *Diis littoralibus*, upon the ſhore; of which our Author in the third and fifth of his *Æneis*.

78 Once a Fiſherman of *Authedon*, a Town in *Bœotia*, afterwards by the eating of a ſtrange Herb, converted into a Marine Creature, and admitted by the Sea-Gods into their Society. The ſtory he tells thus himſelf, in *Ovids* 13*th* of his *Met*.

——*In haſt*

An Herb I took, and gave it to my taſt
No ſooner ſwallow'd, but my Entrails ſhook;
When forthwith I another Nature took.
Nor could refrain, but ſaid, O Earth, my laſt
Farewel receive! in Seas my ſelf I caſt.
The Sea-Gods then vouchſafing my Receipt
Into their ſacred fellowſhip, intreat
Both Thetys, *and* Oceanus, *that they*
Would take, what ever Mortal was, away.

M. Sandys

79 The

79 The Son of *Ino*, who with his Mother forced into the Sea from a Rock, by his inſuriated Father *Athamus*, was converted into a Sea-God, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Palæmon*; by the *Latins*, *Portumus*; as his Mother likewiſe was transform'd into a Watery Deity, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Leucothea*; by the *Latins*, *Matuta*.

80 The Daughter of *Doris*, and one of the Sea-Nymphs.

81 Therefore by *Cicero* ſtyl'd *Phœbi fax triſtis nuntia belli*; Examples in Hiſtory are obvious.

82 *Virgil* here takes occaſion in honor of *Auguſtus*, to mention his Reſentment of the ſad Death of *Julius Cæſar*; and declare the Signs, that both fore-ran, and follow'd his Murther, as the ſtrange Eclips of the Sun, which though ſome may underſtand as precedent, was yet (as is clear by the ſeveral Teſtimonies of *Plutarch* and *Pliny*) ſubſequent to his Death. See *La Cerda* upon this place.

83 There be two ſorts of ominous Preſages from Dogs, the one, their unuſual howling; the other their running away from thoſe that own them, to their Enemies. Of the firſt Inſtances are obvious; of the latter, *Pauſanias* gives us an Example of the *Meſſenians*, whoſe Dogs ran howling to the *Lacedemonian* Camp, upon which enſued the utter Defeat of the *Meſſenians*. The like *Jovius* tells us, hapned to the *French* before the Battel of *Novara*, wherein they were overthrown by *Maximilian*.

84 Of this Prodigy *Plutarch* in the Life of *Cæſar*, among others, and *Ovid* in the laſt of his *Met*.

85 This

85 This foretold the overthrow at *Cannæ*; and hath ever been noted, not onely the Forerunner, but Inſerter of notable Misfortunes. So *Oroſius*, *l.* 5. *c.* 6. *Hoc Sicilia ſemper vernaculum genus monſtri, non portendere malum aſſolet ſed inferre.* Here Poetically introduc'd among other Prodegies, againſt the truth of Hiſtory (ſays *Ramus*) the more to inoble the Death of *Julius*, and ingratiat himſelf with *Auguſtus Cæſar*; But *Livy* (as *Serv.* likewiſe notes) expreſly tells us, that before the Death of *Cæſar*, it flam'd with ſo great a violence, that not onely the neighboring Towns, but the City of *Rhegma* was fir'd thereby.

86 Verified by *Plutarch* in his Life. *Heavenly Noiſes and Thunders were frequently heard.* Strabo the Philoſopher reported, *That fiery Men were ſeen in the Air:* And of which likewiſe thus *Ovid*, *l.* 15. *Met.*

Arms claſhing in the Air, with Clouds orecaſt,
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornets blaſt,
Proclaim the Murther.

87 It was the Opinion of the Antients, that Ghoſts and Spirits onely walk'd in the Night; for which this Reaſon is given by ſome, that theſe Spirits, (or Devils rather) aſſume an Airy, thin, and therefore fluxative Body; which by heat is extenuated, and conſequently diſſipated; but condenſed and confirm'd by Cold; inſomuch as not to be ſeen by the heatful Light of the Day.

88 Known is that of the Ox in *Livy*.

89 *Pliny*

89 *Pliny l.* 2. *c.* 18. reckoning this among other prodigies, ſays, *The flowing back of Rivers, our Age hath ſeen in the laſt years of* Nero

90 Of theſe Portents, Poets and antient Hiſtorians are full: *Plutarch in Coriolano*, thus reduces them to their natural Cauſe; *For Images to ſweat and weep, and ſend forth drops of Blood, is not altogether impoſſible; for Wood and Stones often contract Ruſt, which may be diſſolv'd into moiſture, and that variouſly colour'd according to that which is laid upon them.*

91 The ſame with the *Poe*, a River of *Italy*, concerning which, *Pliny* ſpends a whole Chapter in his third Book; It ariſes firſt from Mount *Veſulus*, and ſinking under Ground, is emergent again in *foro Vilienti*; and receiving into its own, the Streams of thirty other Rivers, diſcharges them all into the *Adriatick* Sea, it is call'd the Monarchs of the Floods, from the *Cimbrian* Tongue, in which, *Eridanus* ſounds as much as, *Lord, King*, or *Honor of Waters*. *Servius* ſays, it receiv'd its Name from *Phaeton*, who was firſt call'd *Eridanus*, and fell Thunder-ſtruck into this River.

92 Of the Inundations and over-flowing of Rivers, thus *Peucerus, de divinat. p.* 354. *Known is that of the Apocalyps; Many Waters, many People; And that riſing Waters never over-flow without Miſchief, or extraordinary Winds blow without Hurt, many Nations have learnt by their own Experience, and the ſad Conſequences thereof; Slaughter, Fire, Irruption of Forreign Forces, and general Devaſtation.*

As it was a general Obſervation, that the Over-

flowing

flowing of *Eridanus* is here ſaid to preſage the Death of *Cæſar*; ſo that of *Tiber*, the Death of Pope *Nicholas* the Third, in the Year 1281.

93 According to *Macrobius*, Signs of this Nature (that is, when there is any eminent Defect in the Entrails) do either denounce, threaten, or admoniſh; Fatal, not onely to *Cæſar*, (who the ſame day he was ſlain, inſpecting the Entrails found them without a Heart) but to *Pertinax*, as *Capitolinus*, and *Marcellus* as *Valerius Maximus* reports, who both came to the like unfortunate ends.

94 Of this kind of Prodigy, both antient and modern Annals afford Examples.

95 Believ'd by the Antients to be true Wolves, by *La Cerda* conceiv'd to be Spirits aſſuming that ſhape; for according to the Opinion of thoſe times, the Souls of the Dead were thought to wander from their Sepulchres in ſuch Forms. *Ovid.* 2. *Faſt.*

Perq; vias urbis, latoſq; ululaſſe per Agros,
Deformes Animas, vulgus inane ferunt.

Hence was it among the *Athenians*, Capital to kill a Wolf; as the Scholiaſt of *Apollonius* tells us, *l.* 2.

96 For Thunder, when the Sky is fair, is held moſt prodigious.

97 This was firſt call'd *Crinidi*, after *Datos*, at length *Philippi* from *Phillip* of *Macedon* its Reſtorer, Authors differ about its Situation; ſome ſeat it in *Theſſaly*, others in *Thrace*, *Stephanus* and *Ptolomy* in *Macedonia*. So truly

truly St. *Luke*, *Acts* 16. But the Reader muſt here allow Poetical Liberty to our Author, for making the *Pharſialian* Fields (fatal to *Pompey*) and the *Philippick* (where *Brutus* was overthrown) to be one and the ſame. See *Glareanus* and *Farnaby* upon *Lucan*, *l.* 1. who takes the ſame Liberty with our Author.

98 A Mountain of *Thrace* (according to *Strabo*, *Mela*, *Pliny*); as *Servius* (but falſly) of *Theſſaly*.

99 *Macedonia*, anciently call'd *Pæonia*.

100 Theſe were thoſe who by the *Romans* were call'd the Tutelary Gods, and *Dii Penates*; to theſe likewiſe our Author adds the *Dii Indigetes*, whom *La Cerda* with *Turnebus* makes the ſame with the *Greek* Δαίμονες. So likewiſe *Fulgentius*, *Dæmones dicti ſunt, ideo & apud Romanos Indigites*: and why ſo call'd, *Feſtus* tells us; *Indigites Dii quorum nomina vulgari non licet*. *Farnaby* will have them ſo call'd *quaſi Indigenes, inde nati*; but I am rather for *Germanus*, whom conſult upon this Place. The Poet ſeems here to reflect upon *Æneas*, whence *Auguſtus* was deſcended, (who was call'd *Jupiter Indiges*) whoſe Protection he invokes on the behalf of his Iſſue.

101 *Tyber*, ſo call'd becauſe it divides *Thuſcany* from *Latium*. *La Cerda*.

102 Meaning *Laomedon*, either in his defrauding *Neptune* of his promis'd Hire for building the Walls of *Troy*, or his cozening of *Hercules* of his Reward for killing the Monſter, to whom *Heſione* was expos'd to have been devour'd. See *Pomp. Sabinus*.

103 Intending the *Parthian* and *German* Wars, then

breaking out; the firſt left imperfect by *Marcus Antonius*, call'd thence by the Civil Diſcords at home, begun by *Sylla*; as the *German* War was firſt undertaken by *Julius Cæſar*. *Euphrates* is a River of *Armenia*, which after a long continu'd Courſe through *Meſopotamia*, falls into the *Perſian Sea*.

VIRGIL's





Geo. 2.

VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

The Second Book.

The ARGUMENT.

How Trees by Nature grow, ſome from the Root,
Some from the ſeed, ſome of themſelves do ſprout:
As many ways of Art Experience grants,
The Gard'ner Graffs, Inoculates, Tranſplants.
What fruitful Trees in ſeveral Countreys are;
But none with happy Italy *compare.*
How to diſcern the goodneſs of each Ground,
Where choiceſt Olives, and beſt Vines are found.
What ſafety in the Harmleſs Country lies:
What dangers from Rebellious Cities riſe.

THus much of Tillage, and the Planets ſway:
I'll thee now [a] *Bacchus* and wild Plants diſplay,
With the [b] ſlow *Olives* Race. Bleſt Father aid,
Since by thy Bounties all are happy made;

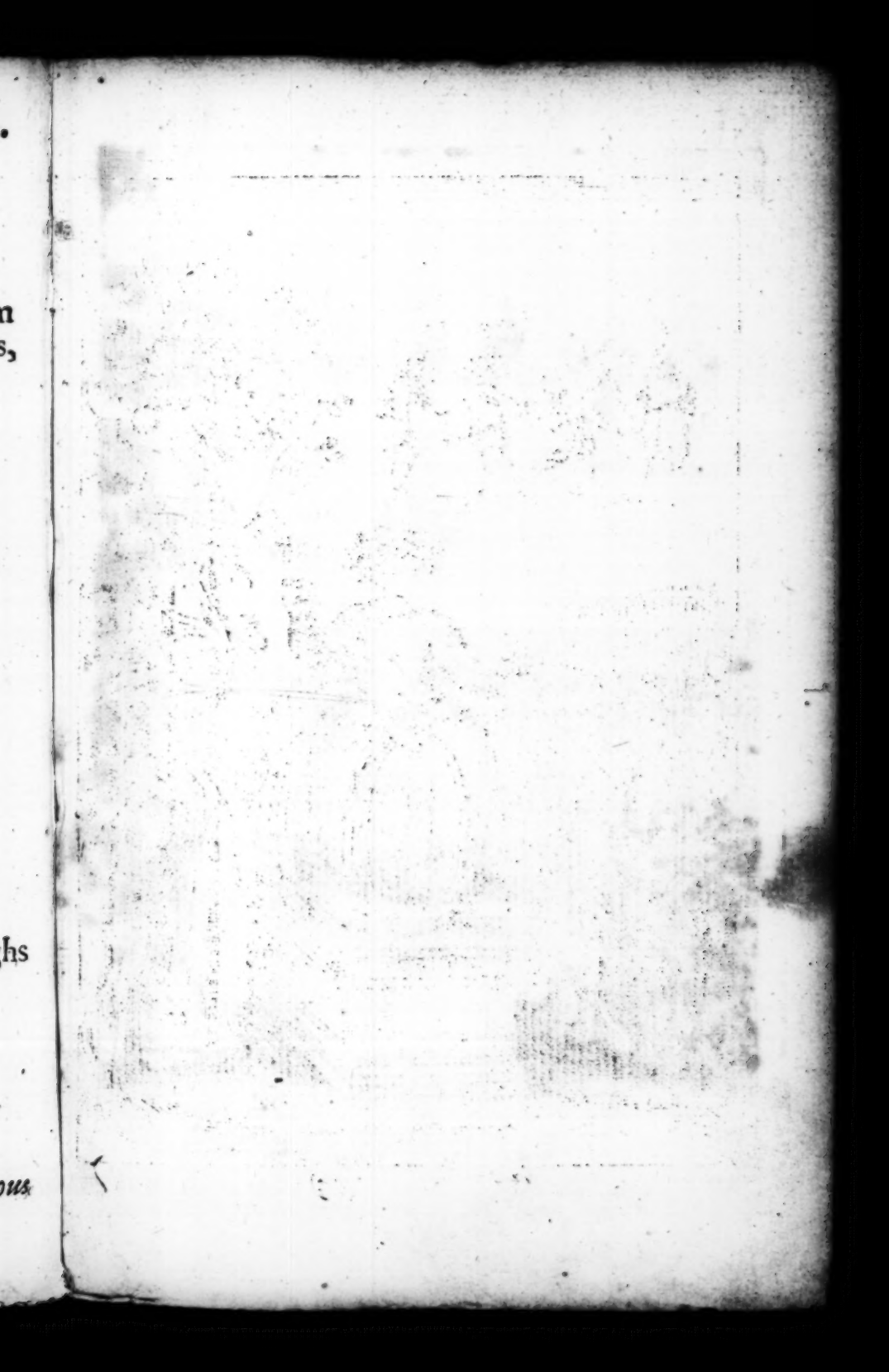
Thou pregnant Fields deck'ſt with Autumnal Vine;
Until the fomy Preſs o'r-flow with Wine;
Great Pow'r aſſiſt, laying thy [c] Buskins by,
With me in new Muſt ſtain thy naked Thigh.
Trees in their growth of ſeveral Natures are:
[d] Some ſpring themſelves, unforc'd by humane Care;
As in the fields where winding Rivers flow,
The tender Broom, Poplar, and Willow grow,
And downy Sallows clad in green Attire.
But there are ſome from planted Seed aſpire;
Tall Cheſnuts ſo, and th' honour of the Grove
Æſculus beamy Branches ſpread to *Jove*;
Or [e] Okes by Greeks Orac'lous held: and ſome
From their own Roots, a mighty Grove become;
So [f] Cherries, Elms, and ſacred Lawrel ſpread,
Protected by their Mothers mighty ſhade.
On all Plants, Nature did this means Beſtow,
In Orchards, Woods, and ſacred Foreſts grow.
[g] More ways are found, which Uſe and Cuſtom vaunt;
This from the tender Mother cuts a Plant,
Then in a Furrow ſets; that buries Stocks
Of antient Trees, Pales, Poſts, and cloven Blocks.
Some Trees require their Boughs be ſet Arch-wiſe,
And make their own Soyl living Nurſeries.
Some need no Root, nor doth the Gard'ner doubt
That Sprigs ſet in the ground ſhall timely ſprout.
And (wondrous to be told) the Olive-Root
From a dry ſtick, [h] cut at the end, will ſhoot:
And oft without impairing we may ſee
The Boughs of one, chang'd to another Tree,

And

And Apples graffed, turn'd into a Pear,
And ſtony Cornel purple Damſons bear:
Therefore, you skilful Gard'ners, all Means try
T' improve Wild Fruit, leſt waſte your Orchards lie.
To plant the Vine in [i] *Iſmar* we are glad,
And that [k] *Taburnus* verdant Olives clad.
Oh help, *Mecœnas*, and this Work peruſe,
Since all my Glory I from thee deduce;
Swell thou my Sail, now vent'ring to the Main.
Nor all things would I in my Verſe contain;
Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
A Voice of Steel, inſpir'd with Brazen Lungs.
Oh be my Pilot, and through th' Ocean ſteer
My Courſe intended, ſince the [l] Shore is neer:
Nor ſhall I thee with Fictions long detain,
Nor vex thy Ears with Circumſtances vain.
Trees which advance themſelves t' Ætherial Air
Unfruitful be; but ſtrong they prove, and fair,
Becauſe they draw their Nature from the Soil:
But theſe if any Sow, or ſhall with Toil
Tranſplant, and then in cultur'd Ort-yards ſet,
Their wilder diſpoſition they forget;
With often Pruning, they not ſlowly will
Anſwer thy Labor, and obey thy Skill.
So thoſe which ſpring from Roots like Profit yield,
If you tranſplant them to the open Field;
Theſe, Boughs, before, and Parent-branches ſhade,
Which ſtops their Growth, and makes the Body fade.
Plants which from Seed ariſe, of ſlow growth are,
And Shades for our Poſterity prepare.

Apples grow wild, and loſe their former taſte,
And Vines harſh Cluſters bear, for Birds to waſte;
All Labor ask, and covering in rich Soil,
And muſt be conquer'd with much Art and Toil.
Th' Olive from [m] Trunks, [n] Vines proſper beſt from Stocks,
And *Paphian* Myrtle ſprings [o] from ſolid Okes:
[p] Tall Aſh, and Hazel, beſt from Cions takes,
And Poplar, which *Herculean* Garlands makes:
So *Jove*'s *Chaonian* Oke, and high Palms grow,
And Fir, which muſt the Sailor's Fortune know.
[q] *Arbuts*, the Hazel; [r] ſterile Plane-tree bears
Beſt Apples; Cheſnuts, Beech; Bloſſoms of Pears
The wild Aſh ſilvers with a ſnowie Flow'r;
And under Elms rough Swine the Maſt devour.
[s] T' Inoculate and Graff, are ſeveral Arts:
For where the Bud ſhoots from the tender Parts,
And breaks the gentle Film juſt where they bind,
They make an Orifice i' th' knotty Rind,
Impriſoning there the Sprig of th' other Tree,
And with moiſt Bark they teach them to agree.
Or elſe the knotleſs Trunk they cut again,
And with a Wedge deep wound the ſolid Grain;
After the Slip, ſo valu'd, there incloſe:
Nor long's the time, when ſprouts with fruitful Boughs
A mighty Tree to Heav'n, at Leaves unknown
Admiring, and ſtrange Apples, not her own.
[t] Nor of one kind ſtrong Elms and [u] Sallows be,
The [x] *Lotus*, nor th' [y] *Idæan* Cypreſs-tree:
Nor in one manner the rich [z] Olive comes,
[aa] *Orchits*, and [bb] *Radies*, and ſour [cc] *Pauſian* Plums;

[dd] *Alcinous*





dd *Alcinous* Apples; nor ſuch Branches bear
Wardens, ee *Cruſtumians*, and the *Syrian* Pear.
Nor the ſame Vintages our Cluſters grant,
Which *Lesbos* hath from the ff *Methymneon* Plant.
gg *Thaſians* there are, and ſilver hh *Mareots*; theſe
Fat Ground affect, and thoſe the lighter pleaſe:
And ii *Pſythian* Grapes, beſt dry'd; kk *Lageos* ſtrong,
Which ſoon will try your Feet, and tie your Tongue;
Purple and Early Grapes there are: What Verſe,
You ll *Rhetick* Vineyards, ſhall your Praiſe reherſe?
But yet contend not with mm *Falernian* Vine.
There are nn *Aminean* Grapes, a moſt ſound Wine;
oo *Tmolus* to this, and King *Phanæus*, give,
And leſſer pp *Argits*, Homage; none will ſtrive
With this to fill the Preſs with chearing Juyce,
Nor laſt ſo many Years, and fit for uſe.
Nor qq *Rhodian*, gracing Feaſts and Rites, ſhall ſcape,
Nor the rr *Bumaſte*, that ſo ſwelling Grape.
Their Names and Kinds innumerable are,
Nor for their Catalogue we need not care;
Which who would know, as ſoon may count the Sands
The Weſtern Winds raiſe on the *Lybian* Strands;
Or when Eaſt Winds at Sea more violent rore,
Reckon ſſ *Ionian* Waves which roll to Shore.
All Grounds not all things bear: The tt Alder-tree
Grows in thick Fens; uu with Sallows, Brooks agree;
xx Aſh, craggie Mountains, yy Shores, ſweet Myrtle fills;
And laſtly, zz *Bacchus* loves the Sunny Hills:
The Yew beſt proſpers in the North, and Cold.
The Conquer'd Worlds remoteſt Swains, behold!

And th' Eaſtern Houſe of fierce [2] *Arabians* vaunts,
And [3] py'd *Gelonians*, their Native Plants;
The blackeſt [4] Ebony from *India* comes,
And from [5] *Sabæa* Aromatick Gums.
Of thee, diſtilling [6] Balm, what ſhall I ſay?
And bright [7] *Acanthus*, always cloth'd in *May?*
Of [8] Trees in *Ethiopia*, white with Wooll,
Where, from the Leaves, the [9] *Seres* Fleeces cull?
Or of thoſe [10] Groves in utmoſt *India* bred,
Near the World's Border? whoſe aſpiring Head
No Arrow could by Archer's Skill ſurmount;
And yet good Bow-men we thoſe Men account.
[11] *Media* brings wholſom Apples of harſh Juyce,
'Gainſt Step-dames Poyſon nothing more in uſe;
When baneful Herbs they mix with deadly Charms,
This, Vital Spirits t' oppoſe all Venom arms.
This is a ſpreading Tree, reſembling well
Laurel, but that it caſts another Smell;
Whoſe Leafs defie all Storms, tho' arm'd with Show'rs,
Nor ſtrongeſt Winds ſhake off her tender Flow'rs:
With this the [12] *Medians* help their tainted Breath,
And cure the Phthyſick at the Gates of Death.
But *Median* Groves, and [13] *Ganges* wealthy Field,
And golden [14] *Hermus* muſt to *Latium* yield:
Nor [15] *Bactrians*, [16] *Indians*, nor [17] *Panchaians* dare
With all their Myrrhe and Frankincenſe compare.
[18] Bulls breathing from their Noſtrils Fire, ne're plow'd
Our happy Plains, nor fertile Furrows ſow'd
With [19] Dragons teeth: this Land no Helmets bears,
Nor horrid ſhews with Crops of Soldiers Spears;

But



But luſhious Fruit, and rich Wine fill the Preſs,
And Olive-plants, and joyful Herds poſſeſs.
Here Warlike Steeds trot proudly through the Fields;
This ſnowie Flocks, and Bulls, prime Off'rings, yields,
Which bath'd, [20] *Clitumnus*, in thy ſacred Floods,
Rome's Triumphs draw to Temples of the Gods.
A laſting Spring, a Summer all the Year;
Our Flocks twice teem, our Plants twice Apples bear.
This no fierce Tygers, nor ſtern Lions breeds,
Nor Simplers here deceiv'd with Poys'nous Weeds:
Nor ſcalie Dragon quarters in this Soil,
Wreathing himſelf to a prodigious Pile.
To theſe, ſo many famous Cities add,
With Coſt and Labor their Foundations laid.
So many Seats cut from the Quarries ſide,
Under whoſe ancient Walls ſweet Rivers glide.
What ſhall I ſay of both thoſe Seas which lave
Our Coaſts? or of thoſe many Lakes we have?
Or ſpeak of thee, great [21] *Laris*, and thy Waves,
O [22] *Benacus*, which like the Ocean raves?
Or Ports, or [23] *Lucrine* Sluces ſhall I ſing,
Whoſe raging Floods with mighty Murmur ring?
Where *Julian* Streams thunder in troubled Seas,
And *Tyrrhen* Waters fill th' *Avernian* Bays.
Here we have [24] Silver Rivers, Brazen Mines,
And with much Gold this happy Country ſhines:
Here, a bold Race, the valiant [25] *Marſians* are,
Stout [26] *Sabels*, and [27] *Ligurii* us'd to War;
The long-ſpear'd [28] *Volſcii*, [29] *Decii*, [30] *Marii*, hence,
And the [31] *Camilli* draw their old Deſcents;

This

This the bold [32] *Scipio's*, and thee *Cæsar* bore,
Who Conqueror now in utmost *Asia*'s Shore,
Driv'st from the *Roman* Tow'rs th' unwarlike Bands
Of *India*. Hail, great [33] *Saturnian* Lands,
Parent of Fruit, and Men of Noble Parts:
To undertake thy ancient Fame and Arts,
Boldly I'll open now the Sacred Spring,
And through *Rome*'s Seats [34] *Ascræan* Verses sing.
[35] Now several kinds of Ground we must declare,
Their Colour, Strength, and what they willing bear.
And first, your harder Soil, and barren Hills,
Where Stone and thin Clay mix in Shrubby Fields,
Fresh Groves of living Olives these rejoyce;
And by Wild Olives of that Land make choice,
And where sour Berries through the Country spread.
But a rich Ground, with pleasant Moisture fed,
Where store of Grass and verdant Champains be,
Such as in wanton Vales we use to see,
Where Rivers from the lofty Rocks descend
With fruitful Mud, and to the Southward bend,
Nourishing Fern, which so much hurts the Plow;
Here, for thee (*Bacchus*) strongest Wine shall grow,
To swell the Press; this the rich Grape shall bear,
Such as in Gold for Off'rings we prepare,
When the [36] swoln *Tuscans* on their Cornets play,
And we on Altars smoking Entrails lay.
But if thou Herds and Steers delight to keep,
Or [37] Goats that burn the Corn, or fleecy Sheep,
Seek pleasant Groves, and rich *Tarentum*'s Coast,
And Plains which woful *Mantua* hath lost,

Where

Where ſilver Swans neer flow'ry Rivers plant;
Where Cryſtal Springs, nor Graſs, the Cattel want:
How much thy Herds eat in the longeſt Day,
So much cold Dews in the ſhort Night repay.
Black Grounds, which under heavy Plows are rich,
A brittle Soil (for Tillage makes it ſuch)
Is beſt for Corn: Upon no Ground appears
More Wains returning home with weary Steers.
Or where ſome ſturdy Swain a Wood deſtroy'd,
And Groves, which Peace and Plenty long enjoy'd,
Birds ancient Habitations fell'd, they flie
From ruin'd Neſts, for ſafety, to Skie:
But a rough Champain ſoon improves with Toil.
For hungry Grounds, and a rough ſtony Soil,
Scarce Bees with *Caſſia* and ſweet Dew ſupply;
In whoſe dark hollow Rocks foul Serpents lie:
No Land, they ſay, with better Choice is ſtor'd
Of Food for Snakes, nor better Neſts afford.
That Earth exhales thin Clouds, and flying Miſts,
And Moiſture drinks, repaying when it liſts;
Which always her own verdant Livery wears,
Nor hurts with Coomings and foul Ruſt the Share;
Where Elms with joyful Vines are interwove,
Where Olives grow; that Soil you may approve
Both for your Cattel, and the heavy Plow;
For they ſuch Plains near wealthy [38] *Capua* Sowe,
And thoſe which border nigh [39] *Veſuvius* Heights,
And [40] *Clanius*, who oft poor [41] *Acerra* frights.
I'll teach thee now Moulds differing to diſcern,
That what's too thick, or looſer, thou maiſt learn;

Since

Since one, Corn beſt affects; the other, Vines;
To *Ceres* Thick, to *Bacchus* Thin inclines.
Firſt with great diligence let a Place be found,
There let a Pit be made deep in the Ground;
This done, caſt in the thrown-out Mould again,
And with thy Feet tread the whole Surface plain.
If there want Earth, 'tis looſe; that moſt inclines
Cattel to feed, and cheriſh proſpering Vines:
But, to return again, if it deny,
And Earth above the fill'd-up Pit ſhall lie,
That Soil is thick; Plow with thy ſturdy Yoke
There the hard Glebe, let that tough Soil be broke.
Land that is Salt, and which we Bitter find,
Is bad for Fruit, to Tillage not enclin'd:
All Plants ſhall here degenerate, and the Vine
Loſeth the Name; and this ſhall be the Signe.
From ſmoekie Roofs an Oſier Basket take,
And ſuch a Strainer as for Wine they make:
There Earth with Streams drawn from a Cryſtal Spout
Commix, and all the Water will run out,
And in great Drops ſhall through the Strainer flow;
But ſoon the Taſte will clear diſtinction ſhow,
And ſtreight thou maiſt with Bitterneſs eſpie
The Taſter's Mouth diſpleas'd, be drawn awrie.
And laſtly, we thus Rich Soil underſtand;
It will not moulder kneading in your hand;
But to your Fingers it will cling like Pitch.
Moiſt Ground hath Weeds, and that which is too rich.
Ah! let not mine too Fertile prove, nor bear
Upon a heavy Stalk a ponderous Ear.

Mould

Mould that is ſad, that ſilently by weight
It ſelf betrays; and ſo we find what's light.
Black, and all Colours, ſtreight our Eyes diſcern;
But curſed Cold is wondrous hard to learn:
Yet ſometime pitchy Fir, and Fatal Yew,
Or winding Ivy, will ſad Tokens ſhew.
This known, with Care thy Earth plow long before,
And raiſe the Ridges of thy Furrows more,
And let thy turn'd-up Glebe ſtern *Boreas* face,
Before thou ſet the Vines rejoycing Race:
Brittle is beſt, which Wind and Froſt endure;
And Ruſtick Swains with turning oft Manure.
But thoſe Men who no Care or Labor flie,
Chuſe Places fit both for a Nurſery,
And where they may tranſplanted after grow,
Leſt they their Mother, ſudden chang'd, not know.
Alſo Heavens Quarters on the Bark they ſcore,
That they may Coaſt it as it was before,
WhichSouthern heat ſuſtain'd,which view'd the Pole:
Such ſtrength hath Cuſtom in each tender Soul.
First know, if Hills or Dales beſt pleaſe the Grape:
Would'ſt thou the Plenty of rich Vineyards reap?
Sow the Vale thick, then will thy Preſs abound:
But if it Hilly be, and riſing Ground,
Set thin thy Ranks, nor leſs in every Tract
Range order'd Vines, the Walks drawn out exact.
As when a mighty Battel's to be fought,
Up to the Front the order'd Files are brought,
Troops hide the Fields, and ready for Alarms,
All the vaſt Champaign ſhines with glitt'ring Arms,

Before

Before in horrid Fight the Battel joyns,
And doubtful *Mars* to neither Part inclines;
So let thy Ranks in equal Number grow;
Not that vain Fancy ſhould be fed with Show;
But elſe th' Earth grants not equal Nouriſhment,
Nor can their Branches have their full Extent.
Perhaps, how deep to Furrow, thou would'ſt know.
In ſhallow Trenches I my Vines dare ſowe:
But the huge *Æſculus*, that mighty Tree,
Muſt in Earth's Boſom deeply fixed be:
How much to Heav'n her ſpreading Branches ſhoot,
So much toward Hell extends her fixed Root;
Therefore, not her, Show'rs with huge Tempeſts mix'd,
Nor cruel Winter harms, but remains fix'd;
And many Years and Ages ſhe endures
Of ſhort-liv'd Man, whom her own Strength ſecures.
Tall Branches guard her, and huge Boughs diſplay'd
Protect her round with her own mighty Shade.
Nor make thy Vineyard where the Sun declines,
Nor plant rough Hazels 'mongſt the tender Vines,
Nor pull the lofty Branches, nor impair
The ſprouting Boughs; for great muſt be thy Care:
Nor let wild Olives in thy Vineyard breed,
Nor blunted Pruners harm the hopeful Seed.
'Mongſt careleſs Swains oft happens Fire, which firſt
Under the ſappy Rind is cloſely nurſt,
Then by degrees to the high Branches flies,
And ſpreading, ſends loud Fragor to the Skies;
A Victor, ſtreight from Bough to Bough aſpires,
And the Crown ſeiz'd, involveth all with Fires:

To

av'n black Clouds and pitchy Miſts are ſent,
ſmal Vapors ſcale the Firmament:
ore, if from the North a Tempeſt riſe,
inged Flame Winds carry to the Skies.
this falls out, their Stock decays, nor more
s freſhly up, nor flouriſh as before,
m the Earth like Nouriſhment receives;
re wild Olives grow, with bitter Leaves.
one, however skilful, thee adviſe,
hard Grounds, when Northern Winds ariſe.
binds Earth with Froſt, nor grants the Seed
firm Root, nor tender Plants to feed.
thy Vines when the [43] White Bird appears
ing Spring, which the long Serpent fears;
ſt *Autumn*'s Cold, before the Sun
d his Steeds in Winter, Summer done. (tires;
thes the Woods with Leaves, and Groves at-
ls with Spring, and genital Seed requires.
Show'rs th' Almighty from above
i'th Lap of his delighted Love;
, he with the mighty Body joyn'd,
agates, and Foſters every Kind.
us Birds then ſing in every Grove,
el taſte the ſweet Delights of Love.
,now teems; ſoft Winds diſſolve the Meads
ering Warmth, through all ſweet Moiſture
w Sun the tender Herbage dare (ſpreads;
Leaves, nor Vines rough *Auſter* fear,
ring *Boreas* uſh'ring dreadful Show'rs;
ngs bud with Bloſſom, Leaf, and Flow'rs.

Sure

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And doubtful *Mars* to neither Part inclines;
So let thy Ranks in equal Number grow;
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And the Crown ſeiz'd, involveth all with Fi

To Heav'n black Clouds and pitchy Miſts are ſent,
And diſmal Vapors ſcale the Firmament:
But more, if from the North a Tempeſt riſe,
And winged Flame Winds carry to the Skies.
When this falls out, their Stock decays, nor more
Sprouts freſhly up, nor flouriſh as before,
Nor from the Earth like Nouriſhment receives;
But there wild Olives grow, with bitter Leaves.
Let none, however skilful, thee adviſe,
To turn hard Grounds, when Northern Winds ariſe.
Winter binds Earth with Froſt, nor grants the Seed
To take firm Root, nor tender Plants to feed.
Then ſet thy Vines when the [43] White Bird appears
In bluſhing Spring, which the long Serpent fears;
Or in firſt *Autumn*'s Cold, before the Sun
Hath cool'd his Steeds in Winter, Summer done. (tires;
Spring clothes the Woods with Leaves, and Groves at-
Earth ſwells with Spring, and genital Seed requires.
In fruitful Show'rs th' Almighty from above
Deſcends i'th Lap of his delighted Love;
And great, he with the mighty Body joyn'd,
Both Propagates, and Foſters every Kind.
Harmonious Birds then ſing in every Grove,
And Cattel taſte the ſweet Delights of Love.
Earth bleſt, now teems; ſoft Winds diſſolve the Meads
With cheering Warmth, through all ſweet Moiſture
To the new Sun the tender Herbage dare (ſpreads;
Open their Leaves, nor Vines rough *Auſter* fear,
Nor thund'ring *Boreas* uſh'ring dreadful Show'rs;
But all things bud with Bloſſom, Leaf, and Flow'rs.

Sure

44 Sure, I believe, when firſt the World was made,
So ſhone the Day, and ſuch bright Conduct had.
That was the Spring; the Spring made all things fair;
And bluſtring *Eurus* did cold Tempeſts ſpare.
Then Cattel breed; in unplow'd Fields began
Firſt to appear that Iron Race of Man:
Wild Beaſts poſſeſs the Woods, and Heaven the Stars.
Nor tender Creatures could endure ſuch Cares,
If not thoſe Breathings were 'twixt Heat and Cold,
And Heav'ns Indulgence did the Earth uphold.
Whatever Plant thou in the Earth doſt ſet,
Firſt dung it well, and deeply cover it:
Let Shells and Lime-ſtones guard it with a Pale,
That Streams may glide betwixt, and may exhale
A gentle Vapor, that may chear the Plant.
Some, Stones and Potſheards uſe to lay upon't;
Which a Defence 'gainſt riſing Tempeſts yield,
And when hot *Sirius* chaps the parched Field.
Thy Plants being ſet, next often draw the Mould
About the Roots, to break the Clods be bold,
And with a thwarting Plow turn croſs thy Ground,
And let thy lab'ring Steers thy Vines ſurround.
Then take ſmooth Reeds, & Wands, & Sticks prepare,
With Aſhen Poles, and Stakes that forked are;
Supported thus, the Winds they will contemn,
And boldly climb the high Elms talleſt Stem.
But whilſt in tender Infancy they are,
Sprouting new Leaves, the gentle Off-ſpring ſpare;
Nor when the verdant Branches do ariſe,
And with looſe Reins are poſting the Skies,

Uſe

Uſe not thy ſharper Knife, but gently pull
Th' ambitious Boughs, and haughty Branches cull:
But when grown ſtrong, th' embrace the Elms high top,
Then ſhave their Locks, and dangling Treſſes crop;
Before they fear'd the Knife; more rigorous now
Uſe thy Commands upon the ſtubborn Bough:
And from all Cattel ſtrongly them immure,
Whilſt the ſoft Boughs diſturbance not endure;
T' whom Cows, and Goats, and Sheep more harm have done,
Than freezing Winter, and the ſcorching Sun:
Cold not ſo much, nor white congealing Froſts,
Nor vexing Beams which beat on ſandy Coaſts,
As Gattel harm, when with a venom'd Tooth
They wound the Branches in their tender youth.
Onely for this Crime [45] we on Altars pay
Bacchus a Goat, and Act [46] the ancient Play.
Then from great Villages [47] *Athenians* haſte,
And where the High-ways meet, the Prize is plac'd.
They to ſoft Meads, height'ned with Wine, advance,
And joyfully 'mongſt [48] Oyled Bottles dance.
Th' *Auſonian* Race, and thoſe from *Troy* did ſpring,
Diſſolv'd with Laughter, Ruſtick Verſes ſing;
In Viſards of rough Bark conceal their Face,
And with glad Numbers thee, great *Bacchus*, grace,
Hanging [49] ſoft Pictures on thy lofty Pine.
Then Vineyards ſwell, pregnant with chearful Wine,
The ſhadie Groves and the deep Vales o'reflow,
Where-e're the God ſhews his illuſtrious Brow.
To *Bacchus* then let us due Praiſes ſing
In ancient Verſe; Wafers and Javelins bring,

A ſacred Goat to th' Altars draw by th' Horn,
[50] On Hazel Spits then the fat Entrails turn.
But other Toils in dreſſing Vines are found,
And ne're enough; Three or four times thy Ground
Turn yearly, and, with Forks revers'd, the Clods
Conſtantly break, and cleanſe from Leaves the Woods.
Labor returns in Circle to the Swain,
And Years revolve in their own ſteps again.
But when thy Vineyard her laſt Leaves removes,
And cold North-winds diſpoil the glorious Groves,
Then the induſtrious Husbandman takes care
T' extend his Labor to th' enſuing Year;
To lop the Vine, which hitherto eſcapes,
And with old [51] *Saturn*'s Hook he Pruning ſhapes.
Firſt dig thy Ground, and Shreds and Refuſe burn,
And under Roofs the Poles and Stakes return.
Gather your Vintage laſt; Vines twice have Shade,
And twice the Corn thick Briers and Weeds invade.
Both Toils are painful: A large Farm commend;
A little, Till. Thorns that to Woods extend,
And Reeds which clog the Banks, to cut prepare;
And on wild Sallow take eſpecial care.
The Vines are bound, Pruners no more they want,
And round the empty Walls the Gard'ners chant.
Yet ſtill muſt Labor be, and Toil in Duſt,
And Grapes being ripe, a Tempeſt they miſtruſt.
On th' other ſide, Olives you may neglect,
They need no care, nor crooked Scythes expect,
Nor the tenacious Rake: once ſet, they riſe,
Shooting luxurious Branches to the Skies.

Thoſe

Thoſe Grounds ſupply, turn'd with the crooked Plow,
Moiſture enough, and large Encreaſe allow.
Th' Emblem of Peace, thus the rich Olive grows.
So Apples, when they feel exceeding Boughs,
And growing ſtrength, ſudden the Stars invade
By their own Vertue, ſcorning Humane Aid.
Nor leſs with Fruit are laden every Buſh,
And wilder Foreſts with red Berries bluſh.
There Shrubs are cut, and Fir in tall Woods breed,
Nocturnal Fires and Torches thence proceed.
And ſhall Men doubt to Plant, and careful be?
Why urge I theſe? Broom and the Sallow Tree
Or feed the Sheep, or elſe the Shepherd ſhade,
Yield Honey, or for Corn are Hedges made.
What pleaſure is't to view [52] *Cytorus*, rich
With waving Box, and Groves of *Marick* Pitch?
How I am pleas'd to ſee thoſe Fields that are
Glorious undreſt, nor us'd to Huumane care!
Thoſe barren Trees high [53] *Caucaſus* do crown,
Which Stones oft tear, and often tumble down,
Are of great uſe: There Pines for Maſts are fell'd,
And Cypreſs, and tall Cedars, Tow'rs to build.
Here Coverings for their Cars, & Spoaks for Wheels,
Husbandmen get, and Ships find crooked Keels.
Sallows have Boughs, the tall Elms Leafie are.
[54] Myrtle for Spears, and Cornel fit for War,
And Yews are bent into *Ithyrian* Bowes:
Smooth Tile and Box the skilful Turner knows
How to compleat, and with his Tools to trim:
And down the *Poe* in rough Streams Alders ſwim.

In rugged Bark the Bees conceal their Stocks,
And hoard in hollow Wombs of ancient Okes.
Can *Bacchus* Bleſſings like to thee diſpenſe?
'Twas *Bacchus* thus proud Quarrels did commence;
He in cold Death did thoſe hot [55] *Centaurs* tame,
Hylæus, *Rhœtus*, *Pholus*, overcame,
As threatning [56] *Lapiths* he a Goblet threw.
Oh happy Swains, if their own good they knew!
To whom juſt Earth, remote from cruel Wars,
From her full Breaſts ſoft Nouriſhment prepares:
Although from high Roofs through proud Arches come
No Floods of Clients early from each Room;
Nor Marble Pillars ſeek, which bright Shells grace,
Gold woven Veſtments, nor [57] *Corinthian* Braſs;
Nor white Wooll ſtain'd in the [58] *Aſſyrian* Juyce,
Nor ſimple Oyl corrupt with *Caſſia's* uſe:
But reſt ſecure, a fraudleſs Life in Peace,
Variouſly rich, in their large Farms at Eaſe.
Tempe's cool Shades, dark Caves, and purling Streams,
Lowings of Cattel, under Trees ſoft Dreams;
Nor lack they Woods and Dens where Wild Beaſts (haunt,
Youth, in Toil patient, and inur'd to Want; (haunt,
Their Gods and Parents Sacred; Juſtice took
Through thoſe her laſt Steps, when ſhe Earth forſook.
Let the ſweet Muſes moſt of me approve,
Whoſe Prieſt I am, ſtruck with Almighty Love.
They ſhall to me Heav'ns Starry Tracts make known,
And ſtrange Eclipſes of the Sun and Moon,
[59] Whence Earthquakes are, [60] why the ſwoln Ocean (beats
Over his Banks, and then again retreats:

Why

Why Winter Suns haſte ſo to touch the Main,
And what Delays the tardie Night reſtrain.
But if theſe Gifts of Nature I not find,
And a cold Blood beleaguers my dull Mind,
Then I'le delight in Vales, near pleaſant Floods,
And unrenown'd, haunt Rivers, Hills, and Woods;
Thy Banks, ſweet [61] *Sperchius*, and [62] *Taygeta*, where
The *Grecian* Virgins ſtately Feaſts prepare.
How ſhall I be to [63] *Hæmus* Vale convey'd,
And crown my Temples with a mighty Shade?
Happy is he that hidden Cauſes knows,
And bold, all ſhapes of Danger dares oppoſe,
Trampling beneath his Feet the cruel Fates,
Whom Death, nor ſwall'wing *Acheron* amates:
And he is bleſt who knows our Country Gods,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs aboads:
He fears not Scepters, nor aſpiring States,
Nor treach'rous Brethren, ſtirring up Debates;
Nor [64] *Dacians* Covenant, at *Iſter*'s Streams;
Nor *Rome*'s Affairs, and nigh-deſtroyed Realms;
Or Poor Men pities, or the Rich envies.
What Nouriſhment the bounteous Field ſupplies,
What Trees allow, he takes: nor ever ſaw
Mad Parliament, [65] Acts of Commons, nor Sword-Law.
Some vex the Sea, and this to War reſorts,
Attend on Kings, and wait in Princes Courts:
This would his Country and his Gods betray,
To drink in Jems, and on proud Scarlet lie.
This hides his Wealth, and broods on hidden Gold;
This loves to Plead, and that to be Extol'd

Through

Through all the Seats of Commons, and the Sires,
To bathe in's Brother's Blood this Man desires.
Some banish'd, must their Native Seats exchange,
And Countries under other Climates range.
The Husbandman turns up his fruitful Plains,
Whence he his Children and poor House sustains.
His Herds, and lab'ring Steers: no rest is found;
Either his Trees with blushing Fruit abound,
His Folds with Lambs, or else his Stacks with Corn;
Or Plenty loads his Field, or cracks his Barn.
In Winter he [66] *Sicyonian* Olives Mills,
And the fat Swine with Mast and Acorns fills.
All sort of Fruit in plent'ous Autumn falls,
And milder Vines grow ripe on sunnie Walls.
Whilst 'bout his Neck his pretty Children cling,
His House kept modest; home his Heifers bring
Extended Teats; in Meads his fat Kids rest,
And with their Horns in wanton sport contest.
He keeps the Festivals on Grass laid down,
And Friends about the Fire the Goblets crown,
Bacchus implor'd; then for his Hinds sticks fast
A Prize, at which they nimble Javelins cast,
Stripping their hardned Limbs for Rustick strife.
Of old this was the ancient *Sabines* Life,
Rhemus, and *Romulus*, and *Tuscans* fierce,
And *Rome*, Great Mistress of the Universe,
Who seven proud Hills then did with Walls surround.
Before [67] *Dictæan Jupiter* was Crown'd,
E're impious Man on slaughter'd Cattel fed,
This was the Life that golden *Saturn* led;

Or

Or ſounding Trumpets heard, or any made
To ring on Anvils the impoſed Blade.
But we have paſt now through a ſpacious Plain,
And 'tis high time our ſmoaking Steeds t' unrein.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Second BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *GEORGICKS.*

[a] HEre taken for the Vine, or the Fruit thereof, according to the uſual manner of ſpeaking among the Ancients. See *Arnob. lib. 5. contra Gentes, Cicero 3. de Natur. Deor.*

[b] Naturaliſts report the Olive to be of a ſlow growth, and long continuance; inſomuch, as *Pliny* affirms, that ſome planted by *Scipio Africanus* in *Lintirninum*, were ſtanding in his time. The reaſon of its ſlow growth, *Varro* gives out of *Theophraſtus.*

[c] The proper Ornament of *Bacchus*, as appears by *Ariſtophanes* and *Nonnus*, and by *Silius* his imitating him in *Tacitus*, and *Marcus Antonius* in *Paterculus.*

[d] This Diviſion of the Natural Production of Plants, is taken from *Theophraſtus*, *lib.* 2. *de Hiſtor. Plant. c.* 1. as *Victorius* obſerves, *lib.* 14. *Var. lect.* His Words

Words are Αἱ γενέσεις τῶν δένδρων, καὶ ὅλως τῶν φυτῶν, ἢ αὐτόμαλοι, ἢ ἀπὸ σπέρματος, ἢ ἀπὸ ῥίζης, &c. *The Generation of Trees, and altogether of Plants, is either Spontaneous, or from Seed, or from Root.* So likewiſe *Pliny*; *Arbores quæ Naturæ debeamus, tribus modis naſcuntur, Sponte, aut Semine, aut Radice. L.* 16. *c.* 32.

[e] Alluding to thoſe of *Dodona*, of which already in the firſt Book.

[f] This Tree was very rare in *Virgil*'s time among the *Romans*; for *Lucullus*, who was not long before *Virgil*, was the firſt that brought of them into *Italy*, from the City of *Ceraſus* in *Pontus*, whence the Tree bears the Name of the Place. See *Pliny*, *l.* 15. and *Servius* upon this Place.

[g] The Artificial Generation of Plants is here reduc'd to ſeven Heads: Avulſion, Infoſſion or Burying, Propagation (by bowing down, and ſetting the Twigs in the Ground) Tranſplanting, Slipping, Conciſion, Inciſion, and Grafting. This is *La Cerda*'s Diviſion: Others reckon but ſix, and ſome but five kinds.

[h] Here is not to be underſtood common Inciſion, as many ſuppoſe; but the cutting of a dry Olive Stick, and then ſetting it in the Ground, that the Ends ſo ſplit may grow to a Root, which they will do: Thus *Servius*, *Victorius*, and *La Cerda* interpret this Place.

[i] A Mountain of *Thrace*: The Wine thereof mention'd by *Archilocus*; and *Homer*, in the ninth of his *Odyſſes*.

[k] *Car. Stephanus* reads *Tiburnus*, and takes it for a Mountain

Mountain fertile in Olives near *Tibur*. *Taburnus* is a Mountain of *Campania*; but here by a *Synecdoche* taken for any Mountain, in which the Vine and Olive are said to thrive beſt: Hence *Bacchus amat Colles*, and

Difficiles primum terræ, colleſq; maligni
Palladiâ gaudent Sylvâ vivacis Olivæ.

[l] So we render *In manibus terræ*, diſſenting from *Servius*, *Ramus*, and others, and following *Farnaby*, as he *Seneca*, who in the laſt *De beneficiis*, thus cites theſe Verſes:

In manibus terræ: Non hic te Carmine longo
Atque per Ambages, &c.

where *Lipſius* noting, writes, *That it was a Metaphorical Speech, taken from the Expreſſion of Seamen.*

Jam portum terramq; tangimus.——

[m] That is, from Pieces or Sticks cleft, as is already ſhewn.

[n] Intending the third part of Production, Propagation, which is the bowing down the Branches, and ſetting the Ends of them in the Earth, that they may take Root. It was practic'd by the Ancients likewiſe (though now it be not in uſe) to Graff Vines upon Vines; and this they did three ways: The firſt was by Inciſion, which is the ordinary manner of Graffing; the

the ſecond was by Terebration, boring through the middle of the Stock, and putting in the Cions there; and the third was by parting of two Vines that grow together, to the Marrow, and binding them cloſe. *Lord Bacon Nat. Hiſt. pag.* 136.

o This *La Cerda* refers to the ſecond way of Production, Infoſſion, or Burying; for it cannot be meant of Inciſion, or Graffing, of which he ſpeaks afterwards, and would not have ſeparated the Myrtle from thoſe Trees which grow from Engraffing, had that way been proper.

p *This Tree is Ennobled by* Homer's *Encomium, and* Achilles *his Spear; a wonderful Enemy to Serpents, whoſe Shade they never dare approach: Nay, if a Ring be made of Aſh-leaves round a Fire, and a Snake be put within the Circle, he will rather run into the Fire, than come upon the Leaves.* (Pliny, l. 15. c. 13.)

q Of this manner of Engraffing ſee *Pliny, l.* 15. *c.* 15. The *Arbut* is by him deſcrib'd to be a wild Tree, whoſe Fruit reſembles a Cherry, or (rather) Strawberry.

r And therefore by the *Greeks* call'd ἀκαρπος; reckon'd among the Delights of the *Romans*; of which thus *Pliny*: *Who will not wonder at that Tree, which for its Shades ſake only is fetch'd from another World? It was firſt brought through the* Ionian *Sea, to* Diomedes *his Iſland, to grace his Monument; thence tranſplanted into* Sicily, *and of chief eſteem in* Italy; *then transferr'd to the* Morini, *being rated with the Tributary Soil, Nations paying Exciſe even for its Shade.* But much more ſtrange is that which *Ælian* reports of *Xerxes* his Affection

ction to this Tree, who ſeeing as he march'd along a fair Plane-tree, caus'd his whole Army to draw up, and pitch'd his Tents round about it, ſtaying by it a whole day, no neceſſity conſtraining him, hanging Jewels and Precious Stones upon it of great value, beautifying the Boughs and Branches with Chains of Gold, Bracelets, and Tablets; and appointing an Overſeer to keep and defend them from all Caſualties. *Ælian. Var. Hiſt. l.* 2.

[t] *Virgil* makes onely two kind of Graffings, which he here deſcribes, Inciſion, and Inoculation; yet *Clemens Alexandrinus*, beſides the common ſorts, reckons up four, *l.* 6. *Strom.* The Invention of Inoculating, *Pliny* aſcribes to the Birds carrying Seeds or Kernels to their Neſts, which falling by chance into the Clefts of the Bark and Rind of Trees, many times produc'd different Sprouts out of one Stock. To Inoculation, he adds Emplaſtration, as another *Species* of Inciſion.

[u] *Theophraſtus* and *Columella* make two kinds of Elms; *Pliny*, four: one growing on Hills, another in the Vales, a third call'd *Attinæa*, and the fourth the common Elm: The *Attinea* ſprings onely from the Seed, the others from Roots.

[u] Of Sallows *Pliny* reckons three ſorts, chiefly; the Black, the White (which is likewiſe call'd *Nitellina*) and the *Hilix*, or *French* Sallow: *Theophraſtus*, five, or more.

[x] Of this Tree *Delecampius* upon *Pliny* produces three ſorts, diſtinguiſh'd by the diverſity of their Fruits. There is likewiſe a Plant of that name, of which there are

are two kinds; one Wild, growing in Marſhes and Watery places; the other is of a Garden-kind, whereof the *Ægyptians* (as *Pliny* ſays) make Bread.

y *Cretan* Cypreſs, growing in *Ida*, a Mountain of *Creet*. Theſe Trees are diſtinguiſh'd into Male and Female.

z Of Olives *Columella* reckons ten ſorts, *Macrobius* ſeventeen; *Virgil* here inſiſts onely upon three.

aa A kind of Olives ſo call'd from their round Form.

bb Olives ſo call'd from their length; ſo *Iſidore*, *l.* 17. *Radidæ pro eo quod oblongæ ſunt in modum Radiorum.*

cc A kind of Olive which hath its Name *à Paniendo* (as *Cato*, *Servius*, and *Iſidore*) *to ſtamp or pound*, becauſe they are ſtamp'd to make Oyl of, the two firſt being fitter to eat; or, as *La Cerda* conjectures, ἀπὸ τῦ πάνυμαι, becauſe they ſtay long upon the Trees.

dd *Alcinous* was King of the *Phæacks*, a great Affecter of Fruits and Gardens; Celebrated by *Homer* in the ninth of his *Odyſſes*.

ee Of Pears *Pliny* reckons thirty five ſorts, *Columella* ſeventeen, *Macrobius* thirty one. Among the moſt delicious were reckon'd the *Cruſtumian*, ſo nam'd from *Cruſtumium*, a Town of *Italy*. The *Syrian* Pear, *Columella* calls the *Tarentine*, eſteem'd next in goodneſs to the *Cruſtumian*.

ff *Methymne* is a City of *Lesbos*, famous for good Wine. Whereunto is appliable that of *Ariſtotle* in *Gellius*, who, when his Scholars deſir'd him (being then

then infirm and old) to nominate his Succeſſor; he deſir'd *Theophraſtus* of *Lesbos*, and *Menedemus* of *Rhodes* (both his Scholars) to get him either of them ſome of their own Country Wines; which when they brought him, and having taſted that of *Rhodes*, he anſwer'd, *It was a ſtrong and pleaſant Wine:* Next ſipping that of *Lesbos*, *Both Wines* (ſays he) *are very good; but* ἡδίων ὁ Λέσβιος, *the Lesbian is the pleaſanter.* By which Anſwer they clearly perceiv'd whom he intended to prefer.

gg *Thaſos* is an Iſland in the *Ægean Sea*, whoſe Wine was much commended by the Ancients: Its chiefeſt Excellence was its Odor or Fragrancy.

hh *Mareotis* is a Part of *Ægypt* (ſo *Strabo*); of *Lybia*, conterminous with *Ægypt* (ſo *Pliny*); as *Ptolomy* will, that part of *Lybia* which lies between *Cyrene* and *Ægypt*, by him call'd *Marmarica*. The Wines of this Country were moſt celebrated by the Ancients. *Ramus* and *Germanus* underſtand *Mareotick* Wine for Wine of *Epirus*, in which they will have *Mareotis* to be, following the Authority of *Columella*; from whom *La Cerda* diſſents.

ii A *Greek* Vine (ſo *Columella* makes it); perhaps ſo call'd from ſome Town of that Name in *Greece*. The Wine made of Grapes dry'd by the Sun upon the Vine, the *Latins* call'd *Vinum paſſum*: The eſteem which the Ancients ſet upon it, will appear by this of *Plato*, in 8. *de Leg.* ſpeaking of Thefts in the Field committed by Servants or Freemen: *Let him that is made free be admoniſh'd, that it is onely permitted him to ta*
tho

thoſe Figs and Grapes which cannot be preſerv'd; but as for dry'd Grapes, and Wine made thereof, by no means.

kk This is reckon'd by *Pliny* among thoſe that are not of the growth of *Italy*, and ſeems to have its Name from its Colour; in *Latin* call'd *Uva Leporaria*, Λάγως ſignifying *A Hare.*

ll Theſe were growing in the Territories of *Verona.* It is doubtful, in *Seneca*'s Opinion, (*L.* 1. *Nat. quæſt.*) whether *Virgil* here intends to praiſe or diſpraiſe this Grape: But *Pliny* is more poſitive, and declares that *Virgil* here commends them next for Goodneſs to the *Falernian*: With him conſents *La Cerda*, adding, That *Virgil* here commends this Grape purpoſely, becauſe affected much by *Auguſtus*: Witneſs *Suetonius*; *Maximè delectatus eſt Rhetico.* So *Martial* commends the *Setin*, becauſe *Domitian* lik'd it.

mm So call'd from the Hill *Falernus.* Of this Wine there were three ſorts, the ſharp, the ſweet, and the mild: That growing upon the Hill top was call'd *Gauran* Wine; that in the middle, *Fauſtian*; that in the bottom, *Falernian*: *Plin. l.* 14. Its Excellency *Varro* ſhews, (*l.* 1. *c.* 2.) *What* (ſays he) *is comparable to that of* Campania? *what Barley, to the* Apulian? *what Wine to the* Falernian?

nn *Amineam* is a Town of *Campania*, according to *Ptolomy*, whence haply the Wine is ſo call'd. *Servius* will have it ſo call'd becauſe the Wine thereof is *ſine Minio*, without Red, being a White Wine.

oo *Tmolus* is a Monument of *Lydia*, famous for good Wine: ſo the Author of *Thebais*; *Hinc nota Baccho Tmolus*

Tmolus attolet Fugo. *Phanæus* is a Mountain in the Promontory of *Chios*, ſo call'd from King *Phanæus*, (*Serv.*) But the Title of King here given to the Mountain, is to be apply'd to the excellency of the *Chian* Wine, as Chief, and having the Principality in eſteem above other. See this clear'd by *La Cerda.*

pp This Grape is ſo call'd either from its whiteneſs, (ἀργὸς ſignifying *White*) or from *Agris*, whence it was firſt brought: This was chiefly commended for its ſweetneſs and continuance; of which there were two ſorts, the greater and the leſſer, the latter much commended by *Columella.*

qq Of this Wine already, in the Note upon the *Lesbian* Wine. We ſhall onely add, That this Wine was us'd particularly to be ſerv'd in at ſecond Tables, and in Libation to the Gods, the Preſidents thereof: Some underſtand it of the Grape dry'd, (not Wine); Grapes being uſually brought in at ſecond Courſes, as appears by *Martial* and *Horace*; but *Luyſinius* his Explication, referring it to the Wide, not the dry'd Grapes, better pleaſes *La Cerda.*

rr A *Grecian* Grape, ſo call'd from its Bigneſs and Form; *tument vero mammarum inſtar Bumaſti. Plin. l.* 14.

ſſ *Ionia* is a Region of the Leſſer *Aſia*, ſometimes a little Tract of Land along the *Italian* Coaſt, and therefore perhaps here taken for the *Adriatick*, which is accounted a rough and tempeſtuous Sea. (*Ramus.*)

tt See *Pliny*, *l.* 16.

uu *Columella*, *l.*4. *c.*30. *& l.*5. *c.*6. See *Pliny* likewiſe (*ut ſupra*) *& Cato*, *c.*9.

xx Out

xx Our Author gives ſufficient Teſtimony to this, in the ſecond, fourth, ſixth, and tenth of his *Æneis*; ſo that we need not call in the Authority of *Pliny*, (*l.* 16.)

yy Yet the Author of the *Geop. l.* 11. *c.* 8. and *Pliny*, *l.* 16. affirm, they uſually grow in Hilly places, and are beſt to be planted there. The firſt gives a Reaſon for it, Becauſe ſo Planted they diffuſe their Scent the better. The Berries of this Tree, *Pliny* affirms, were, before Pepper was found out, us'd in ſtead thereof.

zz Confirm'd by the Teſtimonies of *Varro*, *Auſonius*, and *Sophocles* in *Tyran.* ὁ Βαχεῖος. Διὸς ναίων ἐπ' ἄκρων ὀρέων, i. e. *Bacchus dwelling on Hill tops.* Yet Vines are ſometimes preſcrib'd to be planted in the Plains, as affording more, though the Hills better Wine. See *Columella*, *l.* 3. *c.* 2. and *Palladius*, *l.* 1. There be likewiſe who are neither for Hill nor Plain, but an indifferent riſing Ground between both. So *Celſus in Columella*, (*l.* 3.) *Nec Campeſtre, nec Præceps, ſimile tamen edito Campo*: And therefore our Author hereafter makes it a *Quære*, *Collibus, an plano melius ſit ponere vites.*

1 As thriving beſt in Cold, and, as *Theophraſtus* ſays, in ſhady Hills.

2 *Arabia* is divided into *The Stony*, *The Deſart*, and *The Happy*: The latter is here underſtood (ſays *Ramus.*)

3 The *Geloni* were a People of *Scythia* (not *Thrace*, as ſome make them.) The Reaſon of the Epithet *Servius* refers to their Painting and Stigmatizing

of their Bodies, as our Ancient *Picts* are ſaid to have done; *La Cerda*, to their Birth and Original, grounding his Conceit upon that Paſſage in *Herodotus*, where he writes that *Hercules* had three Children; the firſt call'd *Agathyrſus*; the ſecond, *Gelonus*; the third, *Scytha*, begotten of a Maid, of a double Form, Humane and Serpentine, who gave Names to many ſeveral Nations; whence in regard of their Snakie Original, they are ſaid to have ſpotted Skins like Serpents. This Opinion of his he conceives confirm'd by *Virgil*'s Authority, by whom the *Agathyrſi*, a diſtinct Nation of the ſame Extraction, are, in the fourth of his *Æneis*, call'd *Pictique Agathyrſi*, in alluſion, as he ſuppoſes, to their Poetical Original.

4 Though our Author ſeems to make this the peculiar Commodity of *India*, yet *Herodotus*, *l.* 3. tells us it is likewiſe Native of *Æthiopia*, much preferr'd before that of *India*. This Tree was firſt ſhewn by *Pompey* to *Rome* in his *Mithridatick* Triumph.

5 Of this already, in the firſt Book.

6 A Shrub not much unlike to a Vine, the beſt growing in *Judæa*, to which place *Pliny* onely confines it; yet *Dioſcorides* writes of the *Ægyptian*, and *Pauſanias* of the *Arabick*, though *Salmaſius* (in his *Plinian* Exercitations) takes it for a Fable; yet I know not for what reaſon, ſince the firſt Balſam-Root, from which thoſe of *Judæa* came, *Joſephus* affirms to have been ſent to *Solomon* by the *Sabeans* (*l.* 8. *Antiqu.*) There is brought of this from *Mexico* in *America*, but neither for Odor or Vertue comparable to that of *Judæa*. This Tree

Tree was by *Veſpaſian* exhibited to *Rome* in his Triumph for his Conqueſt of *Jewry*.

[7] *Acanthus* is both an Herb and a Tree; here taken for the laſt: by *Servius* deſcrib'd, *An Ægyptian Tree, always green, as the Olive and Laurel; So called, becauſe it is full of Prickles*; and ſeems to be the ſame with that which *Pliny* reſembles to the white-Thorn, ſave that the Leaves are leſs, being pricked at the edges, and covered with a Cobweb Doun; which being gather'd, they made Garments of, not unlike thoſe of Silk. See *Pliny, l.* 24. *c.* 12.

[8] He ſeems to intimate that ſoft and light Silken Wool, by the Latines call'd *Goſſipium*, growing from a ſhrub ſo call'd in the upper part of *Egypt* towards *Arabia*.

[9] The *Seres*, *Stephanus* makes a People of *India*, others of *Scythia extra Imaum*, of whom thus *Pliny*; *The* Seres *are famous for Lanificious Groves, who comb from the Leaves of Trees beſprinkled with water, a Silken Doun*; This the Latines call'd *Sericum*, and the Garments made thereof *Sericas Veſtes*, heretofore (as *Ammianus Marcellinus* reports) only worn by Nobles, afterwards (as the *Roman* luxury increaſt) by the *Plebeians*. See *Scaliger Exercit.* 158. *Sect.* 9. Where he affirms this kind of Silk to be made after the ſame manner in *Calabria*. *Salmaſius* (on *Solinus p.* 300.) reckons up from the Authorities of the Antients three ſeveral kinds of this *Sericum*, one collected from the Leaves, another from the Barks of Trees, and a third from the threds of Silkworms. *Lipſius* (*in Comment. ad* 2. *Annal Tacit.*)

and *Delrius* upon *Seneca*'s *Hippolytus*, diſtinguiſh'd between *Sericum*, *Byſſum*, and *Bombicinum*; the firſt taken from the Leaves of Trees, the ſecond growing out of the ground like Line or Hemp, and the third the work of Silk-worms. So *Beroaldus* likewiſe in *Annot. ad Servii Comment.* and *Bernactius in Sylv. Statii.*

[10] Of theſe *Pliny* (from the writing of *Theophraſtus*, or *Oneſic.* in particular of the *Indian* Fig-tree, as *Scaligar* conceives) *l.* 7. *c.* 27. The reaſon of the ſtupendious height of theſe Trees, he aſcribes to the fertility of the Soyl, temperature of the Heavens, and abundance of moiſture; *Scaliger* to the lightneſs of the Wood, as participating little of earthly matter. *Exerc.* 166.

[11] This ſome underſtand of the *Malum Cydonium*, or Pomegranate; Others, and in particular *La Cerda* upon this place, and *Salmaſius* upon *Solinus*, of the Orange, or rather Citron; The ſix Properties here aſcrib'd by our Author, that is, ſowerneſs or harſhneſs of taſt, ſtrength againſt Poiſons, perpetual greenneſs, reſemblance of the Laurel, Excellency of ſmell, and the helping of tainting Breaths, agreeing exactly with the Citron, as by moſt Authentick Teſtimonies *La Cerda* evinces. This Tree in *Virgils*, *Plinies*, and in *Solinus* his time was onely growing in *Media*, afterwards in other places, by the diligence of *Palladius* being brought to thrive in *Italy*, and from thence Tranſplanted elſewhere. See *Ruell. lib.* 1. *de Natur. Stirp. c.* 79.

[12] A Region of *Aſia*, having on the North *Hyrcania*, on the Weſt *Aſſyria*, on the South *Perſia*, on the Eaſt *Parthia*;

Parthia; So called, as ſome will, but falſly, from *Medus*, the Son of *Medea*, by *Ægeus*, but as others more truly *Madai*, the Son of *Japhet*, ſent thither by *Nimrod* to Plant, about 150 years after the Flood, where he laid the Foundations of that Antient and flouriſhing Empire, called after by his own Name. See *Joſephus Antiqu. Judaic. l.* 1.

13 A River dividing *India* in the midſt, taking its Riſe from the *Scythian* Mountains, the Northern bounderies of *India*, where leaſt, eight thouſand Paces broad, which as *Seneca* ſays in his Deſcription of *India*, divides it ſelf into Nine Chanels, as *Melo* into Seven, as others into Three. This River the *Egyptians* deſign'd as the Hieroplyphick of Wiſdom; as being inrich'd with Gold, Carbuncles, and Emeralds, denoting the Invention, Light, and vivacity of mind. See *Pier. l.* 21. *c.* 12. The firſt of the Romans that Sail'd upon this River, was the Emperor *Trajan*; who from the *Indian* Gulf entred the Mouth of *Ganges* with his Fleet. This contrary to all other Rivers runs directly Eaſt-ward. Of which thus *Lucan* in 3. *Pharſ.*

——Ganges, toto qui ſolus in orbe
Oſtia naſcenti contraria ſolvere Phœbo
Audet, & adverſum fluctus impellit in Eurum.

14 A River of *Lydia* inrich'd by the Streams and Golden Sands of *Pactolus*, which falls into it. See *Strabo*, and *Herodot. l.* 4.

15 A Province of *Scythia*, lying above *Perſis* where the beſt Emeralds are found, of which *Theophraſtus*, and *Pliny*. The chief City of this Region is *Bactra*, ſeated under the Mountain *Paropamiſus*, whoſe Bounds the River *Bactrus* waſhes, that gives Denomination both to the City and Region. See *Quint. Curtius*.

16 Accounted the richeſt Tract of the whole Earth.

17 A Region of *Perſis*, ſo called from one King *Panchæus*, as others will, a Part of *Arabia the Happy*.

18 See the Fable in *Ovid Metamorph. l.* 7.

19 See the Fable in *Ovid*, *ut ſupra*; which affords this Political Moral; *Where Diſcord is ſown for the Seed, the Harveſt muſt needs be Deſtruction.* Pallas *therefore adviſes* Cadmus, *intending to make himſelf King of* Bœotia, *as the beſt means to deſtroy his Enemies*, (*that is, thoſe that were for* Drace, *whoſe Kingdom, having ſlain him, he uſurp'd*) *to ſow this Serpentine ſeed of Diſcord, and Diviſion, among them, which accordingly had its effect.*

20 A River of the *Faliſci*, here called ſacred, in regard the Temple of *Jupiter* was ſeated near it, who was thence called *Jupiter Clitumnus*; the water of this River is ſaid to make the Cattel that drink thereof white; which Doctor *Fulk* (*in* 4. *Meteor.*) aſcribes to the Flegmatick quality of the Water. The Bulls that had drunk of this River, and chang'd their Colour, were uſully led in Triumph to be Sacrific'd, and if one white of it ſelf could not be found, they Colour'd him over with Lead or Chalk. Hence that of *Juvenal. Satyr.* 10.

—*Duo*

——*Duo in Capitolia magnum*
Cretatumque Bovem.

21 A Lake near *Como*, at the Foot of the *Alps*, now called *Lago de Como*. See the younger *Pliny*, *lib. Epiſt.* 2. and *Leander* his Deſcription of *Italy*.

22 A Lake in the Teritory of *Verona*, celebrated by the Muſe of *Bembus*, in a Poem comparable (in *Scaliger*'s judgement) wiih many of the Antients.

23 He ſpeaks here of the Julian Port at the *Baiæ*, made by *Auguſtus*, with the labor of twenty thouſand Manumitted Slaves, and called the Julian Port in honor of *Julius Cæſar*; Letting in the Sea into *Lucrinus*, and the Lake *Avernus*; As *Suetonius* tells us in the life of *Auguſtus*, *cap.* 16.

24 Commended by *Pliny* for its plenty of Gold, Silver, Braſs, and Iorn; Nor leſs by *Dion. Halicarnaſſ.* for its ſtore of all manner of Metalls.

25 A people of *Italy* deſcended from *Marſus* the Son of *Ulyſſes* and *Circe*, ſo *Pliny*; Or from *Marſias* the Piper, overcome by *Apollo*, as *Silius Italicus*; Or from *Marſus* the Lydian, as others.

26 A people of *Italy*, ſo call'd from one *Ligo*, or *Ligur*, the Son of *Phaeton*. The Region they inhabit is on the Weſt bounded with the *Alps* that part *Italy* from *Provence*, on the Eaſt with *Tuſcany*, on the South with the Ligurian Sea, and on the North with the *Apennine*.

28 A People of *Italy* near *Campania.*

29 Of theſe there were two who voluntarily devoted their Lives for the good of their Country, the one in the Latine, the other in the Gallick War.

30 Of this Name there were many, but one more Famous than the reſt, who was ſeven time, Conſul.

31 He intends here that *Camillus* which reſcued the Roman Enſigns from the *Gauls*; Of which in the ſixth of the *Æneis.*

32 Meaning the Uncle and the Nephew, the Firſt, the Conqueror, the other, the Subverter of *Carthage.*

33 *Pomponius Sabinus* will have *Italy* ſo call'd, not from *Saturn*'s lying hid there, as the common Fable hath it, but becauſe all plentiful and fruitful Places were Antiently Dedicated to *Saturn*, as Hills and Woods to *Pan*, Green Meads and Vallies to Nymphs, Shores and Iſlands to Sea-Gods; And therefore no marvel if a Land ſo fruitful as *Italy*, was call'd by that Title, ſince the Antients believ'd *Saturn* the Author and Conferrer of all Plenty and Happineſs.

34 According to that of *Propertius*, *Tu canis Aſcræi veteris præcepta Poetæ. Virgil* profeſſing in this Work to be the Imitator and Follower of *Heſiod* the Greek Poet, born at *Aſcræ* a Town in *Bœotia*, who firſt among the Greeks diſcovered the Arts of Husbandry in Verſe, as *Virgil* among the Romans.

35 This begins the fourth part of this Book, diſcovering the Natures, Qualities, Signs and Indications of ſeveral grounds, as beſt agreeing with Olives, Vines, Paſture, and Fruit; in which the Poet is ſo clear and plain,

plain, that there is little need of any further Illuſtration.

36 Either ſo call'd in regard Pipers are commonly puſt up in their Cheeks with often exerciſe of their Profeſſion; Or in reſpect of the Complexion and Conſtitution of that People, as deſcrib'd by *Catullus*, *Aut parcus Umber, aut obeſus Hetruſcus*; Or as ſerving at the Altar, and feeding fully upon the Romans of the Sacrifice, and ſo thriving and fatning by their good Diet.

37 Goats very Pernicious to Corn, Plants, and Fruit, and therefore in the Leaſing of a Farm, it was a ſpecial Exception with the Romans that they ſhould not keep a Kid in the Grounds; and the reaſon is given, becauſe their Teeth are very hurtful to Corn, *&c.* For, whatever they bite, they burn, which proceeds from their Conſtitution, as being always in a Feaver; For this Reaſon it was, that Goats were not permitted to come within the Caſtle of *Athens*, for fear they ſhould crop the Olive-Tree, produc'd there by *Minerva*, as *Delacampius* obſerves upon *Pliny*.

38 The chief City of *Campania*, ſo call'd from *Capys* its Founder.

39 A Mountain of *Campania*, by the *Italians* call'd *Monte di Somma*.

40 A River in *Italy* between *Nola* and *Capuas*.

41 A City of *Campania*, near which the River *Clanius* paſſeth.

42 Theſe were diſpos'd in that Order which by the Latines was called *Quincuncis*, not the ſimple one, as *La Cerda*

Cerda well obſerves, but the double, in ſhape like an *X* or two *V*'s joyn'd together: The diſtance obſerv'd was moſt commonly ten Foot. This Order our Author preſcribes, not ſo much for ſhew as profit; Of which, beſides *Pliny* and *Columella*, thus *Quintilian* (*l.* 8. *c.* 3.) *Is there no Order or Decorum to be kept in the planting of Fruit-Trees? Who will deny it? For I reduce my Trees to a certain Order and Diſtance. What can be more ſpecious than the* Quincuncis? *which, on what part ſoever you look, is ſtrait. And this is done to a profitable end, that the Plants may draw equally the juice of the Earth.*

43 Meaning the Stork, which, as *Iſidore* ſays, *is the Nuncius of the Spring, Friend to Society, Enemy to Serpents*: And therefore had in ſo much eſteem with the *Theſſalians*, that it was Capital to kill one.

44 It is much controverted at what time the World was created; *Mercator* and ſome others will have it to be in the Summer *Solſtice*, (and therefore I wonder why *La Cerda* ſhould ſo confidently affirm upon this place, *That is is not queſtion'd by any, whether it were created in Winter or Summer*) and that in the beginning of time the Sun entring *Leo*, gave beginning to the Year: Which Opinion ſeems to be deriv'd from the Egyptian Prieſts, who obſerving the River *Nilus* to overflow about the Summer *Solſtice*, ador'd it for a God, eſteeming the time of its Inundation an infallible beginning of Divine Actions in created things. Another Opinion is, That the World was created in *Autumn*, and that the Sun (who is the Index of Time) began his Courſe in *Libra*, about the ſix and twentieth of *October* accor-

din-

ding to our *Julian* accompt: Which Opinion is grounded (by later Divines) upon two Texts in *Exodus*, where the Iſraelites are commanded to obſerve *Feſtum Collectionis in exitu Anni, quum collegiſſent labores ſuos ex Agro*; *Hoc eſt Feſtum Tabernaculorum menſe ſeptimo.* From whence we inferr, That the Year both ended and began again about the Feaſt of Tabernacles. The later and better Opinion is of thoſe who reckon from the Spring; and hath not only the conſent of the Jews, but almoſt of all other Nations; Confirm'd by that of the Panegyriſt to *Maximinian*, in theſe words, *Divinus ille veſtræ Majeſt. Ortus, ipſo quo illuxit, Auſpicio, veris illuſtrior, Auguſtiore fulgens Luminis claritate quam cum Origine Mundi Naſcentis animavit.*

45 The Goat was ſacrific'd to *Bacchus*, becauſe his biting is an Enemy to the Vine. See *Servius* upon the place. *Varro l.* 1. *de re Ruſtica. Alexander ab Alexandro l. gen. dier.* and his Comentator *Triaquell.*

46 Meaning the Tragœdy, which was ſo call'd from the Goat; either becauſe that was offer'd in Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, whoſe praiſes only that Poem antiently contain'd; or becauſe the Goat was the Prize of the Tragœdians and Actors, according to that of *Horace*,

Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob Hircum.

47 Hitherto is appliable that of *Thucidides l.* 2. *The Athenians* (ſays he) *under* Cecrops, *and their firſt Kings, until* Theſeus *his time, liv'd deſpers'd in Villages, every one having their own Councel and Magiſtrates, ſeldom (unleſs compell'd*

compell'd by fear) *coming to consult with their Kings. But when* Theseus *came to Reign, joyning Power with Policy, he disolv'd their private Courts and Magistrates, and reduc'd them within the Govermemt of one City. In memorial of which Commigration, the Athenians kept a Publick Festival yearly to* Minerva. Hence likewise as *Lucinus* (*in Parerg.*) observes, the Athenians use to celebrate the solemnities of *Bacchus* in the Fields.

48 These Bottles were made of the Skin of a Goat sewed up close, fill'd with Wine, and anointed with Oyl to make them slippery, over which they hopped with one Leg, making themselves laughter at the Falls they often took. They us'd likewise to Besmear their Faces with the *Fæces* or Dreggs of Wine and Must; Hence *Aristophanes in Nub.* calls them τρυγωδαίμονας *Fæculem Dæmons*; because (as the Scholiast says) they us'd to dawb their Faces with Dreggs of Wine. The Romans in these Ceremonies, us'd Vizards of rough Bark, as is mentioned in the following Verse, of which *Horace* makes *Æschylus* the first Inventor: that so they might not be known when they recited their Poems in the high ways, or in the green Meadows, which they commonly did about the beginning of the Spring.

49 These by the Latines are call'd *Oscilla*, which some take to be Vizards, as is before noted; *Macrobius* will have them to be Images of humane Shape, and refers the Origin of this Institution to *Hercules*. See likewise *Servius* upon this place. *Turnebus*, *Germanus* and *La Cerda*, understand not only the first, but a kind of Gesticulation or motion by hanging on the Boughs of Trees

Trees, and being therewith toſſed up and down; repreſenting the uncertain condition of Humane life; repeated for ſix days together in the Latine Feſtivals. The Original *Hyginus* obſerves thus: Erigone *oppreſt with exceſſive ſorrow for the death of her Father* Icarus (*ſlain by the Attic Clowns*) *hang'd her ſelf, whereupon the Athenian Virgins were puniſh'd with the ſame Fate, at the prayer of dying* Erigone. *Remedy being ſought, the Oracle Anſwers, If they would be freed from that unhappy Frenzy and Fate, they muſt make ſatisfaction to* Erigone. *Whereupon they Ordered* (*to the end the ſatisfaction might have ſome affinity with the manner of her death*) *that they ſhould ſit upon ſome Board or Plank, hang'd by Ropes on the Boughs of ſome Trees, and ſwing up and down in the Air.* Thoſe that did ſo were call'd *Aletides*, in memory of *Erigone*, whom they call'd ἀλῆτιν, *i. e.* wandring and ſolitary for the loſs of her Father.

50 Here *La Cerda* notes the curious diligence of *Virgil*, who, not only makes the Goat be Sacrific'd to *Bacchus*, as his Enemy, but Roaſted likewiſe on Hazel Spits, in regard that Tree is hurtful to Vines. And therefore he before adviſ'd, *Plant not rough Hazels amongſt tender Vines.*

51 The Deſcription of this Hook *Columella* gives, in his fifth Book *c.* 25. The Hook is attributed to *Saturn*, in regard he is call'd Κρόνος or Time, which, as with a Hook, Mowes and Cuts down all things.

52 A Mountain of *Paphlagonia*, (not *Macedon* as *Servius* makes it) See *Pliny*, and *Euſtachius* upon *Homer*, *l.* 2. where he ſaith, *Cyterus is a City* (as well a Mountain)

tain) *of Paphlagonia the Mart-Town of the* Synopei, *where the moſt and beſt Box growes*: And therefore it was proverbially us'd among the Antients to ſay, πύξον εἰς κύτωρον ἤγαγες, *you ſend Box to* Cytorus, as among us, *to ſend Coles to* Newcaſtle.

53 A Mountain of *Scythia*, beginning from the Mountain *Corax*, and with one Ridge parting *Colchos* from *Iberia*, with the other, *Iberia* from *Albania*, and ſo continuing to the *Ceraunian* Mountains. *Ptolm.*

54 The Myrtle is commended for its ſtrength and firmneſs, no leſs the Cornel, and therefore fit for Warlike uſes; I may add likewiſe for its lightneſs (requiſite in Miſſile Weapons) which I collect from *Seneca* in *Hippolytus*,

——*Non erat gracili* Levis
Armata ferro Cornus.

55 A people of *Theſſaly*, who firſt taught to ride the Horſe, of which were *Rhacus*, *Hyleus*, and *Pholus*: The laſt was Hoſt to *Hercules*, and (with the reſt) was ſlain at *Pinthous* his Nuptials. See *Ovid. l.* 12. *Metam.*

56 The Lapithites were one people with the Centaures, inhabiting one Country, no otherwiſe diſtinguiſht than the Romans and the Latines.

57 The City of *Corinth* being taken and burnt by the Romans in the 156 Olympiad and 607 years after the building of *Rome*, divers Brazen Statutes were Melted, with other Veſſels of Gold and Silver, and by that general conflagration mixed together, from whence

whence aroſe that celebrated Vein of Braſs, ſo much eſteem'd of by the Romans, that they valued it before Silver, and almoſt before Gold. *Pliny*, *l.* 34. *c.* 1.

58 Purple, whoſe Invention is owing the Aſſyrians and Phænicians.

59 The Antient differ'd much in their Opinions concerning the Cauſe thereof. *Anaxagoras* will have it be Air; *Empedocles*, Fire; *Thales* and *Democritus*, Water; *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus*, Subterranean Wind or Vapours; others (as *Poſſidonius*, *Metrodorus*, *Calliſthenes*, *Hipparcus* and *Seneca*) conceiv'd it a vain inquiry to ſearch after its Cauſe; And therefore the Antient Romans when they perceiv'd it, commanded preſently to Sacrifice, but declar'd not to what God, becauſe they knew not to what Power to aſcribe it.

60 Whether caus'd by the motion of the Sun, or certain Exhaltations under water, cauſing it to be driven to and fro, according to contrary Bounds and Limits; Or by the reſpiring of the Earth, whom the Platonicks, & amongſt them *Kepler* held to be a living Creature, drawing in and breathing forth the water again; Or by the Circular motion of the Earth; Or by an Angel ſometimes heaving the Earth above the Waters, ſometimes depreſſing it beneath them, by which means the Sea riſes and falls, as ſome have madly conceited; Or by the Effects and divers appearances of the Moon, as moſt imagine; let the Reader determine.

61 A River of *Theſſaly*, ariſing out of *Pelion*.

62 A Mountain of *Laconia*, Celebrated for ſtore of Hunting-

Hunting-Game: but more for the Exerciſes of the *Spartan* Virgins, which our Author here alludes to, or to the *Orgies* of *Bacchus*, perform'd by them. See *La Cerda* upon this place.

[63] A Mountain of *Thrace*, of that eminent height, that from the top thereof one may diſcern the *Pontick* and *Adriatick* Seas, *Iſter*, and the *Alps*. So writes *Livy*, *Polyb.* and *Strabo*; yet they doubt the truth of it.

[64] Thus *Junius Philagirius* upon this place. Auſidius Modeſtus *affirms*, *That he had read of this Cuſtom among the* Dacians, *that when they went to War, e're they attempted any thing, taking a Draught of the Water of* Iſter, *in manner of Sacred Wine, they ſwore not to return until they had ſlain their Enemies*. Hitherto alludes that of *Statius in* 1 *Syl.*

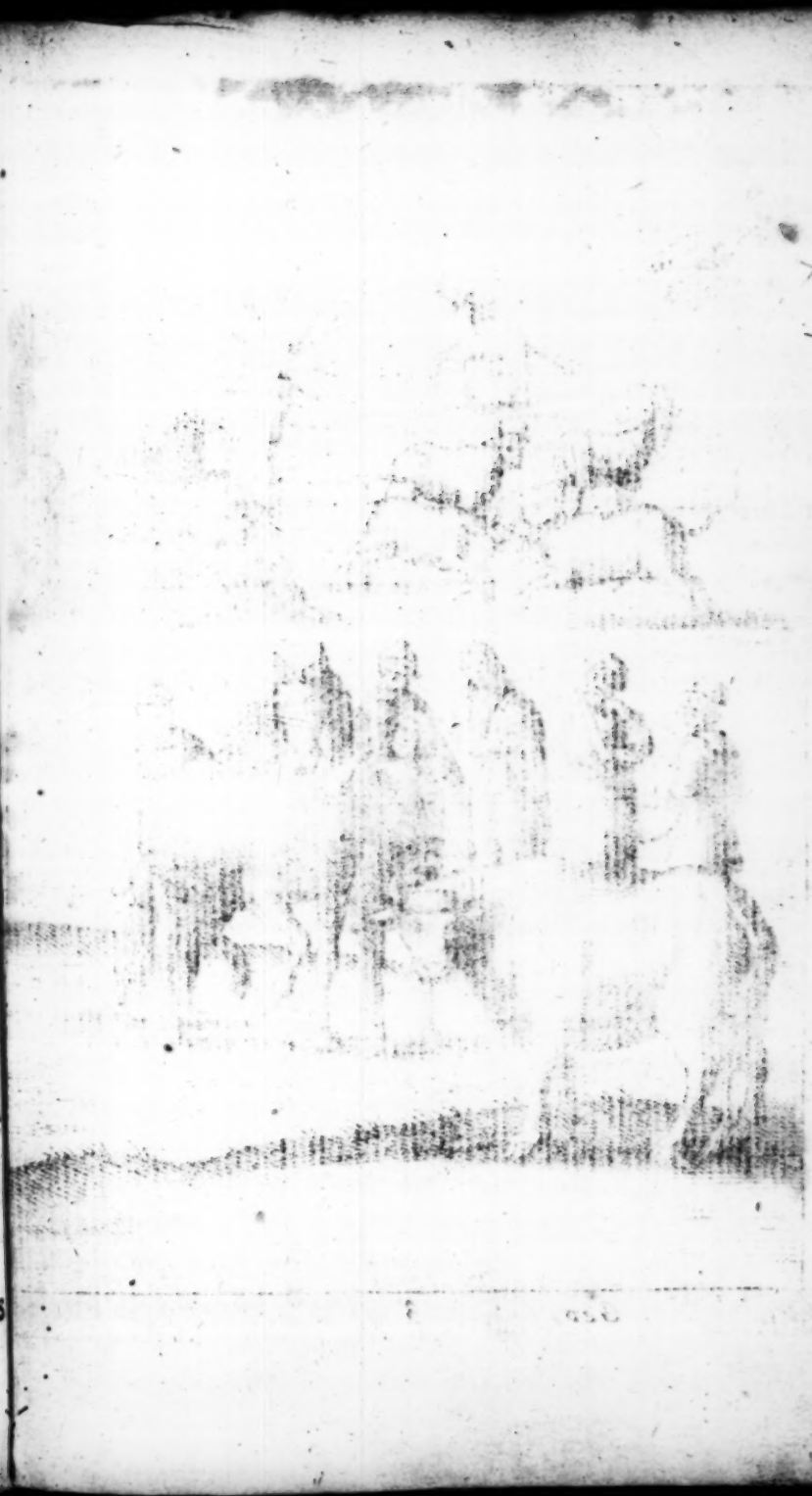
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos.

Upon which ſee *Gevartius*.

[65] *Tabularium* was the Place where the Publick Acts and Inſtruments of the People were kept, and may here figuratively be taken for the Acts themſelves.

[66] Olives of *Sicyone*, a City of *Tuſcania*, where there were ſtore.

[67] *Cretan*, from *Dicte* a Mountain of *Creet*, where he was brought up.





VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

The Third Book.

The ARGUMENT.

How to chuſe Cattel, *and beſt ways to breed,*
To train a Horſe, *for Labor, War, or Speed.*
The Power of Love: *whoſe Fire conſumes the* Males,
Make Bulls *to fight, and* Mares *court* Weſtern *Gales.*
Of Sheep *and* Goats: *Of* Milk *what Profit's made:*
Of Hair *and* Wool, *which drive a mighty Trade.*
Of Dogs *for Hunting, or a watchful* Guard.
Serpents *and* Flies *from* Beaſts *muſt be debar'd.*
With what Diſeaſes Cattel *are annoy'd:*
How Rots and Murrains have whole Realms *deſtroy'd.*

TO thee Great [a] *Pales*, and [b] th' *Amphryſian* Swain,
Groves, and *Lycean* Floods we turn our Strain.
All is divulg'd, our idle Fancies fed.
Where's he of Stern [d] *Euriſtheus* hath not read?

And Blood-ſtain'd Altars fierce [e] *Buſiris* rear'd?
Or not of [f] *Hylas*, or of [g] *Delos* heard?
Of ſwift [h] *Hippodame*, and [i] *Pelops* fam'd
For's Ivory Shoulder, who proud Horſes tam'd?
Yet I a way to raiſe my ſelf have found,
Shall make my name through all the World renown'd.
First to my Country (if I live) I will
Convey the Muſes from th' *Aonian* Hill;
And [k] *Idumæan* Palms to *Mantua* bear:
Then in green Fields a Marble Temple rear,
Where the great [l] *Mincius* ſlowly winding glides.
And borders with a tender Reed his ſides.
Amidſt the Fane ſhall [m] *Cæſar*'s Statue be,
Who ſhall in Purple me triumphing ſee,
Driving a * hundred Chariots to the Floods.
Leaving [n] *Alpheus*, and [o] *Molorchian* Woods,
All *Greece* ſhall ſtrive with Whirlbats, and the Race,
And Offering, Olive-leaves my Brows ſhall grace.
How it delights to ſee the ſolemn Train
March to the Temples, and the Bullocks ſlain!
Or as the Scene with Fronts reverſt ſhall ſhift,
And painted [p] *Britans* purple Hangings lift.
There I'le in Gold and Ivory draw th' Alarms
Of *India*, and Conquering *Cæſar*'s Arms;
And huge *Nile* ſwelling both with Waves, and War,
On Brazen Beams I'le Naval Trophies rear.
Next conquer'd *Aſia*, and *Niphates* ſhow,
And *Parthyans* flying, bold to uſe their Bow; (Hoaſts,
And Two huge Trophies ſnatch'd from both their
And double Triumphs gain'd from ſeveral Coaſts;

In

In *Parian* Marble, and reſpiring Braſs,
Shall ſtand the Statues of the *Dardan* Race;
And all their Titles ſprung from *Jove* Ile guild,
And *Tros* and *Phœbus*, who did *Ilium* build.
Let curſed Envy at the Furies ſhake,
And tremble at the dreadful *Stygian* Lake,
And at *Ixion*'s twiſted Serpents groan,
His racking Wheel, and never reſting Stone.
Mean while let us ſeek Groves, where Sylvan Gods
Their Dwellings have, and ſearch untracted Woods,
Thy hard Commands (*Mœcenas*) to purſue.
What can our Muſe without thy Influence do?
Ah, quickly come, nor trifle out the Day,
Citharon calls aloud, Ah, come away;
Horſe-taming *Epire*, and *Taygetan* Hounds,
And Woods the Clamor ecchoing reſounds.
Next I ſhall *Cæſar*'s mighty Wars proclame,
And through as many years extend his Fame,
As hath been ſince bright *Phœbus* did adorn (born.
The World with Light, till thou great Prince wert
Who e'r, *Olympick* Games admiring, breeds
Brave Horſes, or for Plough ſtrong Bullocks feeds,
To chuſe Well-body'd Females muſt have Care;
Of the beſt ſhape the ¶ Sowr-look'd Heifers are,
Her Head great, long her Neck, and to her Thigh
Down from her Chin her Dewlaps dangling lie;
Long-ſided, all Parts large, whom great Feet bears,
And under crooked Horns her briſly Ears:
Thoſe beſt I like whom Spots of White adorn,
Or ſhun the Yoke, oft butting with the Horn;

The whole Cow Fair, and viſag'd like the Male,
Sweeping the ground with her long buſhy Tail.
The fourth year paſt, [r] *Lucina* they implore,
And after ten, taſt Joys of Love no more:
Their Strength to plow, or procreate, then fails.
Whilſt wanton youth thy Herds boaſt, free the Males:
Thy Flocks whilſt they are young, to *Venus* bring,
That from the Old, New Progenies may ſpring.
The beſt days firſt from mortal wretches fly,
Diſeaſe, ſad Age, Labour and Death ſupply.
But always there are ſome which rather you
Would wiſh to change, than ſtill your Breed renew:
Leſt thou for loſt things ſeek, begin before,
And let a yearly Race ſupply thy ſtore.
Nor chuſing Horſe, from the like Precepts ſwerve,
Thoſe thou intend'ſt muſt their great Stock preſerve,
They at the firſt thy ſpecial Care require,
For the fair Iſſue of the gen'rous Sire
Walks [f] proudly round about the ſpacious Field,
Whilſt his ſoft Thighs in ſupple Flexures yield:
Firſt, dares the way, and threatning Rivers, take,
And o're an unknown Bridge at full ſpeed make,
Nor fears vain ſounds: One hath a lofty Neck,
A handſom Head, ſhort Belly, and broad Back,
Luxuriant ſwellings on his valiant Breaſt:
White, Sorril, worſt; Bay, or bright Gray is beſt.
But when from far a Sound of Arms he hears,
He knows no Stand, he ſhakes, and pricks his Ears;
And fierce to Charge, fire from his Noſtrils flies,
And his thick Main on his right Shoulder lies:

His

His Back-bone brad, he beats the Earth, and Proof
(With Thundrin Strokes) makes of his ſolid Hoof.
Such was ſwift [t] *Cyllarus*, whom bold *Pollux* tam'd;
Such [u] *Mars* and grat *Achilles* Steed, ſo fam'd
'Mongſt Grecian Pets, cunning [x] *Saturn* ſuch
A flowing Main ſhok at his Wives approach;
When from high *Pelion* he transform'd did fly,
And with loud Neighing ſhook the Arched Sky.
When this with Yers, or with Diſeaſe grows weak,
Bring home, and of his Age Compaſſion take:
Grown old, they *Venus* coldly entertain,
And the ingrateful Work prolong in vain:
And if to joyn Love-Battel they engage,
Like Fire in Straw they fondly ſpend their Rage.
Therefore their Years and Courage quickly learn,
Then all their other Qualities diſcern;
The goodneſs of their Breed; how worſted, they
Will [y] mourn; how glory, if they win the Day.
Haſt thou not ſeen, how Chariots from the Bar
In ſportful Conteſtation hurried are?
How Hopes and Fears commix'd, perform their Parts,
Storming with Heat and Cold the Gameſters Hearts?
Loud Strokes reſound, they check, now looſe the Reins,
Whilſt the fir'd Ax flies thundring o're the Plains;
Now in a Vale they hide, now up they riſe,
And, eaſy Air dividing, ſcale the Skies;
Straight in a Cloud of dusky Sand they come,
Moiſt with their followers breath, and white with foam
No ſtop, no ſtay; ſo greedy they're of Fame,
So hot to come off Conqu'rors in the Game.

First [z] *Erichthonius* Chariot-horſes oyn'd,
And on ſwift Wheels triumphing daid the Wind;
[aa] *Lapithes* firſt the Art of Riding fand,
And Horſemen taught t' inſult o're tampled Ground,
Arm'd *cap-a-pe*, and thick proud Stos to uſe;
Both Tasks alike; and skilful Riders, chuſe
One young, as well as ſwift, and fierce for fight,
Though he hath often put the Foe to flight;
And *Epire*, or *Mycene* his Country call,
Or boaſt from *Neptune* his Origina.

This being known, take thou especial Care
To feed them high, when they muſt ſerve the Mare.
Whom for the Stud thy husband have decreed, (Bread;
They give him Graſs, clear Streams, and ſtrongeſt
Leſt Strength they want Love's Task to undergo,
And, their Sires failing, a poor Off-ſpring ſhow.

But carefully they make the Female lean;
And when known Luſt provokes to *Venus*, then
They keep from Food, and drive them from the ſtreams
And often chaſe and tire in *Phœbus* Beams, (groan,
When with thraſh'd Corn the beaten Barn-floars
And the light Chaff by Weſtern Winds is blown.
Theſe Arts they uſe, leſt that the Field of Love,
By too much wanton Rankneſs, barren prove,
And Oylie Fatneſs make the Furrows thin,
But greedy take the Seed, and keep it in.

The Sires Care paſt, now is the Dams begun,
When near their time, with reck'ned Months they've gone,
To draw a laden Car let no man force,
Or to leap Ditches, or in ſpeedy Courſe

Run

Run through the Meads, or in ſwift Floods to ſwim,
But feed in large Groves, near ſome pleaſant Stream,
Where Banks with Moſs and verdant Graſs array'd,
Are with Caves ſhelt'red, and a Rocky ſhade.
A Fly about the Groves of [bb] *Silarus* haunts,
And high [cc] *Alburnus*, green with ſtately Plants,
[dd] *Aſilus* call'd by *Romans*, but the ſame
The *Greeks* ſtyle *Oeſtron* by an antient Name;
Extreamly fierce and loud, whoſe Spight to ſhun,
To ſhelt'ring Woods affrighted Cattel run,
And with their bellowings ſtrike Heav'ns arched round
Which Groves, and ſhallow [ee] *Tanagrus* reſound.
With this dire Monſter, *Juno*, long ago,
Her Spight did on [ff] th' *Inachian* Heifer ſhow:
This, for it rages in the ſcorching heat,
Thou muſt with Care from teeming Cattel beat,
And feeding Herds, both when the Sun ſhall riſe,
Or night with glorious Stars adorn the Skies.
After they Teem, all Care on th' Off-ſpring place;
Give them thy Mark, and Brand, to know their Race;
Which, to increaſe thy Stock, thou do'ſt allow,
Or muſt ſerve ſacred Altars, or the Plough,
Turning vaſt Champaign rough with broken Glebes;
The reſt at pleaſure graze in verdant Meads;
Or thoſe thou wouldſt to Countrey uſes frame,
Inſtruct them young, and with much Cuſtome tame;
Obedience teach their youth, whilſt mellow years,
And pliant Joynts, invite thy willing Steers.
And firſt, about their Necks looſe Collars knit;
After, when Free-born Beaſts, how to ſubmit

To Tyrant Cuſtom learn, in Couples put,
And make them Side by Side, ſtrike Foot by Foot:
In empty Cars next make of them a Proof,
Where they in Duſt may print their cloven Hoof:
After the Beechen Ax groans with the Load,
And Brazen Teems, whoſe Wheels with Ir'n are ſhod.
Mean while, th' unbroken Wanton muſt not feed
Onely on Graſs, ſweet Sallows, nor the Reed,
But bring the Youngſter in thine own Hand Corn:
Nor, as the Cuſtom is, Evening and Morn
Suffer the Kine thy Snowy Pails to fill,
But the full Teat give their dear Off-ſpring ſtill.
If thou in War and cruel Arms do'ſt pride,
Or near *Alpheus* Streams delight'ſt to ride,
And drive ſwift Chariots through the Sacred Grove,
Firſt make thy Horſe, Arm'd Men and Arms to love;
Make him ſhrill Trumpets ſuffer, and to hear
The groaning Wheels, nor laſhing Whips to fear;
And at th' Applauſes, and his Maſters Voyce,
And ſounding of his clap'd Neck to rejoyce.
This from the Mothers Teat he muſt endure,
And to ſoft Headſtals him you ſhould inure,
Whil'ſt weak, and trembling, ſturdy Age unknown,
The Third Year ſpent, the Fourth now drawing on,
Let him begin to ride the Ring, and all
His Aires to learn, Curvet, and Capriol,
Let his ſwift Thighs alternate flexures bend;
Then with the Winds in nimble Courſe contend,
And with looſe Reins fly through the open Strands,
Scarce leaving any Print upon the Sands.

As

As when from *Hyperborean* Mountains fierce
Boreas doth Clouds, and *Scythian* Storms diſperſe;
When with loud blaſts, the waving Champain crown'd
With rank Corn ſhakes; and the tall Woods reſound,
Long Billows charge the Shore, the Tempeſt ſweeps
At once through verdant Fields, and azure Deeps.
This at the Games of *Elis* ſwiftly flies
Through the great Liſts, ſweating to gain the Prize,
Whilſt from his Mouth he ſcatters bloody Foam,
Or ss *Belgick* Chariots better doth become.
At laſt, when thou haſt broke thy Large-ſiz'd Breed,
With ſtore of ſtrength'ning Corn their Bodies feed.
E're taken up, their haughty Souls diſdain
The gentleſt Stroke, nor will endure the Rein.
No Art more keeps their Strength, than to remove
Venus, and cruel Shafts of blinded Love;
Whether in Herds thou doſt, or Horſes pride.
Far off the Bulls alone are feeding ty'd
Behind a Mountain, or beyond ſome Flood,
Shut up at plenteous Stalls with pleaſant Food:
For ſeeing of the Female waſts their ſtrength,
Who burning, mind nor Graſs, nor Groves, at length;
She with her ſweet Inticements oft provokes
Proud Rivals, till their Fury turns to Strokes.
In pleaſant Groves the beauteous Heifer feeds;
But they joyn Battel, and in Warlike Deeds
Gain many Wounds; their Bodies bath'd in Gore,
Cloſing their Horns, moſt dreadfully they roar;
The mighty Woods, and Heav'ns vaſt Court reſound.
Nór more theſe Warriors paſture in one ground;

Exil'd

Exil'd to Coaſts unknown the Vanquiſh'd goes,
Moaning his ſhame, and the proud Conqu'ror's blows,
That unreveng'd from him his love was took,
Viewing his Stalls, and Native Realms forſook.
Then carefully recruits his force, be'ng laid
On a hard Rock, a Bed but roughly made,
Feeds on harſh Leaves, and briſly [hh] *Carix* eats;
His Horns then exerciſing, Anger whets
Againſt a Tree, venting on th' Air his Spight,
Scatt'ring the Sand as prologue to the fight,
His Force recruited, on the Foe he ſets,
And boldly up his careleſs Quarters beats;
As when at Sea the muſter'd VVaves grow white,
And rowling from the Ocean gather height;
And now at Land, 'gainſt Rocks they ſtrangely roar,
Nor leſs than Mountains break upon the Shore;
The deep Floods boyl, whirl'd with a foaming Tide,
And working caſt up Sand on every ſide.
All Men on Earth, and [ii] Beaſts both wild and tame,
Sea-Monſters, gaudy Fowl, ruſh to this Flame:
The ſame Love works in all: with Love engag'd.
The Lioneſs, mindleſs of her VVhelps, enrag'd
VVanders the Fields; nor foul Bears oftner take
So many lives, nor greater ſlaughter make;
Nor cruel Tygers, nor the raging Boar:
Ah! 'tis ill wandring then dry *Lybia*'s Shore.
See'ſt thou how Horſes will all over ſhake,
VVhen in their Noſtrils the known Scent they take?
Nor they with Curbs, nor Stripes can be debarr'd,
Nor Rocks, nor Rivers can their Courſe retar'd,

Though

Though down they ſweep whole Mountains with their
The *ſable* Boar, whetting his Tuſks, then raves, (waves.
Rubbing againſt a Tree, and tears the Ground,
Hard'ning his Shoulders 'gainſt th' enſuing Wound.
[kk] How was that young Man took, when fierce deſire
In his hot Blood kindled ſo great a Fire!
For he, when all the Elements did fight, (Night,
Through Seas, turn'd Mountains, ſwom in hideous
When at him Heaven's Artillery thundred round,
And broken Billows 'gainſt the Rocks reſound:
Nor could his woful Parents him recal,
Nor ſhe whoſe Fate attends his Funeral.
Should I of *Lynces*, and of fierce Wolves write,
Of Dogs, aud how the tim'rous Deer will fight?
But the Mares Fury above all is fam'd;
For *Venus* with ſuch Rage their minds inflam'd,
When [ll] *Glaucus* Chariot-Mares with Fury ſtirr'd,
Did with revenging Teeth devour their Lord.
Beyond high [mm] *Gargarus*, loud *Aſcanius* ſtream,
O're Hills, and deepeſt Floods, Love carries them,
And ſtraight with hidden Fire their Marrow burns:
But moſt i'th' Spring, when Heat of Blood returns;
Then all to courting *Zephyre* turn their Face,
And plac'd on Rocks, laſcivious Gales embrace,
And oft they pregnant prove without a Mate,
[nn] Big with the Winds, and (wond'rous to relate)
Then over Hills and Dales are carried on;
Not to thee *Eurus*, nor the riſing Sun,
To *Boreas*, nor whence *Auſter* doth ariſe,
And with black ſhow'rs in mourning cloaths the Skies.

Hence

Hence comes that Poiſon which the Shepherds call
oo *Hippomanes*, and from their Groin doth fall,
The woful Bane oft cruel Stepdames uſe,
And with a Charm 'mongſt pow'rful Drugs infuſe.
But time irreparable haſts away,
Whilſt we with Love tranſported waſte the day.
Thus much for Herds; Next be your care to keep
The ſhaggy Goat, and drive the fleecy Sheep:
From this expect your Glory, Ruſtick Swains.
Nor am I ignorant how great a pains
It is low things with glorious Words to raiſe,
And from mean Arguments gain noble Praiſe.
But me, Love of *Parnaſſus* doth invite,
To hills untracted; there is my Delight,
Where no old Path is to *Caſtalia* found.
And now, great *Pales*, thee I ſhall reſound.
Firſt in thy warm Cots preſerve thy Flocks, and feed
Till freſh Spring give new Liv'ries to the Mead:
Let Straw and Litter keep their Lodgings warm,
Leſt cruel Cold the gentle Off-ſpring harm,
Breeding the Scab and Rot; but *Arbuts* bring
To wanton Goats, and Water from the Spring.
Then free from Winds againſt the Winter Sun
Place thou their Stalls, where *Phœbus* warms at Noon.
When cold *Aquarius* ſhall no more appear,
Sprinkling chill Dews on the concluding Year.
And to keep Goats, take thou no ſmaller Care,
Nor leſs ſhall be thy Gain, than if they were
In rich pp *Mileſian* Fleeces cloath'd, and ſold,
Bluſhing in *Tyrian* Purple, for much Gold.

Theſe

Theſe ſtill will breed, hence ſtore of Milk you get;
The more the Payl foams with the drained Teat,
The more ſweet ſtreams from the preſt Udder ſpin.
Beſides they cut the Beards and hoary Chin
Of the ¶¶ *Cinyphian* Goats, and briſly Hairs,
Uſeful for Camps, and woful Mariners.
But they in Woods, and high *Lyceus* rove,
Feeding on Bryars, and Bramble-berries Love:
Then home return, leading their own fair Train,
And ſcarce will full Teats o're the Threſhold gain.
But careful keep from them cold Winds and Snow,
Becauſe they leſs the want of Mortals know;
And bring ſweet food, for them green Branches cut,
Nor from the Hay-ſtack all long Winter ſhut.
But when the Spring the Weſtern Winds invokes,
To Groves and Meads invite then both thy Flocks:
At the firſt dawn in cold Grounds let them feed,
Whilſt Day is young, and Pearled is the Mead;
And Dew, to Cattel dear, on ſoft Graſs lies.
When the fourth hour Heat muſters from the Skies,
And amongſt Shrubs the murm'ring Graſhopper ſings,
Command thy Flocks then to the Lakes or Springs,
Or let them Taſte ſweet Streams in Pipes convey'd;
And when grown hot, to ſeek ſome cooling Shade,
Or *Jove*'s great Oke, preſerved long from Harms
By antient Rites, ſtretching his mighty Arms:
Or where dark Groves are with thick Branches made
Awful, and Sacred with a horrid Shade.
To Water then, and feed again, prepare
At Sun-ſet, when ſweet *Veſper* cools the Air,

When

When the rr moiſt Moon relieves the thirſty Ground,
Halcyons on Shores, and Birds on Trees reſound.
Why ſhould I thee of *Libyan* Shepherds tell,
Their Paſtures, and how ſcatt'ringly they dwell?
Oft Night and Day for a whole Month they feed,
And unhous'd Cattel through vaſt Deſarts lead.
In open Field the *Libyan* Shepherd lies,
With him his Flocks, his Houſe, and Deities,
His Arms, his *Spartan* Dog, and *Cretan* Bow:
So doth the Armed Roman Souldier ſhow,
Laden in's March; then ſtands in well-pitch'd Tents,
Before the Foe could have Intelligence.
But *Scythians*, who ff *Mæotick* Lakes command,
And ſtormy *Iſter* rolling yellow Sand,
Where *Rhodope* doth to the Pole extend.
There in cloſe Stalls the Cattel they defend:
The Fields no Graſs, the Trees no Leaves do boaſt;
But Snowy Mountains, and an horrid Froſt
Hides all the Earth, at leaſt ſeven Cubits high;
For ever cold, North-Winds eternally.
Nor can the Sun thoſe gloomy ſhades diſplace,
Nor when his Steeds mount the Meridian Race,
Nor when he cools them in the Weſtern Main.
There Icy Fetters ſtraight ſwift Rivers chain:
Wheels ſhod with Ir'n the ſtrong-back'd water bears,
And where Ships Sail'd, now ſafe go laden Cars;
It breaks hard Braſs, Cloaths freez upon Mens Backs,
And Wine, once liquid, ſuffers now the Ax;
And mighty Lakes transform'd to Ice; ſoon hard
Grow drops of Water on their uncomb'd Beard.

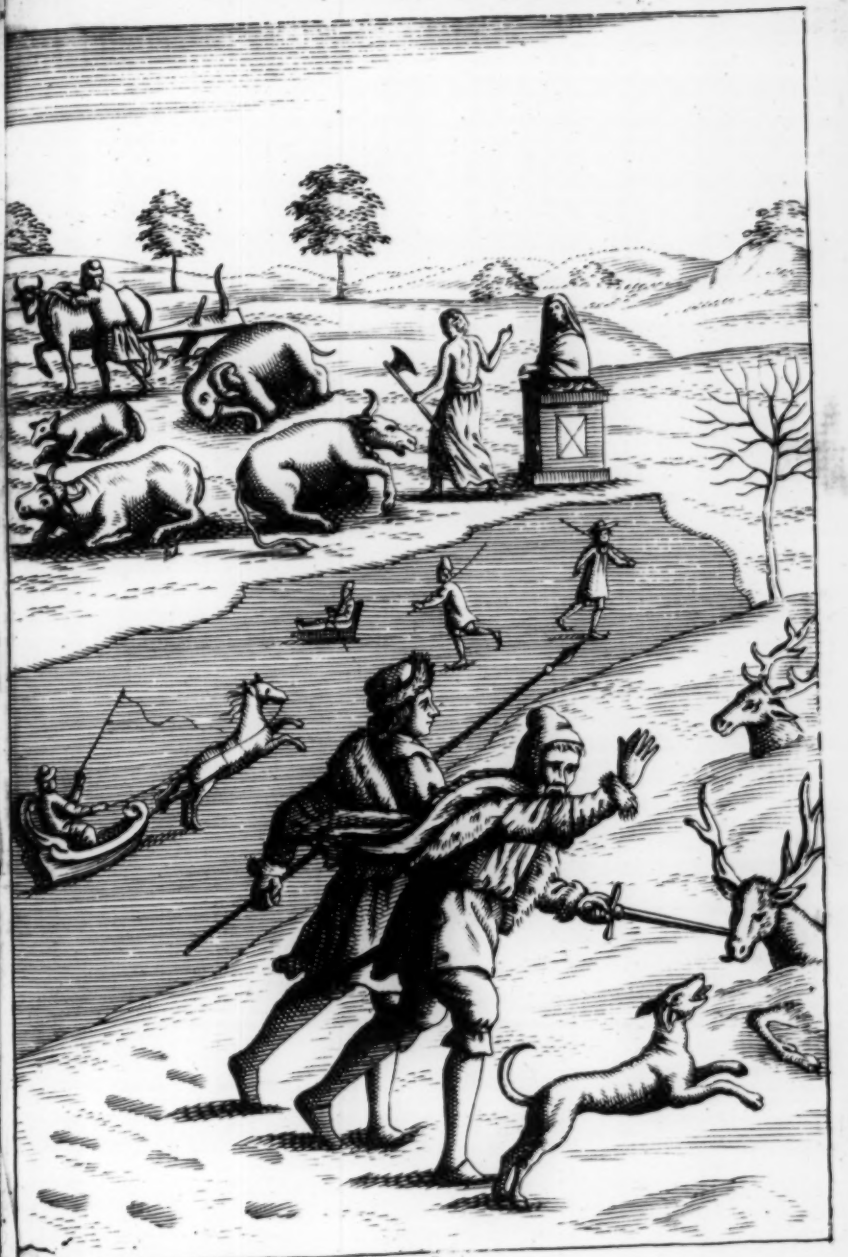
Mean-

Mean-while all Heav'n is dark with Snow, Sheep die,
And under mighty Drifts fair Cattel lie:
Whole Herds of Deer, new Mountains there infold,
That ſcarce you may their loſty Creſts behold.
Nor theſe with Nets they ſnare, nor ſeize with Hounds,
" Nor a red feather'd Terror them ſurrounds;
But as they ſtruggle under Hills in vain,
Kill with their Swords, whil'ſt they aloud complain,
Then bear them home, triumphing with a Cry.
Theſe under ground, in Caves ſecurely lie;
Whole Elms, and loads of mighty Oke are laid
Upon the Earth; when the huge fire is made,
They ſpend the night in ſport, ſtrong * Ale they quaff,
And wanting Wine carouſe ſharp Cervice off.
People ſo fierce nigh *Hyperborean* Hills
Under cold Stars of th' Artick Region dwells,
Still beaten with the ſharp "" *Ryphæan* Blaſts,
Their Bodies cloath'd with Sable Furs of Beaſts.
But if thou VVool eſteem, from Thorns thy Sheep,
From Burs and Bry'rs preſerve: from rank Graſs keep.
And with ſoft Fleeces Snowy Flocks elect;
But him (although the Ram be white) reject,
VVhoſe Mouth is always moiſt, with a black Tongue,
Leſt he ſhould change the Colours of the Young:
But chuſe another through the ſpacious Plain.
VVith a white Fleece (if it may Credit gain)
Arcadian * *Pan*, thee *Luna* to the Grove
Calling intic'd; nor didſt thou ſcorn his Love.
Is Milk thy Care? then *Lotus*, *Cytiſus* bring,
And in their Coats ſtore of ſalt Herbage ſling;

This

This makes them drink, which more the Teat extends,
And with a quicker Taſt the Milk commends.
Some from the Dams hinder the tender Kid,
And with hard Muzzles from the Pap forbid.
What they at Morning milk, they preſs at Night;
What they at Evening gain, when Day grows light,
The Swains to Market bring, or ſprinkled o're
With Salt, they keep it for their Winter Store.
Nor of thy Dogs have thou leſs care; but feed
Fleet [xx] *Spartan* Whelps, and thy *Moloſſian* breed
With ſtore of Whey; commanding ſuch a Guard,
'Gainſt Thieves by Night, or Wolves thou art prepar'd
Nor ſhall the fierce *Iberian* thee affright.
Thou the wild timorous Aſs ſhalt put to flight,
Oft hunt the Hare, & Deer, with full-mouth'd Hounds,
And thruſt forth Boars ſhelter'd in Wood-land ground;
And from high Mountains with loud Shouts beſet
Sometimes huge Stags, and drive them to thy Net.
Next learn to burn ſweet Cedar in their Rooms,
And ſmoak out Serpents with [yy] *Galbanean* Gums,
For oft amongſt the Planks a Viper lies,
Whoſe touch is Death, who light abhorring flies:
Or elſe a Snake in ſhelt'ring Roofs doth uſe,
Which will on Cattel cruel Bane infuſe,
Hid in the Ground: take thou a Stake or Stone,
And as he ſwells, and hiſſeth, knock him down;
But if he threaten, yet thou maiſt be ſure,
He will by flight his Coward-head ſecure,
His armed Ribs being bruis'd, and harneſs'd Train,
Scarce rallying up his broken Rear again.

In



Geo. 258

In the *Calabrian* Groves, there haunts a Snake,
Wreathing a haughty Creſt, and ſcaly Back,
And mingled Spots on his long Belly ſhew;
Who whilſt the Rivers from the Mountains flow,
Earth with rhe Spring dew'd, and the ſhowry South,
He lives in Fens, glutting his greedy Mouth (gapes,
With Fiſh, and croaking Frogs: but when Earth
And Lakes are drain'd with Heat, to Land he ſcapes,
Rolling his flaming Eyes; then far and wide
Rages with Thirſt, with Heat much terrify'd.
Then let not me under Heavens Canopy
Sweet ſlumber ſeize, nor in the Meadows lye
Near murm'ring Groves, when he hath caſt his Skin,
And rolling ſhines in wanton Youth agen;
zz Leaving in's Neſt his Egs, or elſe the Young,
And dares at *Phœbus* ſhake his triple Tongue.

The Signs and Cauſes now of each Diſeaſe,
Thou muſt be taught. Foul Scabs thy Flock will ſeiſe,
When chilling Show'rs invade Lifes ſtrongeſt Hold,
And horrid Froſts wax grim with bitter Cold;
Or when foul Sweat ſticks to them lately ſhorn,
And with rough Bry'rs their naked Bodies torn.
For wiſer Shepherds the whole Flock will take,
And deeply plunge them in ſome cleanſing Lake:
Far in, to drench his Fleece the Ram is thrown,
Who with the gentle Stream comes gliding down.
Or when they'r ſhorn, the Lees of Oyl apply,
Or Silver Spume, commix'd with *Mercury*,
Idæan Pitch, and ſtore of Oylie Tar,
Scilla, Bitumen, and black Hellebor.

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And no indeavor ſhall find more Succeſs,
Than if the skilful Swain an Orifice
With a ſharp Launce ſhould open on the Head;
Corruption lives, and is by covering fed,
Whilſt th' idle Swain neglects to dreſs the Sore,
And from the Gods doth better things implore.
When in the Bleaters marrow Aches breed,
And putrid Feavers on his Spirits feed,
It will be good t' avert the raging Pain,
By op'ning in his Foot the beating Vein.
So the [1] *Biſaltians* were accuſtomed,
And the moſt fierce *Gelonians*, when they fled
To *Rhodope*, or *Getan* wilds, to quaff,
Mix'd with thick Milk, the [2] blood of Horſes off.
If thou to cooling Shades ſeeſt any draw,
And ſweet Graſs nibble, as they had no Maw,
Or lag behind, or grazing to lye down,
And, e're they Fold, to march away alone,
Straight kill the guilty, e're the dire Diſeaſe
Infect the Flock, and careleſs vulgar ſeiſe.
Nor oftner are the Floods diſturb'd with Wind,
Than Sheep with Rots; nor doth the Sickneſs find
One to deſtroy, but ſuddenly doth fall
On Root and Branch, Stock and Original.
If any th' *Alps* and *Norick* Caſtles knows,
Plac'd on high Hills, and where *Timavus* flows;
Deſerted Realms now he may ſee of Swains,
And every where Groves, and forſaken Plains.
[3] Here, once the Air infected did beget
A Plagne, which rag'd through the Autumnal heat.

All

All kind of Cattel, and of wild Beasts dy'd;
The Grass was tainted, Rivers putrifi'd;
Nor was one way for Death; but when the flame
With burning Thirst through feav'rous Bodies came;
Cold Rheums again abound; and the Disease
Their feeble Limbs consumed by degrees.
Oft Sacrifices at the Altars plac'd
With [4] snowy Wreaths, and flowry Garlands grac'd,
E're Sacrificers could dispatch, fall dead:
Or if before, the Priest one slaughtered,
The Bowels on the Altars will not burn,
Nor the Divinor Answers can return;
And scarce their Knives with Blood are sprinkl'd o'r,
And the Top-sand distain'd with watry Gore.
Then the fat Calf in richest Pasture falls,
And his sweet life gives up at plenteous Stalls.
Hence Dogs run mad, and sickly Boars perplex'd
With a short Cough, and with swoln Jaws are vex'd.
The conqu'ring Steed, mindless of War, or Food,
Unhappy falls, and leaves the cooling Flood,
And With his Feet the hard Ground often beats;
His Ears now hang, and faint with troubled Sweats,
Which near his Death wax cold, his Skin grows dry,
And to be handled roughly doth comply.
These Signs of Death will at the first be seen,
But in the process if it grow more keen,
To burning Eyes short Breathings grant no rest:
Sometimes they groan, and deeply from their Breast
Fetch a sad Sigh; Blood from their Nostrils flows,
And in lank Jaws their Tongue now rougher grows.

To drench them with a Horn of Wine, be ſure;
For to them dying 'tis the onely Cure.
Sometimes it kills; for thus refreſh'd, they burn
(God bleſs good Men, on Bad this Error turn)
With greater Rage: And as cold Death draws near,
With cruel Teeth they their own Members tear.
The ſmoaking Ox is taken at the Plough,
And from his Mouth Blood mixt with Foam doth flow,
Groaning his laſt; whilſt the ſad Plow-man here
Un-yoaks (mourning his Brothers death) the Steer,
And 'midſt his Work, the Plough leaves in the field.
Nor ſhady Groves, nor ſoft Meads pleaſure yield,
Nor Streams which through the Vales from Mountains glide,
And are more clear than [5] Amber purifi'd:
His Sides grown lank, darkneſs his Eyes o're-ſpread,
and to the Ground he falls on's drooping Head.
What avails Toyl or Profit? What to turn
Th' unwilling Glebe? theſe not with rich Wine burn,
Nor Surfets at high Banquets taint their Blood,
But Leaves and ſimple Herbage are their Food;
They drink pure Fountains, and the running Streams;
Nor vexing Care diſturbs their healthy Dreams.
Then onely in thoſe Realms, as Fame hath taught,
The Cattel were for [6] *Juno*'s Off-ſpring ſought,
And unmatch'd Steers her Chariot did convey
To the High Places, where they Honors pay.
The Earth they dig themſelves, and ſet the Corn,
Nor from the Mountains with their own Neck ſcorn
To draw the groaning Car. No Wolf did plot
By Stratagem to take ſome wealthy Cot,

Nor

Nor walk Nocturnal Rounds, about the Sheep;
A cruel ſickneſs him at home did keep.
And now the nimble Buck, and tim'rous Doe,
Amongſt the Dogs about the Houſes go.
And then the Oceans num'rous Race and all
Thoſe kinds that boaſt from thence Original,
Waſh'd with the Floods, as Ship-wrack'd bodies come
To ſhore, and Sea-Calves up freſh Waters ſwom.
No lurking Hole the Viper now avails,
Nor dreadful Serpents with erected Scales:
Nor ſafety from ſweet Air can Birds receive,
But falling, in the Clouds their Spirits leave.
All Food, all Arts harm, wiſe Phyſicians fail;
[A] *Chiron*, [B] *Melampus*, know not what they ail.
Pale [7] *Tiſiphon* rages, ſent from *Stygian* Shades,
In open Light, and Fear and Sickneſs leads,
Her greedy Jaws by day rais'd high from ground.
The Rivers, Hills, and ſandy Banks reſound
With bleating Flocks, and Loud-complaining Steers,
And Carcaſſes in mighty Heaps ſhe rears;
Whole flocks ſhe kills, with gore the ſtalls are drown'd,
Till they had learn'd to lay them in the ground.
Their Skins unuſeful, Water could not reinſe
Their Bowels, nor the Fire their Entrails cleanſe,
Nor ſhear (for the Diſeaſe) their Fleeces, full
Of Filthineſs, nor touch the tainted Wool:
And thoſe durſt wear the loathſom Garments, get
Inflamed Carbuncles, a clammy Sweat
Seiſeth their noyſome Limbs, and in few Hours
Th' infected Bodies [8] Sacred Fire devours.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Third BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *GEORGICKS.*

[a] A Goddeſs much eſteem'd among Shepherds, to whom they offer'd Milk in Sacrifice; upon whoſe Feſtival *Rome* was begun to be built: ſome will have her the ſame with *Veſta*, others with *Cibel. Varro* makes her a God.

[b] *Apollo*, who for the Love of *Alceſtis* Daughter of *Pelias*, and Wife of *Admetus*, or (as *Calimach. in Hym. Apol.*) of *Admetus* himſelf, for nine years together kept his Herds near the River *Amphryſus*, and the City *Pheræ* in *Theſſaly*. ſee *Nat. Com. l.* 8. *Hygin. de poet fab. c.* 49. *& Luc. in Dial. de ſacrific. Serv. in* 7. *Æneid*, relates it thus: Jupiter *incens'd againſt* Apollo *for killing the* Cyclops *that forg'd the Thunderbolts wherewith* Jupiter *ſlew his Son* Æſculapius (*for reſtoring* Hyppolitus *to life*) *condemn'd him to keep* Admetus *Cattel.* The reaſon of which Fable, according to *Macrobius*, is, *that the Sun nouriſhes whatever the Earth produces: Unde non unius generis, ſed omnium pecorum Paſtor canitur.*

[c] *Urſinus* conceives in the mention of the following Fables, that *Virgil* alludes to ſome principal Authors or Poets;

Poets; as, by *Euriſtheus*, to *Homer*; by *Buſiris*, to *Meſſimachus*; by *Hylæs*, to *Theocritus*; by *Delos*, to *Callimachus*; by *Hippodame* and *Pelops* to *Pindar*.

[d] A King of *Greece* of the Stock of *Perſeus*, inſtigated by *Juno* to oppreſs *Hercules* with intollerable Undertakings: Who proſecuting his Hatred againſt his Poſterity, who were fled to *Trachys*, and thence to *Athens*, he ſends Embaſſadors to the *Athenians* to have them deliver'd into his Power; but they contrarily furniſh'd them with an Army, conducted by *Iolaus* and *Hillus*, by whom he was ſlain, and cruſht nnder their Chariot-wheels.

[e] A King of *Egypt*, who built a City after his own Name, in an inhoſpitable part of the Country, and was therefore ſaid to have kill'd his Gueſts, becauſe the Paſſengers by Herdſmen thereabout were robb'd and aſſaſſinated. He is by ſome ſuppos'd to be that King of *Egypt*, who ſo grievouſly oppreſs'd the *Iſraelites*, and the Author of the Edict of drowning their Male-children: Whence aroſe the Tradition of his ſacrificing ſtrangers.

[f] Of him already in the 6. *Ecl.* he is ſaid to be converted into the Sign, *Aquarius*.

[g] An Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea.

——ὅτι φοῖβον Λοιδάων Μεδέοντα
Λῦσέτε καὶ σπείρωσε, καὶ ὡς θεὸν ἵνεσα πέμπει.

Callimach. Hymn. εἰς δῆλον.

Quæ Regem Phœbum lavit, cuniſque recepit,
Primaq; Divinos illi decrevit Honores.

[h] The Daughter of *Oenomaus* King of *Elis* and

Piſa, who was the death of ſeventeen Suters, overcome by her in Chariot-racing, until Over-maſter'd by *Pelops*, aſſiſted by the Treachery of *Mirtilius* her Driver, who put waxen Axletrees to her Chariot.

[i] The Son of *Tantalus*, who is ſaid by his Father to have been cut in pieces, and ſerv'd up to the Table to entertain the Gods; a piece of whoſe ſhoulder *Ceres* cut and eat: But the Gods diſcovering the Villany, in Commiſeration rejoyn'd his Limbs, and reſtor'd him to life, ſupplying the defect on his ſhoulder with a piece of Ivory. The Hiſtorical meaning of the Fable is this, That *Pelops* was a Prince cruelly and inhumanly handled by his Father, reſtor'd to life by the Gods, in that they recompenc'd his Sufferings with future Reputation, Power, and abundance: For Ivory ſignifies Riches, as the ſhoulder Strength and Potency. Such *Pelops*, whoſe infinite Wealth grew proverbial; great his Power, great his Fame; having ſubdu'd all *Pelopponneſus*, and left his Name to that Country.

[k] *Idumæa* is a Region of *Syria*, and in that a City call'd *Idume*. The Palms of this Country were the Nobleſt, here figuratively taken for Victory, of which they were both the Emblem and Reward.

[l] A River flowing from the Lake *Benacus*, and running along by *Mantua*.

[m] Reſpecting the manner of the Antients, who placed their Tutelary Gods in the middle of the Temple, or elſe in the midſt of other Gods; the middle place being always reckon'd the moſt honorable, and ſo obſerv'd by our Poet.

* Alluding

* Alluding to the *Circenſian* Games, which were exercis'd near Rivers, on the one ſide being the River, on the other a Palizad of Swords. See *Joſ. Scaliger* in his *Manilian Annotations*, *Servius* and *Germanus* upon this Place: where he mentions, in confirmation hereof, an antient *Medal*, whereon was a Horſeman exerciſing his Horſe by a River, with this Inſcription on the Baſe, *DECURSIO.*

n A River of *Arcadia* running along by *Elis* and *Piſa*, of which already in the *Eclog.*

o So call'd from *Molorchus*, an *Arcadian*, who entertain'd *Hercules* as he went to kill the *Nemeæan* Lion.

p *Auguſtus* after the Conqueſt of *Britany* us'd the *Britains* in the Theatre for ſervile Offices, as to draw up the Hangings after the end of the Scene, and the like; in which Hangings were likewiſe Wrought his Victories over that Nation. *Turnebus* underſtands it not of the *Britans* drawing up the Hangings, but of the *Britans* being figur'd in the Hangings, and lifted and drawn up with the Arras; according to the Simile in *Ovid, lib. 3. Met.*

So in our Theaters Solemnities,
When they the Arras raiſe, the Figures riſe, &c.

q Of the Marks of a good Heifer to breed on, which our Author hath compriz'd under ten Heads, (that is, ſowrneſs of Look, largeneſs of the Head, length of the Neck, down-hanging of the Dewlaps, breadth on the Ribs, roughneſs of the Ears and Feet, ſpotting of the Body, averſneſs from the Yoke, height and bigneſs of Limbs,

Limbst and length of the Tail.) see *Var. Col.* and *Pliny.*

[r] See *Varro l. 2. de re ruſt. c. 5. Columella* and *Palladius.*

[s] To omit here the ſeveral Marks, laid down by our Author in the following verſes, of a generous and well-bred Horſe (upon which *La Cerda* hath ſo copiouſly dilated) we ſhall onely inſert an Obſervation which *Seneca* long ſince made upon this place: *Whilſt our* Virgil (ſays he) *does one thing, he intends another, for in this Deſcription he hath painted out a valiant Man: Certainly, were I to draw the Picture of a gallant Perſon, I could not do it in better Colours. If I were to repreſent* Cato, *undaunted amidſt the noiſe of Civil Wars, Marching in the Front over the* Alps, *to meet and oppoſe the Fury of Inteſtine Arms, I ſhould give him no other a Look, no other Spirit, or Carriage,* Senec. Epiſt. 11.

[t] *Cyllarus* was the Horſe of *Caſtor*, and of *Pollux* likewiſe, who interchangeably made uſe of him; this is evinc'd, contrary to the opinion of *Servius*, by *Turnebus*, from theſe Verſes of *Statius, in Equum Domitiani.*

——*Pavet aſpiciens Ledæus ab æde propinqua*
Cyllarus: *hic Domini nunquam mutabit habenas,*
Perpetuis frænis, atque uni ſerviet aſtro.

[u] *Servius* makes the Horſes of *Mars*, to be Fear and Terror; but they, as *Germanus* well obſerves, were rather the Companions than Horſes of *Mars. Achilles* his Horſes are by *Servius* call'd *Balius* and *Xanthus*; *Homer* gives him three Horſes, and another Poet four (in this Verſe.) Hectorem

Hectorem *cum quadrijugo raptarier.*

x *Saturn* compreſſing *Philyra*, frighted at the coming of his Wife; turn'd himſelf into the ſhape of a Horſe, that he might not be known, and fled neighing to *Pelion.* See *Arnob. l.* 4. *contra gentes.*

y Of this Paſſion in Horſes, *Iſidor. l.* 12. *Etym. lactant. l.* 3. *c.* 8. and *Plutarch.* Συμπoσ. *β.* memorable.

z *Ericthonius* is feign'd to have had no Mother; for *Vulcan*, as they fable, intending to raviſh *Minerva*, defil'd the ground, from whence he had his beginning, expreſs'd in his Name, which ſignifies Earth and Contention. He, as *Pauſanias* writes, was the firſt that joyned Horſes, and invented Chariots, to conceal the Deformity of his Feet. Which yet *Æſchylus* aſcribes to *Promœtheus*, *Herodotus* to the *Africans*, who firſt taught the *Greeks*; *Cicero* to *Minerva.* There was another *Ericthonius*, the ſon of *Dardanus.* See *Dionyſ. Hal. Antiq*; *Rom. l.* 1.

aa The *Theſſalians*, of which Country were the *Lapithits*, were accounted the firſt that taught to Back and Break Horſes. Yet *Lyſias* gives this Honor to the *Amazons*, *Pliny* to *Bellerophon*, *Ælian* to I know not who, *Maris* an *Italian*, whom for that Reaſon they feign'd to be half-man, half-horſe; *Sophocles* to *Neptune*; *Palephatus*, and others, to the *Centaurs.*

bb A River of *Lucania*, which it divides from *Campania*, which by *Strabo*, *Pliny* and *Silius Italicus*, is reported

ported to petrifie Sticks that fall into it; the Water otherwiſe is very wholſome.

cc *Alburnus* is a Mountain of *Lucania*, ſo call'd from the whiteneſs of its Top.

dd Which Name *Seneca* (*Epiſt.* 58.) reports to have been loſt among the *Romans* in his time, who commonly confounded it with the *Oeſtrum* of the *Greeks*, which yet ſeems to be diſtinguiſh'd. So it is by *Soſtratus*, in 4. *Animal.* cited by the Scholiaſt. of *Apollon.* where he writes, ὁ μὲν γαρ Μυῶψ, &c. *That the* Μυῶψ *or Tabanus is bred in the Woods, the Oeſtrum in Rivers. Ariſtotle* ſpeaks always diſtinctly of them, though in the Metaphor they agree, taken for any high Paſſion or Fury. *Sotio in Goepon.* reports, that if the Fields that are moleſted with theſe Gad-flies be ſprinkled and ſtraw'd with Laurel Leaves, ſteep'd and boyl'd in Water, they immediately quit the place out of a ſecret Antipathy, φάρμακον Ἐχῶ & Μῦσαι. See *Cauſſin. Collect. Hieroglyph.*

ee A River in *Lucania.*

ff Take the ſum of the Fable out of *Æſchylus*; Io *Priſteſs of* Juno *was deflowr'd by* Jupiter, *and by the incenſed Goddeſs turn'd into a Cow*; Jupiter *in the ſhape of a Bull deceives his Wifes care, re-enjoying his Miſtreſs*; *hereupon* Juno *appoints* Argus *her Guardian*; Mercury *kills him*; *the Cow tormented by a Fly from* Juno, *in that Fury croſſeth the Sea to* Canopus *and* Memphis, *and was there delivered of* Epiphus.

gg Yet theſe kind of Chariots were common with the *Britains* and *French*, as well as *Belgians*, as is mani-

feſt

feſt out of *Cæſar*, *Cicero* and *Claudian*. Of theſe there were two ſorts, one for Travel, the other for Military Service. See this later deſcrib'd by *Cæſar*, *l.*4. *de Bel. Gal.*

hh A kind of ruſhy Weed of ſubſtance like a Bulruſh, of which *Ruellius* ſaith, they uſe to make the bottoms of Chairs.

ii Theſe and the following Verſes are with an happy emulation imitated by *Seneca* in his *Hippolytus*; which for the Readers diverſion, we here tranſcribe, as Engliſhed in Mr. *Sherburn*'s Tranſlation of that Tragœdy.

Loves Fires (if wounded Hearts ſay true)
Are ſacred, and do all ſubdue.
The Earth with the ſalt Seas embrace,
The Heavens with glittering Stars inchace;
Under the cruel Tyranny
Of that blind Boy ſubjected, lye,
Whoſe Shafts inevitable ſeize
Under the blue Nereides;
Nor can the Waters of the Main
The Fervor of his Fires reſtrain.
The winged People of the Sky
No leſs his powerful Flames do try.
When Venus *doth their Bloods excite,*
How Bulls will for their Heifers fight!
Cow'd Harts, when their Hinds Love they doubt,
To Combate call their Rivals out;
And Signs, by braying to their Foe,
Of their conceived Fury ſhow.
The ſwarthy Indian *then, no more*
Dares ſpotted Tygers chaſe; the Boar, Whet-

Whetting his wounding Tusks, doth rome,
And froths his Jaws with a white foam,
The Lybian *Lions ſhake their Mains,*
When in their Breſts his Fury reigns;
And with their fiercer Bellowings make
The Forreſts groan, the ground to ſhake, &c.

kk *Leander.* See the Fable in *Muſæus*, and *Ovid* his Epiſtle.

ll *Glaucus* is reported to have fed his Mares with humane fleſh, to make them more fierce againſt his Enemies in fight; who at length for want of that kind of Food, turn'd their Teeth upon their Maſter. Theſe Mares came after in the poſſeſſion of *Hercules*, *Euriſtheus*, and *Diomedes*. Of this Fable ſee *Nonnus* in the 11. of his *Dionyſiacks*.

mm The firſt is a Mountain (of which in the 1. of the *Georgicks*) the other a River of *Phrygia*, of which *Strabo*, *l.* 2. both here figuratively put for a Hill or River

nn Of this *Silvius in Polyhiſtor. c.* 57. peculiar onely to the Mares of *Spain*, as *Salmaſius* notes upon *Solinus*; but common with Creatures of another ſpecies, as *Pliny* inſtances in Partridges, and *Columella* in Sheep.

oo *Virgil* ſeems here to adhere to *Ariſtotle* concerning the *Hippomanes*; this is likewiſe a little fleſhy knob in the Forehead of a Colt when newly Fol'd; it is alſo a Plant mention'd by *Theocritus*, Eid. 2. *Pliny* reports of the firſt, that if mix'd in the Running or Caſting of a Brazen Statue in the Figure of a Mare, it is of Power to ſtir a Horſe *ad rabiem Coitus*. This *Salmaſius* thinks

to

o be so call'd not for it's provoking Horses to the
tage of Lust when eaten, but in regard they affect it
vith an extream and inordinate Appetite, and madly
in in pursuit of it.

pp The Sheep of *Miletus* were of great estimation
or their Wool. See *Columella* and *Pliny*.

qq *Som Cinyphis*, a River of *Libya*, where there were
he best Goats.

* *Servius*, as is observ'd by *Germanus* and *Victorius*,
14. *c.* 17. not rightly understands here by the Moon,
Night; which is not of her self the cause of Dew, o-
therwise than by reason of the Moon; whence *Plu-*
tarch in his Natural Questions defines Dew, A weak,
thin Rain, drawn by the Moon out of the Earth, whose
Heat being not strong enough to attract it quite up, it
quickly falls down again.

rr That part of the Sea *Scythians* call *Temerinda*, on
one side joyning with the *Cymerian Bosphorus*, on the o-
ther side with the River *Tanais*.

tt The *Formido* is not a Net, but Line, inter-woven
with many several colour'd Feathers, which frighted
the Prey into the Toyls.

* Drink of steep'd Barly, or compounded of other
Fruit, was antiently not us'd by the *Germans*, as *Tacitus*,
de Moribus Germ. but in other places, for *Pliny* (*l.* 4.
c. 22.) says, *There are western people which inebriat them-*
selves with moistned Corn; and after that, the *Egyptians*
made also a kind of Drink with Fruit. Among these
kinds of Ale, *Aristotle* and *Diodorus* celebrate they
call *Zythum*; This, *in lib. de Temulantia*, That [illegible]

lib. 5. *c.* 9. (ſpeaking of *Gallia*) ſays, *The Climate is ſo cold, that it brings forth neither Wine nor Oyl, therefore the People make a Drink of Barly, which they call* ζythum.

uu The *Ryphæan* Mountains are in *Scythia*, ſo nam'd from the force (ῥιφὴ) of the Winds blowing thence.

* Or *Endimion*, the name ſuppos'd to be chang'd by *Virgil.*

xx The *Spartan* Hounds were of old in much account, ſee *Xenophon*, *Pliny*, &c. by *Ariſt. de Hiſt. Anim. lib.* 6. *c.* 20. commended for ſharpneſs of Scent, by *Seneca* in *Hipol.* for boldneſs, and eagerneſs in the Chaſe; the *Moloſſian* Dogs, ſo nam'd from a City of *Epire*, were likewiſe of much Eſteem, fabled to be deſcended from a brazen Dog, made, and inſpir'd with life by *Vulcan*, and preſented to *Jupiter*; this kind are commended, particularly for their deep Mouths, by *Lucan*, *lib.* 4. *Lucretius*, *l.* 5. &c.

yy Is by *Dioſcorides* defin'd, the Juice of a certain Cane growing in *Syria*, which being burn'd, driveth away Serpents with its ſmell.

zz *The Poyſon of Serpents* (ſays *Seneca*) *is deadlieſt when they come newly from their Neſts, their Teeth are hurtleſs, when frequent Bitings have exhauſted their Venom*, l. 1. de Ira.

1 A People mention'd by *Athenæus*, *l.* 12. as ſtout and warlike; *Pliny* placeth them in *Macedonia*, others in *Thrace.*

2 The *Geloni* relate to the *Sarmatians*, *Scythians*, *Getes*, and *Maſſagetes*, with whom this Dyet was ordinary. See *La Cerda.*

3 This

3. This Peſtilence firſt deſcrib'd by *Thucidides*, him *Lucretius* imitates, our Author both; to begin with Beaſts is the common natural courſe obſerv'd by *Homer Il. lib.* 1.

Firſt on the Mules and fleeter Dogs it ſeiz'd.

Where *Euſtathius* impertinently curious, expounds κυνὰς ἀργῶς, *White Dogs*, and takes pains to give reaſons why ſuch as are of that colour are more ſubject to Infection.

4 *Infulæ*, *Anton. Aug. lib.* 8. conceives to be in form of a Semicircle Diadem, which he proves by many Images of Bulls and other Victims; with theſe were Crown'd all that were deſtin'd for Sacrifice, or Men, or Beaſts; from whence were the *Infulæ* us'd in token of Submiſſion, as appears by the ſtory of *Coriolanus*, to whom the *Roman* Prieſts were ſent in that Habit, to beg for their Countrey. *l.* 4. *c.* 3.

5 *La Cerda* diſputes whether the Author means that Amber which is of a Metallick kind of ſucſtance, or the other Gum ſuppos'd to flow from thoſe Trees, to which the *Phaetontides* were converted; He concludes for the latter, as in compariſon more ſuitable with Water.

6 *Servius* will have the Poet to allude to this ſtory; *the Prieſteſs of* Juno *at* Argos, *us'd to be drawn to the Temple by Oxen, which falling dead on the way by Peſtilence, her two Sons ſupply'd their Room, and drew their Mother to the Temple. The Goddeſs to reward their Piety, bid their Mother*

ask what ſhe would, the Mother deſir'd implicitly what Juno *ſhould think beſt; the next day they were both found dead. See* Herodotus lib. 1. Plutarch. de Conſolat.

(*A*) The Son of *Saturn* and *Phillyra*, firſt Inventor of Phyſick.

(*B*) *Melampus* Son of *Amython*, that is, the Purger or Expiator, ſignifying by theſe two, that neither Medicine nor Prayer avail.

7 One of the Furies.

8 A Diſeaſe by the *Greeks* nam'd *Herpes*; by *Scribonius*, *Zona*; by *Pliny*, *Zoſter* and *Circinus*, commonly call'd St. *Anthony*'s Fire.

VIRGIL's





Geo. 41

VIRGIL's GEORGICKS.

The Fourth Book.

* The ARGUMENT.

How for the Bees fit Stations, to contrive:
Of what, and how to build the ſtately Hive.
In ſetling Realms, they oft divided are,
And for their Kings contend in mighty War.
Their Diet, Cuſtoms, Laws, and Chaſtity;
Their Toyl and Reſt: they Winds and Rain foreſee.
Their Stocks, their Age, and Loyalty to Kings:
What their Invention to Perfection brings.
What Cures againſt Diſeaſes to afford..
And how th' whole Nation loſt, may be reſtor'd.

NExt to [a] *Ætherial* Honey, I'le proceed,
Heav'ns choiceſt Gift: this too (*Mecœnas*) read
Wonders admir'd, to thee, of lowly things,
In order their whole Stocks, magnanimous Kings,

Wars, Labors, [b] Manners, Nations I'le recite:
Slight is the Theam; but not the Glory ſlight,
If any [c] fav'ring Gods for us appear,
And pleas'd *Apollo*, invocated, hear
First, for your Bee-hives fitting [d] Stations find,
Free from rough Sallys of diſturbing Wind,
(To bring home Food oppoſed Winds forbids)
Where Sheep nor bruiſe the Flow'rs, nor wanton Kids,
Nor grazing Heifers ſhake the Pearly Dews,
And verdant Graſs in fertile Campagns bruiſe.
From thence the ſpeckled-ſhoulder'd Lizard drive,
Nor ſuffer [e] Woodpecks near thy wealthy Hive,
Nor any Bird, nor there let *Progne* reſt,
With bloody Hands imprinted on her Breſt:
Theſe all devaſt, and carry in their Bill
Bees, gentle Food, their cruel Young to fill.
But their Abodes, near [f] Chryſtal Fountains, place,
Where purling ſtreams glide gently through the Graſs
And Lakes whoſe Margins verdant Moſs invades,
Where Palm their Gates, or ſpreading Olive ſhades:
That when new [g] Kings ſhall forth their Col'nies bring
And Youth drawn out, ſport in the wanton Spring,
The neighb'ring Banks may them from Heat invite,
And willing Trees with court'ous Boughs delight.
Amidſt, whether the Water ſtands or runs,
Lay [h] Twigs acroſs, and caſt in mighty Stones,
That they on many Bridges ſafe may ſtand,
And to the warming Sun their Wings expand,
When ſtormy *Eurus* hath them tardy found,
And ſcatter'd, or endanger'd to have drown'd.

Let

Let verdant *Cassia* round about them dwell,
And Bettony, which gives so large a smell;
Of Sweet-breath Succory let store be set,
And let them drink the Dews of Violet.
Whether of hollow [k] Bark thou dost contrive,
Or else with limber Twigs compose the Hive,
Make straight the Gate: for Cold congeals the Wax,
And Heat by melting doth again relax;
Both which Extreams the Bees alike do fear:
Nor they in vain those breathing Crannies smear
Of their low Roofs with Wax, endeav'ring still
Th'edges with Balm, and pleasant Flow'rs to fill;
And for this use a Glew they gather, which
Excells all Bird-lime, and *Idæan* Pitch.
Oft in deep Caves (if Fame a Truth report)
Low underneath they vault their Waxen Court,
And oft discover'd in a hollow Rock,
Or in the belly of an aged Oak.
But thou their Rooms, with Clay well-temper'd, ciel,
And with Leaves cover that no Cold they feel.
About their Court let no Yews grow, nor bake
The fiery Crab, nor trust too deep a Lake:
Or where bad smells, or hollow Rocks resound,
And angry Eccho's of the Voice rebound.
Next, when bright *Sol* makes [l] Winters Cold retreat,
Behind the Earth, and opens Heav'n with Heat,
Straight they draw out, and wander groves and woods,
Reap purple Flow'rs, and taste the Chrystal Floods,
By what Instinct I know not; then they fly
To their own Courts, and their dear Progeny.

Next, with great Art, their Waxen *Cels* contrive,
And the elaborated Honey ſtive.
But when thou ſeeſt a Troop aſpiring, fly,
Drawn from their Winter Quarters, through the Sky,
And curious haſte with admiration ſpy'd
A ſable Cloud through Chryſtal Sphears to glide,
Then to ſweet Springs, and pleaſant Shades they go:
Here od'rous Flow'rs, and beaten [m] Milfoyl ſtrow,
With [n] Hony-ſuckles, make a [o] brazen ſound:
And beat the * Cymbals of the Goddeſs round:
They on charm'd Boughs will ſtay, or elſe retreat;
As is the Cuſtom, to their Parents Seat.
But if they draw to Battel, (oft between
Two Kings great [p] Diſcord and ſad Wars have been)
And ſtraight thou may'ſt foreſee the vulgar Rage,
Wild for mad War; for thoſe who not engage,
The Martial Note provokes, heard is th' Alarm,
Like dreadful Trumpets when they ſound to Arm.
They liſt proud Troops in haſt, their Spears they whet,
Their light Shields furniſh, and their Arms they fit;
Guarding their King, thick to the Court they go,
And with great Clamor challenge out the Foe.
Then, when 'tis fair, the open Field they take,
They joyn their Battel, and they joyning make
A Noyſe ſcales Heaven, and in cloſe Order all
Strongly embodyed charge, then headlong fall.
Nor thicker Hail doth in a Tempeſt pour,
Nor ſhaken Okes more plent'ous Acorns ſhour.
The Kings amidſt the Bands in [q] Armor ſhine,
[r] And mighty Souls in narrow Breaſts confine;

Both

Both reſ'lute not to yield, till theſe, or they,
Are to proud Conqu'rors forc'd to give the day:
Theſe huge Commotions, and ſo mighty War,
Sudden, with thrown up Duſt appeaſed are.
But when both Princes you from Battel call,
Who ſeems the worſt, leſt he, a Prodigal,
Should waſte the Stock, [r] command him to be ſlain,
And let the beſt in th' empty Palace reign.
[t] one ſhines with Gold, whom *glorious Colours grace;
([u] Two ſorts there are) the beſt, his noble Face
Hath bluſhing Cheeks; with ſloth, the other pale,
His ſagging Belly after him doth trail.
As their two Kings, ſuch their two Nations are:
For one's deform'd, as when a Traveller
Through Clouds of Duſt, extreamly thirſty gets,
And from's dry Mouth a ſully'd water ſpits;
The other ſhines with Gold, and glory grac'd,
And equal Spots upon their Bodies plac'd,
This [x] Progeny is beſt, from theſe you may,
Sweet Honey, at the [y] certain time convey;
Not onely Sweet, but ſhall be purely fine,
And fit to qualifie your [z] ſharpeſt Wine.
But when they wander ſporting through the Skies,
Forſake their Hives, and cooling Roofs deſpiſe,
Let not their ſtraggling minds ſeek idle things.
Nor hard's the Task; but cut their Princes Wings;
They ſtay'ng at home, none dares ſcale Heav'ns Arch,
Or with ſpread Enſigns from their Camp to march.
Them, let ſweet Gardens with freſh Flow'rs invite,
And old [aa] *Priapus*, who the Thieves doth fright,

And ſpoyling Birds from thence with's awful look,
All ſafe preſerving with his Sallow Hook.
Set [bb] Thyme about their Roofs, and [cc] Pines remove
From lofty Hills, if thou ſuch Labors love;
Weary thy Hands with Toyl, plant pleaſant Bow'rs,
And water with refrigerating Show'rs.
Were I not near my hop'd-for Port, and now
Striking my Sayls, ſteer'd to the Shore my Prow,
How to adorn fair Gardens I will ſing,
And Roſie [dd] *Paſtum* with a double Spring;
Why Succory in pleaſant Streams delights,
And verdant Parſley ſwelling Banks invites,
And Cucumers grow plump along the Graſs,
Nor would ſlow-growing Daffadils o'repaſs,
Or ſoft *Acanthus*, winding Ivy's ſtore,
And Myrtle, ſo inamor'd on the ſhore.
I call to mind, near high [ee] *Oebalia*'s Tow'rs,
Where ſlow [ff] *Galeſus* waters *Ceres* Bow'rs,
I ſaw an old [gg] *Corycian*, who enjoy'd
Few Akers, not for Paſturage imploy'd;
Nor was it fit for Corn or Vineyard found;
Yet were his Thorns with ſilver Lillies Crown'd;
Here he could Vervain, and rich Poppy find,
That wealthieſt Kings he equall'd in his mind:
And late at night, returning home well-ſtor'd,
Could with unpurchas'd Banquets lade his Board.
He in the Spring did firſt ſweet Roſes pull,
And could in Autumn Apples ſooneſt cull;
When Stones with Cold the cruel Winter cleaves,
And bridles up with Ice the flowing Waves,

His

His ſoft *Acanthus* then he gently twin'd,
Chiding the tardy Spring, and lingring Wind.
Therefore huge ſwains his Bees firſt pregnant brought,
And his full Combs Rivers of Honey fraught;
His [hh] Pines and Barren Lindons fruitful were;
As many Bloſſoms as his Tree did bear,
So many Apples it in Autumn grac'd,
And he the lofty Elms in order plac'd,
Wardens, and Thorns which now a Damſon made,
And [ii] Planes, which to Carouſers are a ſhade.
But theſe, excluded by a narrow ſtreight,
I leave to others after to relate.
Now I'le declare thoſe Gifts which were conferr'd,
On Bees, by [kk] *Jove* himſelf; for what Reward
They follow'd tinkling Braſs, and *Curets* ſound,
And fed the King of Heaven under ground.
In Common onely they maintain their Race,
And like a City rang'd, their Houſes place;
And under ſtricteſt Laws they aged grow,
Their native Country, and fix'd Manſions know;
Mindful of Winter, labor in the Spring,
And to the Publick Store thy Profit bring.
For ſome provide, and by a Compact made,
Labor abroad; others at home are ſtaid
To lay *Narciſſus* [ll] Tears, and yielding Gum,
As the firſt Ground-work of the Hony-comb,
And after they tenacious Hony ſpread;
Others, the Nations Hope, young Colonies breed.
A ſecond part the pureſt Hony ſtives,
Until the liquid *Nectar* crack the Hives;

And

And ſome by Lot attend the Gates, t' inform
Approaching Show'rs, and to foretel a Storm;
To eaſe the Laden, or, imbattell'd, drive
The Drones, a ſlothful Cattel, from the Hive.
Work heats; of Thyme the fragrant Honey ſmells.
As when the Cyclops the ſoft Maſs compels,
Haſting for *Jove* huge Thunder-bolts to make,
Some with the Bellows Air return, and take;
Others in water deep the hiſſing Ore;
Ætnean Caves with beaten Anvils roar:
They with much ſtrength their Arms in [mm] order raiſe,
And turn with Tongs the Maſs a thouſand ways.
So (if I may great things compare with ſmall)
Bees, to their work, for love of Profit fall;
Each hath his Task, the Aged, Rulers are,
Who frame [nn] *Dædalian* Roofs, and Combs repair;
But thoſe that youthful be, and in their prime,
Late in the Night return, laden with Thyme;
On every Buſh and Tree about they ſpread,
And are with Caſſia and rich Saffron fed,
Or [oo] burple Daffadils, and Lindons tall.
All reſt at once, at once they labor all.
Early they march, and ſtay till Ev'ning drives
Them from ſweet Fields, and Food, to ſheltring Hives.
Then they repair, their Bodies to reſtore,
And with ſoft murmurs throng about the Dore.
Once [pp] laid to reſt, all night they ſilence keep,
And weary Limbs refreſh with quiet ſleep.
Nor from [qq] their Hives they ſtir, when Rain is nigh,
Nor truſt their Perſons to a ſtormy Sky:

But

But safe they Water near their Cities Wall,
And oft with [rr] Pebles Journeys make, but small;
As nimble Boats ballanc'd on raging Seas,
With which through vacant Air themselves they peise.
'Tis strange that Bees such Customs should maintain,
Venus to scorn, in wanton Lust disdain (breed
To waste their strength; and without Throws they
But [ss] cull from Leaves, and various Flow'rs their Seed.
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,
Then Palaces, and Waxen Kingdoms frame.
But oft their Wings are torn on Rocks abroad,
And free they spend their Lives beneath their Load:
So love they Flow'rs, and to make Honey, pride.
Though soon the Term of their [tt] short life doth glide,
(For the sev'nth Summer a full Period gives)
Yet their immortal Race for ever lives;
Their noble House for many years remains,
And Records keep of antient Princes Reigns.
Next, nor rich [uu] *Egypt*, nor [xx] great *Lydia*,
[yy] *Parthians*, or [zz] *Medians*, more their Prince obey:
Whilst their King lives, they all agree in one,
But dead, the publick Faith is overthrown;
They make the Commonwealth a Spoyl, and rend
Their Waxen Realms; his Life did all defend.
They honor him, and with a Martial Sound
Circle about, and strongly Guard him round;
Bear on their Backs, and with their Lives defend,
By brave Wounds purchasing a Noble End.
From these Examples some there are maintain,
That Bees derive from a Celestial Strain,

And

And Heavenly Race; they ſay the Diety
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and lofty Sky;
Hence Men, and Beaſts, both Wild and Tame, derive,
And whatſoe're by breathing Air ſurvive;
To this they after are diſſolv'd, and then
They re-aſſume firſt Principles agen:
Nor is there Place for death; their Spirits fly
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty Sky.
But if their narrow Courts thou meanſt to ſpoyl,
And ſeize the Treaſure of the Honey-pile,
Silently water in their Chambers ſpout,
And with your Hand extended ſmoke them out.
Twice they ſwarm yearly, twice a large Increaſe
Their Harveſt brings; firſt when the [3] *Pleiades*
Her ſacred Brow above the Earth doth ſhoot,
And ſpurns the ſcorned Ocean with her Foot;
Or when that Star from Watry Signs retires,
And ſad, in ſtormy Waves conceals her Fires.
But when incens'd, their Anger knows no mean,
For if you hurt them, they inſpire a Bane,
And, in the Body fix'd, their Javelins leave,
And where they give the Wound, their Death receive.
But fear'ſt thou cruel Winter, and would'ſt ſpare,
Pitying their broken minds, and ſad Affair?
Who [4] doubts to out them Wax, and to perfume
With Thyme? for oft baſe [5] Lyzards ſpoil the Comb,
And the blind Beetle waſts the precious Hoard,
And Drones free-quarter'd at anothers Board;
Or cruel Waſps charge with unequal Arms,
Or Moths ſtill eating generation harms;

Or

Or elſe [6] *Minerva*'s hateful Spider ſets
About their Palace Gates intangling Nets:
[7] How much by Fortune they exhauſted are,
So much they ſtrive the Ruins to repair
Of their fall'n Nation, and they fill th' Exchange,
Adorning with the choiceſt Flow'rs their Grange.
But if (ſince Bees know our Calamities)
[8] Their Bodies languiſh in a ſad Diſeaſe,
Which thou by Signs too manifeſt mayſt know,
Their Looks are chang'd, and their dejected Brow
Paleneſs deforms; when they to ſhades deſcend,
In order woful Funerals they attend;
Or elſe they mourn, lingring about the Dore,
Or in their Chambers privately deplore,
Till they with Hunger and ſtiff Cold grow numb:
Then ſadder Notes are heard, a doleful Hum,
As when rough *Auſter* murmurs through the Woods,
Or as loud Waves roar with incenſed Floods,
Or dreadful Flames rage, pent in Furnaces.
To burn *Galbanean* Odor I'le adviſe,
And bring the Mourners Hony in a Cane,
T' intice the Wretches to known Food again.
Juice of Oak-apples mix'd with Roſes dry'd,
And richeſt Wine with Fire well purifi'd;
To theſe *Cecropian* Thyme and [9] Cent'ry joyn,
And Grapes which dangle on the *Pſythian* Vine.
There is a Flow'r which grows in Meadow ground,
Swains call [10] *Amello*, eaſie to be found,
Which golden, like a mighty Grove doth ſprout,
But the thick Leaves that ſhade it round about

Are clad in Purple, which the Altars oft
Embraceth with ſweet Wreaths, and Garlands ſoft:
Sharp in the Taſte; wiſe Shepherds gather them
In Flow'ry Vales, near [11] *Mellas* ſacred Stream;
The Root of theſe they mix with *Bacchus* Blood,
And at their Gates leave plenty of this Food.
But ſhould the whole Stock fail, not one remain,
From whom they would derive their Houſe again;
[12] Th' *Arcadians* rare Invention we muſt here
Remember, who with Blood of a ſlain Steer
Oft Bees reſtor'd. I will recount it all,
And tell the Story from th' Original.
Where happy People plant [13] *Canopus* Soyl,
And dwell near ſpreading Streams of flowing *Nile*,
And through their Country painted Veſſels row;
Where gliding Streams from the tann'd *Indians* flow,
Which Border nigh the quiver'd *Perſian* Land,
And [14] verdant *Egypt* marl with fruitful Sand;
Then ſpreading, doth in ſeven large Channels part:
Theſe Nations are all skilful in this Art.
[15] Firſt take a little Place, for that uſe choſe,
Then Tile it, and with narrow Walls incloſe,
And let there be four Windows next deſign'd,
With oblique Lights, made from each ſeveral Wind:
Then take a Steer, grac'd with a branching Top,
Of two years old, his Breath and Noſtrils ſtop,
And whilſt he ſtruggles, him with beating kill,
That the ſound Hide the diſſolv'd Bowels fill.
Thus dead, they leave it ſhut, and under lay
Green Branches, Thyme, and freſheſt *Caſſia*.

This

uſt be done when *Zephyre* calms the Main,
the Meads bluſh with new Flow'rs again,
r high Neſt the chatt'ring Swallow makes:
, in young Bones the cherriſh'd Humor takes,
ıoving Creatures (wo..drous to behold!)
thout Feet, then ſounding Wings unfold;
ɔldly by degrees to Heav'n they tow'r,
ly forth thick as a Summer Show'r;
Cloud of Arrows, in their flight,
he bold *Parthians* are engag'd in Fight.
God, O Muſe, this ſtrange Art did Invent!
hence had Man this new Experiment?
n [16] *Ariſtæus* left ſweet *Tempe*'s Coaſt,
s by Famine and Diſeaſes loſt,
ınding at the ſacred Fountains Head,
complaining to his Mother ſaid:
ɔu the great Commandreſs of theſe Floods,
ıe, the Noble Off-ſpring of the Gods
ɓus is my Sire, as you declare)
ou the ſcorn of Fate? Where is your Care?
ɛv'ſt me Hope, that I in Heav'n ſhould Reign,
theſe Honors mortal life ſuſtain
n and Herds, got by ſuch Toyl and Smart,
uſt loſe, though thou my Mother art.
my fertile Groves my ſelf annoy,
n my Stalls, with Fire my Corn deſtroy;
wn and ſpoyl my Vinyards, if to thee
ous are thoſe Honors granted me.
ıe Streams ſoft Bed, his Mother heard,
round her [17] Nymphs *Mileſian* Wool did Card,

Stain'd

Are clad in Purple, which the Altars oft
Embraceth with ſweet Wreaths, and Garlands ſ
Sharp in the Taſte; wiſe Shepherds gather then
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Before the Meads bluſh with new Flow'rs again,
E're her high Neſt the chatt'ring Swallow makes:
Whilſt, in young Bones the cherriſh'd Humor takes,
Then moving Creatures (wondrous to behold!)
Firſt without Feet, then ſounding Wings unfold;
Then boldly by degrees to Heav'n they tow'r,
And ſally forth thick as a Summer Show'r;
Or as a Cloud of Arrows, in their flight,
When the bold *Parthians* are engag'd in Fight.
What God, O Muſe, this ſtrange Art did Invent!
From whence had Man this new Experiment?
When [16] *Ariſtæus* left ſweet *Tempe*'s Coaſt,
His Bees by Famine and Diſeaſes loſt,
Sad, ſtanding at the ſacred Fountains Head,
He thus complaining to his Mother ſaid:
O thou the great Commandreſs of theſe Floods,
Why me, the Noble Off-ſpring of the Gods
(If *Phœbus* is my Sire, as you declare)
Bor'ſt thou the ſcorn of Fate? Where is your Care?
Thou gav'ſt me Hope, that I in Heav'n ſhould Reign,
But yet theſe Honors mortal life ſuſtain
Of Corn and Herds, got by ſuch Toyl and Smart,
I now muſt loſe, though thou my Mother art.
Go, and my fertile Groves my ſelf annoy,
And burn my Stalls, with Fire my Corn deſtroy;
Hew down and ſpoyl my Vinyards, if to thee
So grievous are thoſe Honors granted me.
Under the Streams ſoft Bed, his Mother heard,
Whilſt round her [17] Nymphs *Mileſian* Wool did Card,

Stain'd

Stain'd with rich Green: *Drymo* and *Xantho*, fair
Phyllodoce and *Ligea*, their bright Hair
Upon their Snowy Necks dishevell'd lay,
Spio, *Thalia*, *Cymodoce*, *Nisæa*,
Lycorias, *Cydippe*; a Virgin one,
This had *Lucina*'s Pangs in Child-bed known:
Clio and *Beroe*, both to th' Ocean born,
Whom Gold and curious Mantles did adorn;
Ephyre and *Opis*, *Asian Deiope*,
And *Arethusa* swift, her Arms laid by.
Amongst these *Clymene* did vain Cares relate
Of [18] *Vulcan* those sweet Thefts, and *Mars* Deceit;
Gods many loves from Chaos did rehearse,
Whilst they their soft Webs ply, pleas'd with the Verse
Aristæus Grief then pierc'd his Mothers Ear:
All on their Chrystal Seats amazed were;
But *Arethusa* first her Golden Head
Advancing from a swelling Billow, said,
Dear Sister, not in vain we troubled are
With such a sad Complaint; thy chiefest Care,
Poor *Aristæus*, at his Father's Streams
Stands weeping, and thy cruelty condemns.
Then said his Mother, struck with sudden fear,
Haste, haste, and shew him in; he may repair
To the Gods Court; then bids the Waves divide,
To make her Son a passage: on each side
Billows like Mountains stand; then she receives
Him 'twixt the Flood, and leads beneath the Waves.
He wondring, goes through Courts, & Crystal Realms,
Loud Groves, and Caves, which Water overwhelms;

And

And with tumult'ous Waves aſtoniſh'd, found
All the great Rivers running under Ground,
Through divers ways, whence [19] *Phaſis*, *Lycus* ſpread,
And where deep *Enipius* ſhews his Head,
And where old *Tyber*, and ſweet *Aniens* flows,
Where murm'ring *Hypanis*, and *Caicus* roſe,
Golden *Eridanus*, [20] with a double Horn,
Fac'd like a Bull, through fertile Fields of Corn:
Than whom none ſwifter of the Oceans Sons,
Down to the purple *Adriatick* runs.

When he to Chambers arch'd with Pumice drew,
And that *Cyrene* his vain Sorrow knew,
To waſh his Hands, his Siſters from the Spring
Draw Chryſtal Water, and fring'd Towels bring;
Tables they load with Meat, and full Cups plac'd,
Then with *Pauchæan* Fire the Altar Grac'd.

Here ſpake his Mother; Let rich Wine be paid,
Unto the Sea; next to the Ocean pray'd,
Founder of things; and to the Nymphs, who Woods
Preſerve a hundred, and as many Floods.
Now thrice on fire ſhe caſts the flowing Wine,
[21] As oft with Flame the lofty Cielings ſhine.
Pleas'd with the Omen, then, ſhe thus began:

Green *Proteus* dwells in the *Carpathian* Main,
Prophet to *Neptune*, through broad Seas he glides,
And in his Chariot with Sea-horſes rides;
Now gone t' *Emathia*, and his native Shore;
We Sea-Nymphs, and old *Nereus*, him adore.
For the great Prophet all things doth foreſee,
What is, what was, and what ſhall after be:

This *Neptune* gave him, whoſe great Herd he breeds,
And huge [22] Sea-calves beneath the water feeds.
[23] But him thou firſt muſt bind, e're he'll declare
Cauſe of thy loſs, and proſper thine Affair:
Unleſs you force him, no Advice he grants,
And is inexorable to all Complaints.
Handle him roughly then, and bind him faſt,
And all his Sleights ſhall uſeleſs prove at laſt.
I'le bring thee (when at Noon the Sun invades
The ſcorched Graſs, and Beaſts retire to ſhades)
To th' old man's Cave, whom ſudden thou maiſt ſeize,
As he in ſoft Repoſe ſhall take his eaſe.
But when th'haſt bound him, and with Chains ſubdu'd,
With [24] various Transformations he'll delude;
A ſavage Boar, fierce Tyger, ſcaly Snake,
And a huge Lion with a ſhaggy Neck;
Or to eſcape ſhall thunder like a Flame,
Or glide from thee in a ſwift Chryſtal Stream:
How much the more he changes to all Shapes,
So much, more careful (Son) prevent Eſcapes;
Till his firſt form returns, which thou didſt ſpy,
When he in pleaſant Slumber clos'd his Eye.
This ſaid, ſhe with a Heavenly Odor ſtrews
Her Son all over, and [25] *Ambroſian* Dews:
Her comly Treſſes breath Celeſtial Air,
And did his Body with new ſtrength repair.
There is a Cave, worn in a Mountains ſide,
Where ſtormy Winds oft force the ſwelling Tide,
Which cuts it ſelf into a Land-lock'd Bay,
Where once 'ſtreſt Mariners in ſafety lay.

Proteus

Proteus in this lies guarded with a vaſt
Fence-work of Rock; here ſhe the Youngman plac'd,
Shelter'd with Darkneſs, from diſcovering Light:
Then ſtraight to thin Air vaniſh'd from his ſight.
And now hot *Sirius* through dry *India* hurl'd,
Rag'd from the Sky, and all the middle World
The Sun inflam'd; Graſs burns, and to the Mud
The ſcorching Beams boyl the exhauſted Flood;
When *Proteus* came to his accuſtom'd place,
About him the vaſt Oceans Watry Race,
Who ſporting, off the Brackiſh Water ſhake,
Then ſtretch'd [26] along the ſhore, ſound ſleep they take
He, as a Herdſman in the Mountains, when
Veſper invites Cattel to Houſe agen,
And bleating Lambs the cruel Wolves provoke,
Sits on a Cliff, and numbers all his Flock.
He, ſince ſo fair the Opportunity ſhews,
Scarce grants th'Old man his weary Limbs compoſe,
But ruſheth with a Shout, and bound him laid;
Who not unmindful of his Arts t' evade,
* Transforms himſelf into all [27] Monſters dire:
Now he's a Beaſt, a Flood, and ſtraight a Fire.
But when no ſleight prevail'd, he vanquiſhed,
Himſelf aſſumes, and with a Mans voice, ſaid;
O moſt undaunted Youth! by whoſe Commands
Foundſt thou our Court? what ſeekſt thou at our hands
But he reply'd: *Proteus*, thou know'ſt, thou know'ſt;
Nor of beguiling thee can any boaſt;
Deſiſt; I ſeek, commanded here by Fate,
How to repair my now decayed State.

The Prophet then, rouling his Fiery Eyes
With flaming Beams, inraged, thus replies,
And Deſtiny declares: No common God
Diſpleas'd, on thee hath laid his heavy Rod;
A great Plague is begun; this Puniſhment
(And leſs than thou deſerv'ſt) hath * *Orphæus* ſent:
For he incens'd (if Fates not interpoſe)
For his loſt Wife, will yet procure more Woes;
Who, whilſt ſhe ſwiftly by the River ſide,
From thee purſuing, fled, unhappy Bride,
Saw not the [28] mighty Snake, which lurking was
Under the Bank, and hid in ſpreading Graſs;
Alone the [29] *Dryades* on Mountains wept,
The *Rhodopeian* Tow'rs her Fun'ral kept;
Lofty *Pangæa*, and bold *Rheſus* Coaſt,
Getes, *Hebrus*, and *Actian Orithyia* moſt.
He on his well-tun'd Inſtrument, alone,
His hapleſs Love, thee, his ſweet Wife did moan;
And by himſelf, thee, on forſaken Shores,
Early and late, he in his Song deplores;
He [30] *Tænarus*, and woful Gates of *Dis*,
And horrid Groves, where dreadful Darkneſs is,
And *Manes* paſt, to the ſtern King repairs,
And Courts not us'd to bend to Humane Prayers;
He with his Song charm'd from the diſmal Coaſts
Of *Erebus*, pale Souls, and liveleſs Ghoſts.
Thick, as to Woods, the Fowl in thouſands bend,
When Night or tempeſts from the Hills deſcend;
Matrons and Men, lamenting Babes, again
'Mongſt valiant Kings in bloody Battail ſlain,

Return'd



Return'd wih Virgins, and brave Youth that were
Laid in their Parents preſence on the Bere,
Which round about were Moted in with Mud,
And horrid Reeds of th' *Acherontick* Flood,
Whom dull Waves of th' innavigable Sonnd
Binds in, and *Styx* nine times incircles round.
Hells Court, and Gates of Death, amazed were,
The Furies now not twiſt their Snaky Hair,
Then ſilenc'd were loud [31] *Cerberus* Triple Jaws,
[32] *Ixion*'s reſtleſs Wheel ſtood at a pauſe:
All theſe he paſs'd; then back returns with fair
Euridice, to the ætherial Air;
She following him (for ſo [33] Hells Queen enjoyn'd)
When fond thoughts ſeiz'd th'incautelous lovers mind:
Such petty Crimes might plead their Pardon well,
If ever any Mercy came from Hell.
Advis'd by Love, he look'd behind, that he
By day his dear *Euridice* might ſee;
And all his Labor loſt: Thrice under Ground
Hells Covenant broke, the *Stygian* [34] Floods reſound:
But ſhe, dear *Orpheus*, ſaid, what could thee move
To ruine both? Why was ſo much thy Love?
I muſt to cruel Fates ſad Summons yield,
My Eyes in Everlaſting Sleep are ſeal'd;
Farewel, farewel, Night ſhades my Body o're,
Stretching my Hands t' embrace thee, thine no more.
This ſaid, ſhe ſudden vaniſh'd from his Eyes,
And, like Smoke mix'd with Wind, diſperſed, flies;
Nor ſaw him catch in vain the yielding Air,
Earneſt his Mighty Sorrow to declare.

Nor would Hells churliſh Ferryman agen
Tranſport him o're to the *Acherontick* Fen.
What can he do, twice having loſt his Love?
Or with what Sute Infernal Spirits move?
She ſayling in the *Stygian* Boat, grows cold.
Whilſt ſeven long Months delaying Periods told,
Under a Rock (as Fame reports) he kept,
And at forſaken *Strymon*'s Billows wept,
Mourning in diſmal Caves; [35] Tigers, once Fierce,
Grow mild, and ſtubborn Oaks move at his Verſe.
As 'mongſt the Poplar ſhade in doleful Strains,
Robb'd of her Young, ſad [36] *Philomel* complains,
Whom ſcarce yet fledg'd, ſome Ruſtick, having found,
Took from the Neſt; but ſhe doth Woes reſound,
Perch'd on a Tree, and the whole Night laments,
Filling all Places with her ſad Complaints.
No Love, nor other Bed, could him entice:
Alone he goes, through *Hyperborean* Ice,
And *Tanais* Snow, wandring through bitter Coaſts,
For ever wedded to *Rhiphæan* Froſts,
Pluto's vain Gift, *Eurydice*, he mourn'd,
The *Thracian* Dames, becauſe their Beds he ſcorn'd,
Him at their *Bacchanalian* [37] Orgies tore,
And ſtrew'd the Young Mans Limbs about the Shore.
His Head then from his Ivory Shoulders [37] torn,
Was down the Channel of ſwift *Hebrus* born:
And whilſt his Dying Tongue could move at all,
Eurydice, *Euridice*, did call,
And all the Banks reſound, *Eurydice*.
This *Proteus* ſaid, and leap'd into the Sea;

And

And, where he leap'd, did make the fomy Wave,
Under his Body, with huge ſtrokes to rave.
Then thus *Cyrene* ſpake to eaſe his Care,
My deareſt Son, now lay aſide all fear,
Since the whole Cauſe is known of thy Miſchance;
The Nymphs, with whom in Groves ſhe us'd to dance,
Have ſent this ſad Deſtruction to thy Bees,
Then humbly them with Sacrifice appeaſe,
And there the yielding *Dryades* adore;
They will forgive, if thou with Vows implore.
But firſt, know how thou ſhalt thy Offering make.
Four of thy large and beſt-fed Bullocks take,
Which now on Tops of green *Lyceus* uſe;
As many of thy unbroke Heifers chuſe;
Then, with great care, for theſe, four Altars raiſe,
In the high Temples of the Goddeſſes,
And from their Throats let forth the ſacred Blood;
Then leave their Bodies in a ſhady Wood;
And when the ninth *Aurora* brings the day,
To *Orpheus* Ghoſt *Lethæan* Poppy pay,
And a [39] black Sheep: then view the Grove again,
Pleaſing *Eurydice* with a [40] Heifer ſlain.
He the Commands of's Mother ſtraight obey'd,
Went to the Temple, and four Altars made;
And four of's largeſt Bullocks forth he took,
As many comely Heifers never broke:
And when the ninth day bright *Aurora* ſhew'd,
He worſhips *Orpheus*, and the Wood review'd:
A Wonder, not to be believ'd, he ſees,
From the diſſolved Entrails, Swarms of Bees,

Which from the broken Ribs reſounding fly.
And in a thick Cloud ſally to the Sky!
On a tall Top-branch they cluſter now,
As Grapes hang dangling on the gentle Bow.
Thus tillage, beaſts, and trees have been my theam,
Whilſt mighty *Cæſar* at [41] *Euphrates* Stream
Thunders with War, and Conqu'ror, Laws ordains
For willing Realms, and Heaven with Valor gains,
Breeding to me [42] *Parthenope* imparts,
Pleas'd with the ſtudy of Contemned Arts:
There, a bold Youth, I Paſt'rals did repeat,
And under ſpreading Beech, thee, *Tityrus*, ſet.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The Fourth BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S *GEORGICKS.*

* THis Fourth Book comprehends the choiceſt Rules of the Antients concerning Bees, which ſuit ſo well with ours, that I have heard an Honorable Lady of great Judgment (the late Counteſs of *Kent*) profeſs, that ſhe made an incredible Increaſe of Bees, confining her Servants that attended them preciſely to obſervance of this Book.

a *The Poet*, (*ſaith* La Cerda) *excellent in Natural Phyloſophy, ſubverts the common Opinion, implying, that the Bees do not make the Honey, but onely gather it together, and compact it; and therefore calls it Aerial and Celeſtial.* To this aſſents *Ariſtotle, Hiſt. Anim. l.* 5. *c.* 22. *That Bees make not Honey, but carry onely away the falling Dew, may be.*

be argued from hence, that in one or two days a Hive may be found full; Beſides, if you take away their Honey in Autumn, they cannot recruit it, notwithſtanding there are Flowers at that time of the Year. And *Pliny, l.* 11. *c.* 12. *Whether it be the ſweat of Heaven, or Spittle of the Stars, or Moiſture of the Air purging it ſelf, I wiſh it were as pure and natural as it firſt deſcends; whereas now falling from ſo great height, it contracts much of Impurity by the way,* &c. *yet retains much of the pleaſantneſs of its Celeſtial Nature.* Thus by *Ariſtotle* and *Pliny* are explain'd the Epithets, *Aerial* and *Celeſtial.*

[b] *Ariſtotle lib.* 1. *Hiſtor.* numbers Bees amongſt ζῶα πολιτικὰ, *Civil People*; *For the uſe of life* (ſaith *Pliny*) *they labor, work, ordain a Common-wealth, have their private Counſels, their publick Warlike Actions, and which is ſtrangeſt of all, they have Morality. Macrob. l.* 6. *c.* 6. admires *Virgil*, amongſt other things, particularly for attributing to Bees here, *Mores, Studia, Populos, Prælia.*

[c] *Erythræus* underſtands here by *Læva Numina*, favoring, according to the Diſcipline of the *Augurs*, which underſtood Omens on the left Hand to be ſuch: But *Turnebus* expounds the word, contrarily, in oppoſition to *Dextrum Numen*; not without alluding to the *Greeks*, who make λαιὸς θεὸς, the ſame with κακὸς. See *Agell. l.* 12. *c.* 5.

[d] *The Station of Bees* (for that word our Author uſeth to expreſs, how nearly they reſemble a Camp) *muſt be*, according to *Varro* and *Columella*, *in an open Sun-ſhiny place, little ſubject to the Injuries of the Weather;*

far-

far from noiſe of Men or Cattel, particularly of Sheep, *Becauſe* (ſaith *Pliny*, *l.* 14. *c.* 1.) *they cannot eaſily diſintangle themſelves out of their Wool*: He adds, *That the Hive ſhould open towards the Eaſt, if it may be, but by no means to the North.* Mr. *Butler*'s Rules for a Bee-garden, are theſe; *It ſhould be near home; fenc'd from Cattel and Winds; the Eaſt and North Fences high, the South* (*on which ſide of the Houſe they ſhould be ſet*) *and weſt Fences good, but not ſo high, by no means to ſhadow the ſouth Sun, nor from Sun-ſetting: The place ſweet; not very cold in Winter, nor hot in Summer; Graſſy, but not ſuffer'd to grow up too high: beſet with Trees and Buſhes.*

e A Bird by ſome call'd *Apiaria*, by others *Riparia*, by *Gaza*, *Apiaſter*, from the great hate it hath to Bees.

f *Varro l.* 3. and *Columella*, *l.* 5. *c.* 9. adviſe the ſame as moſt neceſſary, That there be water near the Hives, and if poſſible, to run by them, clear for them to drink.

g According to the Diſcipline obſerv'd by Bees, who amongſt them have a King (by the *Greeks* peculiarly call'd ἴσσελω, *Schol. in Callim. Hymn.* 1. whence perhaps the *French* word, *Eſſein.* who never ſtirs forth without the Attendance of the whole Hive. *Ariſt. Hiſt. l.* 9. *c.* 40.

h So *Varro* and *Columella* order Stone and Wood to be thrown into the Water, ſo as ſome part may appear out of it, for the Bees to ſit upon and drink with more Eaſe.

i *La Cerda* proves, that *Virgil* here intends neither the Aromatick *Caſſia*, nor the Medicinal, but an Herb

Herb us'd in Garlands, which the *Spaniards* call *Eſpliego*; the *Italians*, *Spico*; in *Latine*, *Lavendula*.

[k] *Columella* gives a reaſon why Hives of Bark are beſt, *l.* 16. *c.* 9. *Hives*, ſaith he, *are to be made according to the condition of the Countrey, whether it abound with Bark*, (doubtleſs we make moſt benificial Hives of Bark, for they are not cold in Winter, nor hot in Summer) *or whether there be ſtore of Reeds, which being near the nature of Bark, are very proper for this uſe; if neither of theſe may be had, they may be woven of Willows; and for want of all, of a piece of a hollow Tree.* With us there are but two ſorts in uſe, made of Straw and Wicker, the firſt preferr'd by Mr. *Butler*.

[l] They go not forth to work in the beginning of the Spring, but in the midſt, or rather, as *Pliny* obſerves, in the latter end thereof, *lib.* 11. *c.* 6.

[m] *Meliphyllum, quaſi Mellis folium*, is by *Dioſcorides* call'd *Meliſſophyllum*, the Leaf of Bees; by *Nicanor*, whom our Poet follows, *Meliphyllon*; *Varro* and *Higinus* take it for the ſame with *Apiaſter*, which *Ruellius* at large diſproves.

[n] *Cerinthia* hath its name from *Cerinthus*, a Town in *Bœotia*; an Herb with which very few (even of the Learned) are acquainted; *The Flower whereof*, (ſaith *Geſner*) *is pale, the Leaves prickly.* By *Pliny*, *l.* 21. *c.* 12. deſcrib'd with a white ſtrait Leaf, an hollow Head, having a Juice like Honey; following whoſe Words we Tranſlate it *Honey-ſuckles*; It is the ſame which the *French* call *Paſqueta*, from the great delight Bees take in feeding thereon.

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[p] The occaſions whereof, according to *Ariſtotle* and *Pliny*, are four, Want of Suſtenance, Love of the Flowers, Hate of their Neighbors, Pride of their Kings. See *La Cerda.*

[q] That the Kings of the Bees are eminently diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt, is confeſs'd by all that write upon this Subject. *Pliny* ſaith, *By their more exact form, as big again as the reſt, their Wings ſhorter, their Thighs ſtraiter, their Walk more erect; amidſt their Forehead a white Spot like a Diadem; much likewiſe differ they from the ordinary ſort, by their whiteneſs.*

[r] Perhaps alluding to *Ariſtotle*'s Axiom, that the leaſt Hearts are moſt full of Courage.

[s] If they have many Princes they will not be quiet till one of them be caſhir'd; Concerning which, Mr. *Butler* hath this Experiment of his own; *Two Swarms*

Swarms being put together, the Bees on both ſides made a murmuring noiſe at firſt, as diſcontented; but growing friends, and having agreed which Queen ſhould Reign, and which ſhould dye, three or four Bees brought one of them down between them, as to Execution; ſhe being taken from the Executioners, & put into the Hive again, the Tumult began afreſh, and they continued fighting for an hour, until the poor Queen was brought forth ſlain, and laid before the door. Likewiſe, if the old Queen bring forth many Princes, leſt the multitude of Rulers ſhould diſtract the Common-wealth, they kill the ſuperfluous, and caſt them out of the Hive. See *Pliny, l.* 11. *c.* 16.

[t] The Queen (for Mr. *Butler* will have it a Feminine Monarchy) is a fair ſtately Bee, differing from the reſt in Shape and Colour; her Back a bright brown, her Belly a ſad yellow; her Tongue and Spear ſhorter than other Bees, who both provide and fight for her.

* *Servius* notes, that *Maculis ſqualentibus* is the ſame with *Splendentibus*, the word deriv'd *a Squamis*.

[u] This plurality of Kings is obſerv'd by *Ariſtotle, Hiſt. l.* 9. *c.* 4. *One*, ſaith he, *is red, which is the better, the other black and ſpotted, twice as big as the beſt. Varro* ſeems to make three kinds, the *black*, *red* and *ſpotted*; theſe are obſerv'd to be in the upper part of the Hive, and if there be any diviſion among them, they deſtroy all but that one which is the beſt. *Ariſt. Pliny.* This, two ſorts of Bees, Mr. *Butler* diſproves, onely diſtinguiſhing them into the Tame and Wild; either kind whereof may by accident become of the other kind.

[x] *Columella,*

x *Columella*, *c.* 3. following the authority of *Ariſtot.* and *Virgil*, moſt approves the ſmall, long, light, ſhining with Gold, diſtinguiſh'd evenly with ſpots, and moſt gentle: the words of *Ariſtotle* are,

ἡ δὲ ἄρισθ μικρὰ τραγύλη καὶ ποικίλη.

y In the Spring and Autumn, ſays *Servius*.

z Some underſtand *Oinomel*, a kind of Drink made of Honey and Wine, by *Dioſc. l.* 15. *c.* 16. others, perhaps better, a ſowr kind of Wine, which they allay'd with Honey, as we with Sugar.

aa *He ſaith not* (as *Servius* gloſſeth) *that* Priapus *muſt be there, but that the Gardens muſt be ſuch as may invite and deſerve the Guardianſhip of a God.* This *Priapus* was of *Lampſacum*, a City lying on the *Helleſpont*; from whence baniſh'd, (the occaſion ſee amongſt the Mythologiſts) he was receiv'd into the Society of the Gods, and made the Guardian of Gardens.

bb With this Bees are obſerv'd to be much delighted, and to prefer it before all Flowers. Thence the *Attick* Honey is commended by *Galen*, the *Sicilian* by *Varro*: both theſe places abounding with that Herb.

cc *Petr. Victor. l.* 5. *c.* 15. Interprets this not of the Tree, but ſome kind of Shrub perpetually green.

dd A Town ſo famous for Roſes, that it grew into a Proverb, *Roſa Pæſtana*. See *Mela*, *l.* 2. *c.* 4. *Pliny*, *l.* 2. *c.* 5.

ee *Oebalia*, ſaith *Servius*, is *Laconia*, whence *Caſtor* and *Pollux* are by *Euſtathius* call'd, the *Oebalian* Brethren.

ff *Galeſus*

ff *Galesus* is a River of *Calabria*, which runs by the City *Tarentina*, which had excellent Gardens, of which *Virgil* was an Eye-witness. Some read *Niger* for *Piger*, which *Scoppa* dislikes, as not suiting with the Name, which seems to be deriv'd from Milk, γάλα.

gg One of *Corycius*, a City in *Cilicia*, or perhaps an *Italian*, who order'd his Garden after the *Coryſian* Fashion; for that is a proper name, *Servius* denies, adding, that the Author alludes to History; for *Pompey* having overcome the *Cilician* Pyrats, distributed them partly in *Cilicia*, partly in *Greece*, partly in *Calabria*, one of whom this old Man seems to be. The Story not unlike that in *Varro*, *l.* 3. *c.* 16. of two Brothers in *Spain*, who turn'd the Land left them by their Father, into a Garden, and a place for Bees.

hh *Philargyrius* affirms, that the reading is double, upon Authority of *Virgil*'s own Hand, *Pinus* and *Tinus*; the latter, though it afford no Fruit, very plentiful in Seeds. Those who interpret the Pine here *Chamæpytin*, are disprov'd by *Salmasius. Plin. exercit.*

ii The shade of the Plane-tree was much in use, witness the memorable Plane describ'd by *Plato*, under which *Socrates* so often discours'd with his Scholars; That of *Caligula* likewise is not unknown; and in *Crete*, under which *Europa* was ravish'd. But *Germanus* brings this nearer to our purpose, affirming this Tree to be so much exhilarated with Wine, that *Ortensius* desir'd *Cicero* to defer a Tryal, because he was that day to go into the Country, to irrigate his Plane-trees with Wine.

kk *Jupiter*

kk *Jupiter*, as ſoon as born, was convey'd to *Crete*, there to be conceal'd from his Father *Saturn*, who otherwiſe would have devour'd him, fore-knowing, that by him he ſhould be diſpoſſeſs'd of his Kingdom: The *Curetes* (by which ſome underſtand all the *Cretans*: others, ſome Brothers that undertook the charge of *Jupiter*; nine, according to *Echemenes*; but *Dionyſius Calcidicus* ſaith, fifteen; *Perecides*, fifty two.) to drown'd the noiſe and crying of the Child, us'd to tinkle braſs Inſtruments, whereby many Bees were accidentally invited thither, which continually from that time fed the Child with Hony. See *Callim. Hymn.* 1.

ll Alluding to the ſtory of *Narciſſus*, who in the midſt of his Tears was transform'd into a Flow'r, *Ariſt. Hiſt. l.* 5. *c.* 22. affirms the matter of Wax to conſiſt, ἐκ δάκρυα τῶν δένδρων, of the Tears of Trees.

mm *In numerum*, ἐκ διαδοχῆς, as the Scholiaſt of *Callimachus* Interprets this Verſe upon the ſame Subject, *Hymn.* 3.

Αμβολαδὶς τελύτωντες ἐπ' ἄμμιγα μοχθήσειαν.

(For ſo perhaps is the Text to be reſtor'd) which Sound the *Spaniards* imitate in this proverbial ſpeech, *Yo mezquino, yo mezquino*; *Yo contigo, yo contigo*; *Todes tres, todes tres.*

nn Ingenious, curiouſly wrought; from *Dædalus* (whoſe name in *Greek* implies, *Variety*) the Artiſt famous into a proverbial Speech, Δαιδαλαῖα ἔργα. Of the wonderful ſtructures of Bees, ſee *Ariſt. Hiſt. Anim.*

lib. 9. c. 40. Pliny l. 11. c. 10, 11. The reaſon that *Ariſtotle* gives of their Ingenuity is, becauſe as the thicker and hotter Blood hath the greater ſtrength, ſo the thinner and colder the more Wit; which difference is preſerv'd even in thoſe things which have ſomething anſwerable to blood, as Bees, and the like, which are therefore the more ingenious.

oo *Ferruginei*, not in relation to the death of *Hyacin.* as *Tyleſius* will have it, as if meant *Lugubres*, but to the colour of the Flow'r. See *La Cerda.*

pp Ariſt. l. 4. c. 10. Hiſt. Anim. *It is an Argument that inſects ſleep, becauſe they take Reſt, and without queſtion ceaſe from all motion, which appears eſpecially in Bees, for they are ſilent in the night, ſo that no Hum is perceiv'd.*

qq Ælian. l. 1. c. 12. *And they perceive that either or both of theſe* (Rain or Cold) *are near, they fly not far from their Hive, but flying about the Hives they ſet upon them as upon Flow'rs. From theſe things the Keepers of Bees foretel Tempeſts to the Husbandmen.*

rr This Induſtry in Bees is obſerv'd by many Authors; *Ariſtot. Hiſt. 9. Plutarch. de Solert. Anim. Ælian.* l. 1. c. 12. *Many times* (ſaith he) *they fly againſt the Wind, carrying a little ſtone in their feet, and ſo ſtrengthen themſelves againſt the Incurſions of the Wind, and breath of the Air, that they may not be carried out of their way.*

ſſ This is one of thoſe Queſtions with which Philoſophy hath been puzled; *Ariſtotle* and *Pliny* deliver nothing certain upon it; and the great Prejudice which the Common-wealth of Literature hath receiv'd by the Loſs of the Papers of the moſt Learned Searcher into

into Nature, Dr. *Harvey* upon Inſects, can never be enough deplor'd. Amongſt ſeveral Opinions, our Author chuſeth theirs, who affirm, That in Flow'rs and Herbs there is ſomething correſpondent to Seed, which is by the Bees gather'd, carry'd into their Hives, and theriſh'd into life.

tt *About the Age of Bees* (ſaith Mr. *Butler*) *there are divers opinions, ſome thinking they may live four or five years, ſome ſix or ſeven,* Ariſtotle *ſpeaks of a longer time, nine or ten; but the truth is, a Bee is but a years Bird, with ſome advantage; For the Bees of the former year, which until* Gemini *in the next year look ſo youthfully, that you cannot diſcern them from their grown Nymphs, do from thenceforth change with manifeſt difference, wither'd, rough, whitiſh, ragged,* &c.

uu By *Germanus* and *Briſſonius* underſtood of the *Perſian* Monarch, to whom *Egypt* was ſubject. *Her. l.* 2. Amongſt the *Egyptians* a Bee was the Hieroglyphick of Loyalty, and Obſervance of their Prince.

xx A Region of *Aſia* the Leſſer, water'd, as *Pliny*, *l.* 6. *c.* 29. with the windings of the River *Mæander*: here call'd *Great*, becauſe once it held the Empire of *Aſia*. That it was Subject to the *Perſians*, See *Ælian.*

yy Whoſe Kingdoms are numbred eighteen by *Pliny l.* 6. *c.* 25. *Germanus* on theſe words obſerves the *Parthians* to have been extreamly Reverent of their Prince, kiſſing the Earth when they came into his Preſence. *Martial.* 10. 72.

Fruſtra blandiciæ venitis ad me,
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes humileſque ſupplices que
Pictorum ſola baſiate Regum.

zz The River *Hydaſpes* is put for the Kingdom of *Media*, with the Epithet *Medus*, *Probus* ſaith, becauſe the *Medes* under the Conduct of *Alexander the Great*, by it, ſubdued *India*; *Philargurus* ſaith, by right of War, becauſe the *Medes* overcame the King of *India*, *Porus*; but *La Cerda* more naturally, becauſe before it falls into *India*, it waſheth *Media*.

1 *If their Queen go forth, they attend her with a Guard before and behind; they which go before, ever and anon returning, and looking back, making ſigns of extraordinary Joy; in which manner they bring her home: If by her voice ſhe bid them go, they ſwarm; if being abroad, ſhe diſlike the weather, or lighting Place, they return: Whilſt ſhe cheareth them to Battel, they fight; if ſhe droop and dye, they either languiſh and dye too, or yield to the Robbers, and fly away with them.* Butler.

2 Upon this Pythagorean Opinion, thus *Servius*; *This place* (ſaith he) *the Poet more fully proſecutes in the ſixth of the* Æneids, *which he here briefly toucheth at, to prove that Bees hath ſome part of the Divinity.* For that all Creatures conſiſt of the four Elements, and the Divine Spirit, is manifeſt. This high Conceit is confirm'd by their Prophetical Preſages of extraordinary Events, eſpecially of Learning and Eloquence, as

as in *Plato*, *Pindar*, *Lucan*, and St. *Ambroſe*, in whoſe Mouths, when Infants, they are ſaid to have made Honey.

3 *Taygete* is by the Poet here take for the other ſix: Our Poet's Obſervation agrees with *Ariſtotle*; but *Varro* adds a third time, beſides the riſing and retiring of the *Pleiades*, *viz.* at the end of Summer, before *Arcturus* be quite riſen.

4 This Rule to ſpare the Bees, and not to leave them quite deſtitute of Suſtenance in the Winter, is deliver'd by *Ariſtotle* and *Varro*. The firſt ſaith, That there muſt be ſo much Honey left as may maintain them all Winter, otherwiſe they will dye: The ſecond, That though in the Spring and Summer ten parts of the Honey may be taken away, yet in Winter but one of three.

5 The Enemies of the Bee, are, the *Mouſe*, *Woodpecker*, *Sparrow*, *Titmouſe*, *Swallow*, *Hornet*, *Waſp*, *Moth*, *Snail*, *Emmet*, *Spider*, *Toad* and *Frog*. See *Butler*, *cap.* 7. *Ariſt. Hiſt. lib.* 9. *cap.* 40. *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 11. *cap.* 18, *&c.*

6 Relating to the Fable of *Arachne*, whom angry *Pallas* turn'd into a *Spider* for daring to contend with her in working. *Ovid. Met. l.* 6.

7 *Ariſtotle* likewiſe affirms, that if too much Hony be left in the Hive, it makes the Bees idle; and on the contrary, if they have little, they will be the more dilligent.

8 *Bees by reaſon of their temperance, are never ſubject to ſickneſs, the Cauſes of their death being onely Hunger and*

Cold; the Prognosticks of whose general decay and death are three; 1. Their hollow hanging down one at anothers Heels. 2. Their continual keeping in. 3. A general, extraordinary and continued noise. Butler, 1. 51.

[9] The name of this Herb the Fables deduce from *Chiron* the Centaur, who by application of it cur'd the Wounds made by *Hercules* his Arrows.

[10] Much Controversie there is amongst the Criticks what this Herb or Flow'r should be; some think it the same with that which they call *Aster*,; others *Chelidonium minus*; others, a kind of *Chamomil.* See *Mathilus* for the first opinion in *Dioscorid. l.* 4. with whom *La Cerda* agreeing, saith, *That in* Spain *he hath seen the same Flower exactly suiting with this description.*

[11] Many Rivers of this Name are summ'd up by Interpreters; for the word it self signifying *black*, is aptly impos'd upon any deep Waters; amongst the rest, one in *Gallia*, of which *Servius* understands the Poet.

[12] *Aristæus*, who as *Justine*, *l.* 13. affirms, reign'd in *Arcadia*, and first found out the use of Bees, Hony, Milk and Cheese. He was moreover a Shepherd, a Husbandman, skilful in Vines, and in Astronomy; so that for the many Obligations he left upon Posterity, they numbred him amongst the Gods.

[13] *Canopus* is a City of *Egypt* near *Alexandria*, built by the *Spartans* in memory of the Master of *Menalaus* his Ship, *Canopus*, who, upon their return from *Troy*, being driven upon that Coast, was there bury'd *Tacit. Annal.* 2.

[14] Here

14 Here is some great mistake in the Copy (for of the Author it is not to be imagin'd) and therefore *La Cerda* leaves out this Line, *And verdant* Egypt, *&c.* as spurious, not without the confirmation of very antient Manuscripts; according to whose exposition, the sense is thus: *All* Egypt (*where happy people plant* Canopus, *&c.*) *All* Persia (*where the Stream from the tann'd* Indian *flows, &c.*) *make use of this Art. Egypt, Virgil* describes by *Nilus*, in three Verses; *Persia*, by the River *Indus*, in the other three; which *La Cerda* proves to have seven Chanels, as well as *Nilus*.

15 Hear *Geopon.* upon this Subject: *Build a House ten Cubits high, and ten broad, with the other sides equal to one another; let there be one Door, four Windows, on each side one. Bring an Ox into it 30 Months old, fleshy and fat. Set young fellows to kill him with Clubs, and break the Boxes in pieces; but let them be sure they make him not bleed, for a Bee is not bred of blood; nor strike too hard at first. Let his Eyes, Ears, Nostrils, Mouth, and the other passages for evacuation, be presently stopp'd with clean fine Linnen dipp'd in Pitch. Lay him on his back over a great quantity of Thyme, and let the Doors and Windows be stop'd with Clay, that the House be not perspirable with Wind or Air. Three Weeks after open the Windows on every side, but that whereon the wind blows. When it is sufficiently air'd, close it up as before. Eleven days after, when you open it, you shall find it full of Bees in Clusters, and nothing left of the Ox but Horns, Bones and Hair. The Kings are bred (they say) of the Brains, the others of the flesh; and those that are of the Brains, are fairest and strongest.*

[16] *Ariſtæus* was Son of *Apollo* and *Cyrene*, Daughter of the River *Peneus* (otherwiſe *Hypſeus*) who when he would have raviſh'd the Nymph *Eurydice*, Wife to *Orpheus*, and ſhe flying was ſlain by a Serpent (all his Stock of living Creatures, and amongſt the reſt, Bees, being utterly deſtroy'd by the fury of the Nymphs) he deſir'd his Mothers aſſiſtance, whom ſhe brings to *Proteus*, and he teaches him the Art of reſtoring and recruiting Bees.

[17] Of theſe are recited a long Catalogue; *Homer* alſo, *Iliad* 18. numbers 33. *Orpheus* and *Euripides* in *Androm.* 50. *Propertius* doubles this account. The reaſon of their great number depending upon the variety of Rivers, Lakes and Fountains, and (as *Spondanus* ſaith) the generative property of the Sea. The Etymologies of the Names here alledg'd, are theſe; *Drymo* is deriv'd from Trees; *Xantho*, from Yellow; *Phyllodoce*, from cheriſhing Leaves; *Niſæa*, from an Iſland; *Spio*, from Caves; *Thalia*, from the greeneſs of Flowers; *Cymodoce*, from Waves; *Cydippe*, from Horſes, as their glory; *Lycorias*, from *Apollo* ſo ſirnamed, or the skin of a Wolf her Habit; *Clio*, from Praiſe; *Beroe*, from Noyſe, *&c.*

[18] *Germanus* obſerves, that this relation is attributed to a Nymph of the Water, out of an Allegorical reſpect of the enmity betwixt that Element and the Fire, for which reaſon the Water-Nymphs laugh at the Fire and love of *Vulcan*. The ſtory of *Mars* and *Venus* (for *Martis dolos* implies no more than how *Mars* was deceiv'd, however miſtaken by *Servius*) is common, recited at large by *Ovid Met.* [19] *Phaſis*

19 *Phasis* and *Lycus*, Rivers of *Cholcos*.

20 Rivers (saith the Scholiast of *Sophocles*) are figur'd like Bulls, either by reason of their sound, bellowing, as *Homer* saith, like Bulls, or because they cut through the Earth, as with a Plough.

21 *It was a happy Omen* (saith *Turnebus*, 19. 27.) *when the Flame rose high upon the Altar; for which reason they pour'd Wine into the Fire to provoke it.*

22 These live in and without the Water; *Oppian* saith (*Hal.* 1.) That they are born on Land, and there continue till they are twelve years old, and then are carried to Sea by their Dams. They are very kind to Men. *Ælian* 56. 4. mentions one which fell in love with a Man that div'd for Sponges. *Rondelatius*, another, taken by the Island *Derinus*, which convers'd with Men many days together.

23 See the reason, in the Notes upon the sixth *Eclog.*

24 The Nature of *Proteus*, shifting into several forms, some refer to the Ensigns or Arms of the *Egyptian* Kings, which, according to their fashion, were various, a Lion, Bull, and the like: See *Diod. Sic. lib.* 2. Others interpret him a Sophist, who taketh Men with variety of Arguments: Others contrarily, the Truth, which suffers not her self to be taken, but onely by such as are well acquainted with the way of it: A fourth Exposition is by way of *Materia prima*, susceptible of all Forms. Many other Mythologies *La Cerda* reckons.

25 Though *Ambrosia* be properly the Food of the Gods, and *Nectar* their Drink, yet they are sometimes taken *vice versa*, *La Cerda* alledgeth many Instances; and

and in that ſenſe underſtands our Poet; adding, that he alludes to the Cuſtom of the Antients, who us'd to anoynt their Gueſts with Oyl; obſerv'd from *Homer* and *Athenæus*. And here more particularly in reſpect to *Ariſtæus* his wreſtling with *Protæus*, to which Exerciſe Oyl was proper, as making the Body ſlippery, not eaſie to be ſeiz'd on.

[26] The Sea-calves, according to *Ariſt. Hiſt.* 5. ſleep and bring forth on Land. So *Ælian l.* 9. *c.* 50. *Plin. l.* 9. *c.* 7. The time of their ſleep, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, is about Noon.

* Thence the Proverb, *More changable than* Proteus. The ſame Quality *Heſiod* affirms to have been obtain'd of *Neptune* by *Periclymanus* Son of *Neleus* and *Polymela*, to transform himſelf into whatſoever he would. See the Fable of *Vertumnus*, *Ovid. Met. l.* 14.

[27] *Miracula*; which word *Meurſius* obſerves us'd *in rebus turpibus*; adding that theſe Changes of *Proteus* related to the *obſcænæ præſtigiæ* of the Antients, *in Crit. Arnob.* 5. 9.

* This was at firſt written by *Virgil* in the name of *Gallus*, whoſe Miſtreſs run away with *Anthony*; but to pleaſe *Auguſtus* (after the death of *Gallus*, who was condemn'd for Treaſon) he chang'd the name into *Orpheus*, to whom he apply'd the ſtory. See *Eclog.* 10.

[28] *Ovid* who relates this ſtory, *Metamor. lib.* 10. calls it a Viper; *Tzetzes*, a Serpent; *Virgil* here, *Hydrum*, as a word moſt proper to a Serpent lurking in the Water: *Nicander* in *Theriac.* affirms, That the *Dryana* (which kind he makes all one with this) uſeth to bite the

the Foot, and thence to diffuſe Poyſon through the whole Body.

29 Hence *Servius* conjectures, that *Eurydice* was one of the *Dryades*, but diſprov'd by *La Cerda*.

30 The name, *Tænarus*, belongs to a Town, Haven, and a Promontory in *Lacedæmonia*, all near one another Here was a Cave, ſuppos'd the Entrance into Hell. *Orpheus* himſelf (as commonly ſuppos'd) *in Argonaut*.

Triſtia Tænarii petiit penetralia Regni,
Confiſus Cythara, uxoriſq; coactus amore.

31 A Three-headed Dog, Porter of Hell.

32 *Ixion* King of *Theſſaly*, was by *Jupiter* (for attempting a Rape upon *Juno*) caſt into Hell, where tortur'd on a Wheel.

33 Such was the Cuſtom of the Antients, when they left any place where ſome Misfortune had befaln them, never to look back, that they might not recall into their Memories the Ill they had receiv'd there, which they took for an ill Omen. This common Superſtition *Virgil* transfers to an Infernal Law; confirmed by the unfortunate ſucceſs, for *Orpheus*, upon his looking back loſt his Wife. See *Ovid lib.* 10.

34 This Noiſe *Servius* refers to the Joy of the Ghoſts for the return of *Eurydice*.

35 Here *La Cerda* deſerves to be conſulted, who produceth a Catalogue of thoſe things which *Orpheus* attracted with the Sound of his Lute; Men, Gods, Stars, Rivers,

Rivers, the Sea, Winds, Trees, Birds, Beasts, Stones, Mountains, and Infernal Powers.

36 *Germanus* conceives the Poet to allude to the report of the *Thracians*, attested by *Pausanias*, That those Nightingales which build near the Tomb of *Orpheus*, are more melodious than the rest.

37 The Rites of all Gods are call'd Orgies, ὠραὰ τὸ ἐιργεῖν τὲς ἀμυήτους, *from driving away all prophane persons*; more particularly the Rites of *Bacchus* have his name, by reason of its affinity with ὀργὴ, *Fury*: Thus, I suppose, the great dispute is to be reconcil'd concerning the Etymology.

38 *Pausanias lib. 9.* relates the death of *Orpheus* to be otherwise, as hapning through excessive grief for the loss of his Wife, or struck with Thunder for revealing sacred Mysteries to Men: But our Author's story is confirm'd by the most general consent. *Plato* adds, that he chose the life of a Swan, out of hatred to Woman-kind, refusing to be born again of those who were Authors of his death. The punishment of the *Thracian* Women for this Murther, were scars inflicted on them by their Husbands, as Tokens of their Sacriledge. See *Germanus*.

39 To the Infernal Deities they offer'd black Beasts, to the Celestial, White; *Because* (saith *Arnobius lib. 9.*) *to Supernal Gods, and Eminent Men, the more joyful colour is acceptable; to unhappy Infernal Deities, the more sad Colour:* Thus *Arnobius*; which Superstition he proceeds to refute.

40 A Heifer to a Goddess; Female Offerings to Females.

Females, Male to Male Deities, as obſerv'd by *Arnobius* in the ſame place.

41 A River dividing *Meſopotamia* from *Syria* and *Cappadocia*.

42 *Naples*. Our Author, as *La Cerda* believes, alludes to his own Name, call'd by the Antients, and often by *Scaliger*, *Vates Parthenopæus*. Therefore *Parthenope*, or the *Virgin-City*, bred me *Virgil*, the *Virgin-Poet*.

The End of Virgil's Georgicks.



Æn. 1

VIRGIL's

ÆNEIS.

(A) The First Book.

The ARGUMENT.

JUNO a Storm procures: The Trojans toss'd,
By Neptune's Favor gain the Libyck Coast.
Venus complains. The King of Gods relates
To her Romes Greatness, and ensuing Fates.
Hermes to Libya sent. Venus appears,
And in a Mortal Form Æneas cheers.
He visits Carthage, and lost Ships regains.
Dido the weary Trojans entertains.
But whilst glad Guests, full Cups, and Banquets mo
She takes a Fatal Draught, and drinks long Love.

I [a] Who on slender Reeds soft Past'rals play'd,
Then leaving [b] Woods, the neighboring Coun
Obedient to the greedy Villager,
A grateful Work to Swains; Now horrid War,



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[c] Arms, and the Man I [d] ſing, [e] who firſt did land,
[f] Fate-forc'd from *Troy*, on the [g] *Lavinian* Strand;
Whom angry Gods at Sea and Land engage,
And cruel *Juno*'s proſecuting Rage.
Much ſuffer'd he by War, whil'ſt [h] Walls he rear'd,
And [i] *Trojan* Gods to [k] *Latian* Realms transfer'd;
[l] Whence *Latins*, and the *Alban* Princes come,
And lofty Tow'rs of All-commanding *Rome*.
Say *Muſe*, what Pow'r was injur'd: on what ground,
Heavens Queen, a Prince for Piety renown'd,
To ſuch unheard of Dangers did conſtrain;
Can in Celeſtial minds ſuch Paſſion reign?
There was an [m] Antient City *Carthage*, held
by [n] *Tyrians*, which in [o] Wealth and [p] Arms excell'd;
'Gainſt *Tybers* Mouth, confronting *Rome*, it ſtands;
[q] *Juno* is ſaid, more than all other Lands,
This to eſteem, [r] *Samos* neglected; here
Her glorious [s] Arms, and Golden [t] Chariot were:
That is, Earths Empreſs, ſhould all Nations ſway,
She had deſign'd, would Deſtiny obey.
But, in the Book of Doom, ſhe found, from *Troy*,
A [u] Race muſt come, ſhould *Tyrian* Tow'rs deſtroy;
People of vaſt Dominion, a proud Foe
Should *Libya* waſt, revolving [x] Fates foreſhew.
This fear'd, and minding Wars in former days,
he for dear [y] *Argos* did 'gainſt *Ilium* raiſe;
Nor could ſhe antient Injuries digeſt,
Nor [z] *Paris* Judgement rooted in her Breſt;
That high affront of [aa] Beauty ſo diſgrac'd,
Then the loath'd [bb] Stock, and [cc] *Ganymede* ſo plac'd.

More

More vex'd at these, *Trojans* through th' Ocean toss'd,
Those poor remains, the conqu'ring *Grecian* Host,
And stern [dd] *Æacides*, had left alive,
She through all Seas did far from *Latium* drive:
They wandred many years, inforc'd by Fate.
So great the Task to raise the *Roman* State!
[ee] *Sicilia* yet in view, their Sayls they hoyse,
And, plowing up the foamy Sea, rejoyce;
When *Juno* said, who foster'd in her Breast
Th'eternal Wound, Vanquish'd shall I desist?
Nor yet this *Trojan* Prince from *Latium* turn?
The Fates curb me, forsooth; could [ff] *Pallas* burn
And sink the *Grecian* Navy in the Sea,
For one Man's Lust, [gg] *Ajax* Impiety?
She cast *Jove*'s winged Lightning from a Cloud,
Dispeirc'd their Fleet with Wind, the Ocean plow'd;
Him, breathing flames which through his bosom broke,
Stak'd with a Whirl-wind on a pointed Rock.
But I, Heaven's Queen, Sister and Wife to *Jove*,
So many years, Wars with one Nation move:
None will hereafter *Juno*'s Power adore,
Nor suppliant at our Altars, Aid implore.
Such things revolving, fir'd with discontent,
She to the Land of Storms ([hh] *Æolias*) went,
Coasts big with Tempests, where King [ii] *Æolus* reigns,
And the rebellious Winds in Prison chains:
But they, disdaining their so close Restraint,
Round the dark Dungeon roar with loud complaint.
In a high Tow'r, here Sceptred *Æolus* stands,
Calming their Fierceness by severe Commands;

Elſe in their rapid Courſe they would not ſpare
Sea, Land, high Heaven, but ſweep them through the (Air.
Jove fearing this, them in a Cave immures,
And under weight of mighty Hills ſecures;
And gave a King, who knows when to reſtrain,
And when commanded, how to looſe the Rein;
To whom thus *Juno* Suppliant began:
The Father of the Gods, and King of man,
Impowr'd thee, *Æolus*, Floods to calm, or raiſe:
A Race, my Foe, now ſayl the [k] *Tyrrhen* Seas,
Bearing to *Latium* conquer'd Gods and *Troy*:
Raiſe thou a Storm, and their craz'd Fleet deſtroy,
Or through the Waves their ſcatter'd Bodies ſend.
Twice ſeven moſt beauteous Nymphs on us attend,
The faireſt, [l] *Deiopeia*, I will joyn
To thee in Wedlock, to be ever thine;
For this great Service, ſhe thy Bed ſhall grace,
And make thee Father of a beauteous Race.
When *Æolus* ſaid, 'Tis thy part to enjoyn
Commands, great Queen, but to Obey, is mine:
Thou in this Realm and Throne didſt me Inveſt,
And, by thy means, 'mongſt Gods with *Jove* I feaſt;
Thou me o're Storms and Tempeſts didſt advance.
This ſaid, he pierc'd the Mountain with his Lance;
Winds ruſh like Troops, finding themſelves inlarg'd,
And the whole world with one great Tempeſt charg'd.
They take the Sea; *Eurus* and *Notus* raves,
And ſtormy [m] *Africus*, from deepeſt Caves,
Th' whole Ocean vex'd, tumbling vaſt waves to ſhore;
The Sea-men clamor, Shrouds and Tackle roar:

When

When from the *Trojans* ſight dark Clouds reſtrain
Heav'n and the Day, black night broods on the Main;
The high Poles Thunder, and thick darted fire
Inflames the Sky, ſwift Ruine all conſpire.
Straight are *Æneas* Limbs benum'd with [n] Cold,
Who ſighing, up to Heaven his Hands did hold:
Then ſaid, [o] O happy, more than happy, you,
Who near *Troy*'s Wall dy'd in your Parents view!
Why was not I by thee, O [p] *Diomed* ſlain,
Moſt Valiant *Grecian*, on the *Dardan* Plain?
Where great [q] *Sarpedon* loſt his Life, and where
Bold *Hector* fell by fierce *Achilles* Spear;
Where, * *Simois*, depriv'd of Valiant Souls,
So many Heroes, Shields and Helmets rowls.
Then from the North a ſudden Guſt did riſe,
Took them a Staies, and Waves advanc'd to th' Skies;
Oars break, about ſhe hurries with the Tide,
A Mountain raking o're her Weather-ſide;
Theſe hang on Billows, others, yauning Waves
The Bottom ſhew, the Sand with Breaches raves.
By South-winds, drove on hidden Rocks, three fall;
Rocks 'midſt the Floods, *Italians* [r] Altars call;
Rang'd are their craggy Shoulders 'bove the Sea;
Eaſt-winds on Shoals, a woful ſight, forc'd three,
Bilg'd them on Banks, and ſtuck in [s] Beds of Sand.
That with [t] *Orontes*' and the *Lycian* Band,
In his own view, a huge Sea from the North
Breaks o're her Stern, the [u] Maſter tumbled forth,
Pitch'd on his Head: but ſhe thrice hurried round,
With a ſwift Eddy in the Ocean drown'd.

Some few appearing ſwimming in boyſterous Floods,
With Arms, and Oars, and Planks, and *Trojan* Goods.
Ilioneus ſtout Ship now the Tempeſt tore,
Now bold *Achates*, next that *Abas* bore,
Then old *Alethes*, through ripp'd ſides each takes
In treacherous Waves, and founder'd are with Leaks.
[xx] *Neptune* mean time perceiv'd the Sea engag'd
With mighty Storms, and how rough Billows rag'd;
He much incens'd, and careful all to ſave,
His fav'ring Brow lifts 'bove the higheſt Wave.
Toſs'd through the Floods, *Æneas* Fleet he ſpies,
Diſtreſt with Seas, and Fury of the Skies;
Straight he his Siſter's Fraud and Malice finds,
When thus aloud he hails th' unruly Winds.
Have you ſuch Confidence of your [yy] High Birth,
Without our Leave to vex thus Heaven and Earth?
How dare you raiſe ſuch mighty Hills as theſe?
Whom I—— But firſt ſwoln Waves we muſt appeaſe;
Nor ſhall I thus ſuch Crimes hereafter ſpare.
With ſpeed [zz] depart, and to your King declare,
Not the Sea's Power, and mighty Trident, fell
To him, but me; let him in thy Houſe dwell,
Eurus! mongſt Rocks, in thoſe Courts *Æolus* may
Command, and in the Winds cloſe Priſon ſway.
Sooner then ſaid, he calms the Sea, then clears
The Sky from Clouds, the Sun again appears.
Cymothoe ! *Tryton* joyn, *Neptune* himſelf
Aſſiſts to clear them from the dangerous Shelf;
Op'ning vaſt Syrts, he calms the raging Tides,
And, with light Wheels, over the Surface glides.

As

As when great Cities with Sedition rage,
The giddy Vulgar furiouſly engage; (fly
Madneſs makes all things Arms; Stones, Fire-brands
Then if ſome [2] grave religious Man they ſpy,
For worth renown'd, all liſt'n to what he ſays,
His Speech commands their Souls, their Paſſion ſways:
So did his Preſence calm the troubled Main.
Then through clear Skies *Neptune* with gentle Rein
Wheels his ſwift Chariot, and well-manag'd [3] Horſe.
The *Trojans* wearied out, reſolve their courſe
For the next Shore, and ſoon they *Lybia* reach'd.
[4] Far within Land, an Iſle, with ſides out-ſtretch'd,
Did make a Port, which broke all Storms from Sea,
And cuts it ſelf into a Land-lock'd Bay;
On each ſide Rocks, of which, Two threat the Skies;
Calm Water under their protection lies.
A trembling Grove the entrance pleaſant made,
Where thicker Woods did caſt a horrid ſhade,
And Nature, of arch'd Rock, a Cave had hewn,
Grac'd with ſweet Springs, and Seats of living Stone,
The Nymphs [5] Aboads: ſtreſt Ships within this Bay,
Safe without Cable, or ſharp Anchors, lay.
Æneas with ſeven Veſſels made this Port,
Thirteen being loſt, the *Trojans* ſtraight reſort
To long'd-for Shores, and much rejoycing Land,
To reſt their Sea-ſick Bodies on the Sand.
Then firſt *Achates* ſparks ſtrike out of Flint,
And feeds the Fire with Leaves; dry nouriſhment
He next about the ſnatching Flame ſupply'd.
They weary'd out, ſuch as they had, provide;

Corn with Salt-water tainted: what they find,
They dry with Fire, and with a Stone they grind.
Mean while the Prince, earneſt to view the Coaſt.
Aſcends the Hill, if *Antheas* Tempeſt-toſs'd,
Capys, or any Sail he might diſcern,
Or ſtout *Caicus* Arms on his high Stern:
But not a Sayl in th' Offin did appear,
When on the Shore he ſpy'd three ſtraggling Deer;
The whole Herd following after in a Train,
Graz'd at their pleaſure on the verdant Plain.
He ſtands, but ſnatch'd his Bow and Shafts before,
Which for his Prince faithful *Achates* bore;
And firſt, their Leaders, as they nearer drew,
Their tall Heads Crown'd with branching Creſts, he ſlew:
Then picks the Vulgar out, until he drove
The reſt, for ſafety, to the ſheltring Grove:
Nor left, till Victor, ſeven fat Bucks he laid
Dead on the Ground, which his Ships number made.
Returning then, theſe with his Friends he ſhar'd,
Wine good *Aceſtes* had in Casks prepar'd
In *Sicily*, and gave his parting Gueſts,
The Prince divides, thus chearing their ſad Breaſts:
Dear Friends, for we have many Dangers paſt,
And greater, God theſe too will end at laſt;
You ſcap'd fierce *Scylla*'s Rage, and deaf'ning ſound,
And through ff *Cyclopian* Rocks a paſſage found:
Cheer up, ſad Thoughts lay by, this Story may
Delightful be to tell another Day;
Through great Diſaſters, and ſuch ſtrange Retreats,
Latium we ſeek, where Heaven grant's quiet Seats,

Where

Where we *Troy*'s Monarchy may new erect:
Live, and with Hope ſuch happy Days expect.
This ſaid, although oppreſt with weighty Care,
He ſhews glad Looks, and hides his deep Deſpair.
They take the Quarry, and prepare the Feaſt,
Straight they unlace the Deer, and the Humbles dreſt,
Some pieces cut, which trembling ſpitted were;
On Shore ſome gg Boylers place, and Fire prepare;
Sitting on Graſs, Strength they recruit with Food,
And with old Wine and Ven'ſon cheer their Blood.
Hunger allay'd, and Boards remov'd, much they
Of loſt Friends talk; 'twixt Hope and Fear, much ſay,
If dead, and quite deſpair'd of, or alive;
Much the good Prince doth for *Orontes* grieve,
And *Lycus* and *Amycus* cruel Fates,
Cleanthus, *Gyas*, much compaſſionates.
When *Jove* from his ætherial hight ſurveys
The fixed Earth, and navigable Seas,
Shores and ſpred Nations, on Heav'ns Spire he ſtands,
Fixing his Eye upon the *Libyan* Strands;
To him revolving in his Breſt ſuch Cares,
Sad, having drown'd her ſparkling Eyes in Tears,
Spake *Venus*; Thou, who by Eternal Law
Rul ſt Men and Gods, and doſt with Thunder aw,
How could my Son ſo highly thee incenſe?
What was the waſted *Trojans* great Offence,
That now for *Latiums* ſake muſt no where plant?
From *Teucer*'s hh Line, we had thy Royal Grant,
Romans ſhould ſpring, that all the World ſhould ſway,
And make both Sea and Land their Power obey:

What

What Information alters thy Decree?
In *Troy*'s Deſtruction this did comfort me,
When I croſs Fate with Fate did counterpoyſe;
Yet the ſame Fortune ſtill our Men deſtroys.
What time, great King, ſhall terminate our Woes?
Safe could [9] *Antenor* break through all his Foes,
Illyrick Confines, and *Liburnian* Realms,
And, without loſs, paſs proud *Timavus* ſtreams: (raves
Whence through nine Mouths, a Sea from Mountains
Which the whole Country drowns in ſomy Waves.
Yet here he fix'd, and on this very Ground
[10] *Patavium* Tow'rs did on the Waters Found;
Trojans new [11] Nam'd, and free from all Alarms,
Hung up now uſeleſs conſecrated [12] Arms.
But we, thy Race, Heirs to thy Starry Throne,
Our [13] Ships diſpers'd, are by the ſpight of one,
Strangely oppreſs', and drove from *Latium* Shore.
This Vertue's pay? Thus doſt thou Realms reſtore?
The Father of the Gods, and King of Men,
Smiling on her, with ſuch a look, as when
He Clouds diſperſeth, and ſerenes the Skies,
Kiſſing his Daughter, gently thus replyes.
Fear not, my *Cytherea*; for the Fates
Stand firm for thine; promis'd *Lavinian* Gates
Thou ſhalt behold, and bear to Heav'n with thee,
Great-ſoul'd *Æneas*; I change no Decree.
I'l tell thee, ſince ſuch Cares torment thy Mind,
What in the depth of hidden Fate I find.
He ſhall by War the proud *Italians* tame,
Reform Religion, and their Laws new frame;

And

And ſhall three Winters o'r the *Latins* reign,
And all *Rutilia* in three Summers gain.
But young *Aſcanius*, now *Iulus*, late
Call'd *Ilus*, whilſt great *Ilium* held her State.
Shall reign full thirty Years, with Months, compleat;
And from *Lavinium* ſhall transfer his Seat,
And next with mighty Pow'r Long-*Alba* rear:
Here *Hector*'s Race muſt rule three hundred Year,
Till *Ilia*, Queen and Prieſteſs, ſhall bring forth,
Pregnant by *Mars*, two Children at one birth.
Roab'd in his Wolf-nurſe yellow Skin, and Crown'd,
Romulus ſhall *Mavortian* Bulwarks Found,
And after his own Name the *Romans* call;
Whoſe Power, in unconfin'd Dominions, ſhall
For ever laſt; the Spight which *Juno* bears,
Vexing the World with Jealouſies and Fears,
Shall turn to Love, and ſhe, with us, imbrace
The *Romans*, Lords of all, and the Gown'd Race.
On gliding Luſters wing'd, the Time ſhall come,
When great [14] *Aſſaracus* Houſe, commanding *Rome*,
Shall ſtubborn *Greece* into Subjection bring.
From a fair Stock ſhall *Trojan Cæſar* ſpring,
The [15] Sea muſt bound his Power, the Stars his Fame,
[16] *Julius*, from Great *Julus* comes that Name.
Laden with [17] Eaſtern Spoyls, him thou ſhalt ſee
In State in [18] Heaven, and worſhipped with thee.
Then Nations milder grow, and Wars ſurceaſe;
Old [19] Faith and [20] *Veſta*, *Romulus* in Peace
Shall with his [21] Brother Reign, when Steel ſhall bar
Dire [22] *Janus* Gates; within ſits impious War

On

On curſed Arms, bound with a thouſand Chains,
And horrid, with a bloody Mouth complains.

This ſaid, from Heaven, *Jove* [zz] *Maia*'s Off-ſpring (ſends,
That [1] *Carthage*, *Trojans* might receive as Friends,
Leſt *Dido* ſhould, not knowing [2] Fate, deny
Them free Acceſs; he glides through th' ample Sky,
And on ſwift Wings, ſoon touched *Libyck* Shores;
His Charge perform'd, mild grow the barbarous Moors;
And firſt the Queen moſt graciouſly inclin'd
To entertain them with a Bounteous Mind.

But all that Night the Prince being full of Cares,
And reſtleſs, with the early Dawn, prepares
For new Diſcoveries of this unknown Land,
If Men or Beaſts the untill'd Soyl command;
Then give his Friends account of what he found..
Under a jetting Rock, and ſheltred round
With Wood, his Fleet lay in a gloomy ſhade,
Onely [3] *Achates* his Companion made,
In's Right-hand ſhaking two Broad-pointed Spears;
When his fair [4] Mother in the Grove appears;
The [5] *Spartan* Virgins have ſuch Arms, and Weeds,
Such was [6] *Harpalice*, whoſe ſwifteſt Steeds,
Or *Hebrus* could at higheſt ſpeed out-go.
For, as they us'd, ſhe [7] wore a handſom Bow,
And to the wanton Winds expos'd her Hair;
Tuck'd to her Knee her flowing Garments were.
And firſt to them ſhe calls; Have you, I pray,
Seen any of my Siſters paſs this way?

In

In [8] Lynx-skins girt, they caſt light Quivers o're;
Or heard them hunting of the foamy Boar?
Thus *Venus*; when her Son reply'd, Not we
Did any of thy Siſters hear or ſee;
But who art thou? that Voice and beauteous Face,
Not Mortal is; thou art of Heavenly Race;
Or *Phœbus* Siſter, or ſome Nymph. Be bleſt,
Who e're thou art, and comfort us diſtreſt;
Say, in what Country of the Orbed World,
We, ignorant of the Men and Clime, are hurl'd
By a prodigious Tempeſt, from our way,
And *Hecatombs* I'le at thy Altars pay.
For me ſuch [9] Preſents are not, ſhe reply'd;
We *Tyrian* Maids bear Quivers by our ſide,
And high our purple [10] Buskins on we lace.
Carthage thou ſeeſt, built by [11] *Agenor*'s Race,
But *Libyck* Coaſts, where Warlike Men are bred;
Dido Reigns here, who from her Brother fled:
The ſtory's ſad and long, but I'le in brief,
Of many Paſſages ſelect the chief.
[12] *Sichæus* was her Lord, in Wealth beyond
All *Tyre*, and ſhe of him extremly fond;
Whoſe Father with bleſt Omens gave a Maid:
But [13] *Tyre* her Brother King *Pygmalion* ſwaid,
Who far exceeds all thoſe that e're engag'd
To murther Princes, and with Fury rag'd.
Mad, till her Husbands Gold he had enjoy'd,
Sichæus at the Altars he deſtroy'd;
Long hides the Fact, and did her Love deſpiſe,
Yet cheriſh'd her vain Hope with flattering Lies.

To

To whom in ſleep, her Husband Un-interr'd,
With a moſt ghaſtly Countenance appear'd;
Dire Altars, and his wounded Boſom ſhews,
And all her Brother's Treaſon did diſcloſe:
Perſuades her, ſtraight that ſhe her Country fly;
A Hoard of Gold, and Silver, to ſupply
Her Voyage, he diſcovers under Ground,
Which made her way, and many Followers found.
Thoſe who did hate, or fear the Tyrant, meet,
And ſuddenly they ſeize a ready Fleet,
Tranſporting thence greedy *Pigmalion*'s Coyn;
A Woman Principal of this Deſign;
And found thoſe Parts where now huge Walls, and new
Tow'rs of aſpiring *Carthage* thou maiſt view:
Call'd [37] *Byrſa* from the Bargain, ſo much Ground
Bought, as a Bull's Hide might incompaſs round.
But who are you? Whence came ye? Where d' ye go?
To her inquiring, he ſurcharg'd with Wo,
From a full Breaſt, drew theſe. Should I recall,
O Goddeſs, things from their Original,
And would you hear the Annals of our Woes,
Veſper would firſt Day in *Olympus* cloſe.
We from old *Troy*, if e're you heard the Name,
Through many dangerous Seas, and Tempeſts came;
By Providence thus to the *Libyck* Shore.
I am *Æneas* who from Enemies bore
My Gods with me aboard; my Fame above
The Stars is known; and ſprung from mighty *Jove*;
I ſeek my Kindred, and great *Italy*;
I twenty Ships launch'd to the *Phrygian* Sea:

What

What [38] Courſe my Goddeſs Mother did ordain,
And Fates, I have obſerv'd; ſcarce ſeven remain
By Waves and Tempeſts craz'd; unknown and poor,
Driven from *Europe*, and the *Aſian* Shore,
I wander *Libyck* Wilds. Here *Venus* brake
Off his ſad Speech, and interrupting, ſpake.
Who e're thou art, I judge that thou ſurviv'ſt
Dear to the Gods, at *Carthage* who ariv'ſt:
To the Queen's Pallace therefore ſtraight repair;
For know, thy Friends and Fleet in ſafety are,
And with chang'd Northern Winds be hither brought,
Or me in vain my Parents Augury taught.
Lo! [39] twice ſix Swans, rejoycing in their March,
Jove's Bird had chac'd through Heaven's ætherial Arch,
Drawn out in rank and file, on earth they light,
And now their taken Quarters ſeem to ſlight;
Eſcap'd, they mount, clapping triumphant Wings,
And round the Pole the ſilver Conſort ſings,
So to the Port thy Well-man'd Navy ſteers,
Or in ſafe Harbor with full Sayl appears.
Then ſaid, now Sirs, keep on the way you go,
And turning, ſhe her glorious Neck did ſhew;
When her *Ambroſian* Hair a Heavenly Sweet
Breaths from her Head, Robes flow beneath her Feet;
Her Garb a Goddeſs ſhews. He, when he knew
His Mother, thus her flying did purſue.
Why cruel too, doſt thou ſo oft deceive
Thy Son with feigned Shapes? may we not give
Right Hands, hear real ſtories, and reply?
Thus blaming her, he to the Walls drew nigh.

But

But *Venus* with black Miſt, them walking ſhrouds,
And covers with a Cloak of Sable Cloods,
Leſt any ſhould or touch them, or diſcern,
And by delays, their Cauſe of coming learn.
Then the pleas'd Goddeſs back to [17] *Paphos* flew,
Her own dear Seats, and Temples to review;
Where Crown'd with Garlands to her ſacred Name,
With Eaſtern Gums an hundred Altars flame.
But they mean time went as the Path did lead,
And now aſcend a Hill, whoſe riſing Head
Did much o're-top the City, and look down
Upon the adverſe Bulwarks of the Town.
The Prince, late Cottages, now lofty Spires,
Gates, buſie Throngs, and pav'd Streets admires.
The *Tyrians* ply their work; ſome Bulwarks found,
And Stones, to raiſe high Walls, dig under Ground;
Others a place to build their Houſe incloſe,
Laws, Magiſtrates, and a grave Counſel choſe;
Some make the Port, others a Platform drew
For [18] Theaters, from Rocks huge Pillars hew,
High Ornaments to grace the future Scene.
As Bees through Flow'ry Meads, the Air ſerene,
Work in the Spring, when hopeful Youth they train,
Or when they treaſure their delicious Gain,
And with the pureſt *Nectar* ſtuff their Hive,
Or eaſe the laden, or imbattel'd, drive
The Drones, a ſlothful Cattel, from their Cells;
All work, of Thyme the fragrant Honey ſmells.
O you are happpy Men, whoſe Walls are laid,
(Admiring their high Roofs) *Æneas* ſaid;

Wrapt

Wrapt in a Cloud, moſt ſtrange, then marcheth in,
And mixing with the People, went unſeen.
Amidſt the City was a ſhady Grove,
Where firſt the *Pœni*, by a Tempeſt drove,
Digg'd a Horſe-head, which Sign great *Juno* gave,
How well in War they ſhould themſelves behave,
And through all Ages be with Plenty fill'd:
Here *Juno*'s Temple did Queen *Dido* build,
Wealthy with Preſents, and the Goddeſs Grace;
Braſs [43] Portals mount with ſteps on Beams of Braſs,
On groaning Hindges Brazen Gates reſound.
Here firſt the Prince ſome light of Comfort found;
New Objects leſs'ning Doubts, he not deſpairs
Of better fortune to his ſad Affairs.
For whilſt, attending on the Queen, he ſtaid,
And the high Temple round about ſurvey'd;
Whilſt he admires the Cities Chance, and ſtrife
Of emulous Artiſts imitating Life,
He ſaw the *Trojan* War moſt rarely done;
War, now by Fame through all the World made known.
He ſaw [44] *Atrides*, *Priam* too was there,
And ſtern *Achilles*, unto both ſevere.
Weeping, he then, *Achates*, ſaid, what State,
What Kingdom hath not heard of our ſad Fate?
Priam behold, Reward here Virtue finds;
Troy Tears, and our Misfortunes pitying Minds:
Fear not, this Fame may bring ſome Help. This ſe'd,
On liveleſs Picture he his Fancy fed.
Sighing, then baths his Cheeks in Streams of Brine,
To ſee how they near *Troy* did Battel joyn:

Here *Grecians* fly, and *Hector* preſſeth on,
Creſted *Achilles* there, and *Trojans* run.
Next [45] *Rheſus* ſnowy Tent his Eye invite,
Whoſe Quarters *Diomed*, in dead of Night
Had beaten up, and dreadful Slaughter made,
And to his Camp their fiery Steeds convey'd,
E're they drank *Panthus*, or near *Troy* had graz'd.
Poor [46] *Troilus* diſarm'd, here flyes amaz'd,
Too weak for thee *Achilles*, backwards flung,
With Horſes dragg'd, he by his Chariot hung,
Foul Earth doth his fair Neck and Treſſes ſmear;
[47] Scribling the Duſt with his inverted Spear.
When *Ilian* Dames, with Hair [48] diſhevel'd, went
To angry *Pallas* Fane, and Robes preſent:
Beating their Breaſts, her they implore with Cryes,
But th' angry Goddeſs fix'd on Earth her Eyes.
Here, thrice *Achilles*, *Hector*'s pale Corps rowl'd
About *Troy*'s Walls, and Ranſom'd it for [49] Gold.
Then a deep Groan his Breaſt did almoſt rend,
When he the Corps, Spoils, Chariot of his Friend,
And *Priam* ſaw when naked Hands he rears.
He knows himſelf amongſt the *Grecian* Peers,
Knew Eaſtern Squadrons, and black [50] *Memnons* Arms;
Penthiſilea raging 'midſt Alarms,
Her Creſcent-ſhielded *Amazons* brought on,
Her naked Breaſt girt with a Golden Zone;
Againſt whoſe Regiments ſhe chargeth then,
And (a bold Virgin) dares encounter Men.
Whilſt on theſe things the *Trojan* Prince did look,
And, much admiring, with the Object took,

With

With a ſtrong Guard, Queen *Dido*, the moſt fair,
To the high Temple did in State repair.
As on *Eurotas* Banks, or *Cynthus* Top,
Diana Dances leads; a beauteous Troop
Of Mountain-Nymphs attend on every ſide;
Her golden Quiver at her Shoulders ty'd,
Walking ſhe all the Goddeſſes excels,
Whilſt Joy *Latona*'s ſilent Boſom ſwells:
Such *Dido*, who her ſelf ſo nobly bears,
Haſtning the work, to ſettle State-affairs.
In *Juno*'s Porch, the Temples Mid-arch, round
Guarded with Arms, on high ſhe ſate Inthron'd;
A Woman gave Men Laws, and Tasks Aſſigns
In equal Portion, or by Lot enjoyns. (view
When ſtraight the Prince did with great concourſe
Antheus, *Sergeſtus*, and *Cloanthus* too,
And other *Trojans*, in the Tempeſt toſt
By raging Billows to another Coaſt,
Æneas and *Achates* both admire,
Hope bids them on, Fear ſtops their raſh Deſire
T'imbrace their friends; but ſtill in doubt they ſhrowd,
Longing Spectators in the hollow Cloud,
To know what hapned to their Friends, and where
They left the Fleet, what Buſineſs brought them there;
For from each Ship Petitioners were ſent,
Which altogether to the Temple went;
After Admiſſion, and free Audience had,
Undiſcompos'd, bold *Ilioneus* ſaid, (Towers
Great Queen, whom *Jove* to raiſe theſe ſtately
And Curb proud Nations by ſtrict Law, impow'rs;

Drove through all Seas, with mighty Storms diſtreſt,
We miſerable *Trojans* thee requeſt
To ſave our Fleet from Fire, the Pious ſpare,
And nearer look into our ſad Affair.
Nor have we Landed in a Hoſtile way,
As Pyrats, on the *Libyck* Coaſts, to prey:
Such Pride, ſuch Courage, vaniſh'd, we have loſt.
There is a Warlike and a fruitful Coaſt,
The *Greeks* [52] *Heſperia* call, whoſe famous Land
Th' [53] *Oenotrian* People did of old command;
Call'd by Poſterity, as goes the Fame,
[54] *Italy*, from *Italus* their Princes Name;
To theſe Parts we were Bound.
When moiſt [56] *Orion* with the Flood did riſe,
Then thundring Storms did ſuddenly ſurpriſe
Us, and on dangerous Shelves prevailing bore,
Onely a few were driven upon your Shore.
What a rude People's this? what barbarous Land
Admits ſuch Cuſtoms? from the common Strand
Us they repulſe, and as moſt deadly Foes,
By force of Arms, at Landing do oppoſe.
If Men, and Mortal Powers you not regard,
Yet know, the Gods both Right and Wrong Record.
Æneas was our King, for Piety,
Juſtice and Proweſs, none more Great than he;
Whom, if Fates grant ætherial Air to breath,
Nor ſummon'd yet to diſmal Shades beneath,
There is no queſtion, thou ſhalt e're repent,
That him thou didſt in Courteſie prevent.

Sicilian.

Sicilian Cities we, and Arms enjoy,
Where good [57] *Aceſtes* governs, ſprung from *Troy*.
Grant we draw up our Navy, craz'd with Storms,
Sheath in your Woods, and fit with Naval Arms;
If of our King, and our loſt Friends we hear,
We may to *Italy* and *Latium* ſteer:
But, of our ſafety, if no Tidings come,
And thee, beſt *Trojan* Prince, the Waves intomb;
Nor of *Aſcanius* any Hope remains;
To Seats prepar'd, where King *Aceſtes* Reigns,
We ſhall return, and former Harbors find,
Ilioneus ſaid, the *Trojans* with one mind
Gave loud Applauſe.

Then *Dido* brief and modeſtly declares;
O *Trojans*, fear not, and ſeclude your Cares:
To ſettle our new State is found ſo hard,
That we our Confines are inforc'd to guard.
Of *Trojans*, who? of *Troy*, who ignorant are?
Thoſe valiant Heroes, and that bloody War?
Tyrians are not ſo dull, not yet the Sun's
[57] Chariot ſo diſtant from our City runs.
If great *Heſperia*, *Latium*, or if more
You wiſh for [58] *Eryx*, and *Aceſtes* Shore,
Safe I'le diſmiſs you, and ſupply your want.
Will you alike with us this City plant?
This Town I build is yours: Your Ships forſake,
I'le 'twixt the Nations no diſtinction make.
Would the ſame Wind your King had hither brought,
But ſeveral ways he ſhall with Care be ſought,

Through all theſe Confines, to our furtheſt Coaſt,
Should he in Deſarts be, or Cities loſt.
Achates and the King with theſe words fir'd,
Long ſince, to break the gloomy Cloud, deſir'd.
When firſt *Achates* ſaid, Great Goddeſs Son,
What do thy doubtful Thoughts now fix upon?
All ſafe thou ſeeſt, thy Fleet and Friends are found,
Onely one loſt, which we our ſelves ſaw drown'd
Amongſt the raging Billows; all proves true,
That your bleſt Mother late fore-told to you.
Scarce ſpake, when ſtraight the circumfuſed ſhade
Diſ-curtain'd, and the glorious Scene diſplaid,
Where, ſhining in bright Air, *Æneas* ſtood,
His Face, and gallant Perſon, like a God:
Venus his [59] Treſſes curl'd, his Cheeks ſhe dies,
And ſmiling Honor ſprinkles on his Eyes,
So poliſh'd Ivory, or Silver, would,
Or [60] *Parian* Marble, ſhine in pureſt Gold:
When to the wondring Queen, and all the reſt,
Suddenly ſpake an unexpected Gueſt;
Trojan *Æneas*, whom you ſeek, you ſee,
From Dangers of the dreadful Ocean, free.
O thou that onely pitieſt ſuff'ring *Troy*,
And us, whom cruel *Greeks* could not deſtroy,
Spent with Misfortunes, and all kind of Want,
By Land and Sea, with thee and thine wouldſt plant:
We no return, Great Queen, nor all our Race,
Can pay, now ſcatter'd o're the wide Worlds Face,
If any Providence Piety protect,
If any Juſtice on it ſelf reflect,

They

They will reward: What Age did bring thee forth?
What Parents mad'ſt thou happy at thy Birth?
Whilſt Silver-footed Streams to th' Ocean march,
Whilſt Hills caſt ſhadows, whilſt Heav'ns cryſtal Arch
The Stars ſupport, thy Honor, Praiſe, and Name,
What Land ſo e're invites me, I'le proclame.
Then *Ilioneus* Hand his Right-hand meets,
His left *Sergeſtus*, *Gyas* next he greets,
And bold *Cloanthus*, then ſalutes the reſt.
When wondring *Dido* thus her ſelf expreſt.
What dangerous Fate purſu'd thee, Goddeſs Son?
What forc'd thee on theſe barbarous Shores to run?
Art thou *Æneas*, whom fair *Venus* bore
To great *Anchiſes*, near ſwift *Simois* Shore?
I well remember [61] *Teucer*, driven from home,
Seeking new Kingdoms, did to *Sidon* come
For *Belus* Aid; my Father then did ſpoyl
Cyprus, and Conqu'ror, tax'd the wealthy Iſle;
Since then to me are *Trojan* Fortunes known,
The *Grecian* Princes Titles, and thy own.
He, though a Foe, the *Dardans* much extoll'd,
Boaſting [62] himſelf deriv'd from them of old;
Therefore bold *Trojans* to our Court advance:
Through many Toyls, not much undiff'ring Chance
At laſt compell'd me on theſe Shores to reſt,
Taught by my Woes, to ſuccor the diſtreſt.
This ſaid, *Æneas* ſhe to Court conveys,
And the Gods [63] Honors in the Temple pays;
Then to his Fleet ſends twenty Beeves, of Swine
A hundred more, rough with a briſly Chine;

Then with the Ews, as many Fatned Lambs,
And Wine, [64] *Lyæus* Joy.
But all within with Princely Pomp was grac'd,
And, 'midst the Hall, a sumptuous Banquet plac'd;
Wrought Carpets, with rich Scarlet did infold
Proud Silver Tables, where, ingrav'd with Gold,
Her Grandsires Acts in a large Series stood,
Drawn from so many Princes of the Blood.
The King (Paternal Kindness never sleeps)
Sent down in haste *Achates* to the Ships,
And with *Ascanius* bids to Court repair;
On his dear Off-spring's all the Parent's Care;
To bring Gifts sav'd from *Troy*: the long Robe, which
Was purl'd with Gold, and with Imbroydery rich;
The [65] Veil, whose Margins bright *Acanthus* wrought,
And *Helen* had from *Greece* to *Ilium* brough,
When to a fatal Marriage she set forth,
Her Mother *Læda*'s [66] Gift, of wondrous worth;
The Scepter *Priams*'s eldest Daughter bore,
And Chain of Pearl, which once [67] *Ilione* wore;
The [68] Coronet, with Gold and Gems inchac'd:
For these *Achates* to the Fleet made Haste.
But new Arts *Venus* tryes, new Counsels took,
How *Cupid* might like sweet *Ascanius* look;
How he with Presents might, to strange desire,
Inflame the Queen, and set her all on fire.
False-hearted *Tyrians* fauning [69] Tongues she fears;
Night, and fierce *Juno*'s Rage, increase her Cares.
When thus wing'd Love she with sweet words per-
Dear son, from whom I boast my greatest aids, (suades.
Who

Who onely slight'st great *Jove*'s Gygantick flame,
To thee I onely now a Suppliant am.
How long thy Brother through the World hath been
(my dear *Æneas*) tos'd by *Juno*'s Spleen,
Thou know'st, who Tears oft to our Grief affords,
Him *Dido* stays with her inchanting words.
An entertaining *Juno*, I suspect,
Will never Opportunity neglect.
Some Counter-plot may compass our desire,
To catch the Queen in Love's intangling Fire,
E're *Juno* take her off; that she with me,
May an Admirer of *Æneas* be.
How this thou mayst perform, I shall declare.
The Royal Off-spring, my especial Care,
His Father doth for *Carthage* now Imploy,
With Presents sav'd from Floods, and flaming *Troy*.
In high *Cytherum* him I'le cast asleep,
Or in *Idalium*'s sacred Mansions keep,
Lest any should our Practices display,
Or his Appearance should our Plot betray.
Transform thy self to him one Nights short space,
And thou a Boy, put on a Boy's known Face:
Then when pleas'd *Dido* takes thee in her Lap,
At Royal Feasts, Crown'd with the chearing Grape,
And, thee imbracing, shall sweet Kisses print,
Infuse hid Fire, with deadly Venom in't.
His Mother, Love obeys, Wings laid aside,
He takes in young *Ascanius* Garb a pride.
But *Venus* through *Iulus* Limbs distils
Soft Sleep, and bears to the *Idalian* Hills;

There

There in ſweet [70] *Marjerom* the Boy ſhe laid,
Whoſe Flow'rs imbrac'd him with a pleaſant Shade.
To *Tyrian* Courts with Preſents *Cupid* bends,
As *Venus* bid, *Achates* him attends.
When he came in, the Queen in mighty State,
[71] Amidſt a Golden Bed in Glory ſate;
Then Prince *Æneas*, and the *Trojan* Gueſt,
In higheſt Places on pure Scarlet reſt.
Water they brought to waſh, [72] Chargers they fraight
With fineſt Bread, and with fring'd Towels wait,
VVhilſt fifty Dames ſerv'd up the Bill of Fare,
And to the Gods did Sacrifice prepare.
An hundred Maids, as many young Men more,
Boards with fill'd Diſhes, and full Goblets ſtore.
In ample Halls the *Tyrian* Nobles meet,
And on imbroyder'd Beds, commanded, ſit.
Th' admire *Æneas* Gifts, *Aſcanius* Grace,
His feigned Language, and his Heavenly Face;
The Robe and Veil with rich *Acanthus* dy'd.
But hapleſs *Dido*, never ſatisfi'd,
Deſtin'd to Death, her contemplating Eyes,
The Boy and Preſents equally ſurprize.
VVhen he about *Æneas* Neck had hung,
And ſerv'd great Love of a feign'd Father long,
He Courts the Queen, her Soul and Eye he charms;
At laſtſh e takes the VVanton in her Arms,
Not knowing what God th' unfortunate betray'd.
He, mindful of his Mother, not delay'd
To blot *Sichæus* out with lively Love,
And ſetled Reſolutions to remove.

After

After first [75] silent Feasts, and all took down,
They mighty Goblets with full [76] *Bacchus* Crown;
Through all the [77] Court are Noises carried round,
And ecchoing words through ample Halls resound:
On golden Roo's [78] Lamps cast reflecting light,
And shining Torches vanquish sullen Night.
A Golden Bowl, whose sparkling Gems did shine,
The Queen commands to fill with richest Wine,
Which [79] *Belus* us'd, and all of *Belus* Race.
Silence commanded, thus then *Dido* prays;
O *Jove* (for thou protect'st all Guests, they say)
Make to both Nations this a happy Day,
Which always let posterity Record:
Glad *Bacchus*, and best *Juno*, bless the Board,
And *Tyrians* celebrate this Feast; she said,
And flowing Honor on the Table paid.
Then with her Lip she touch'd the frothy Brim,
And gave the Bowl to *Bitias*, hast'ning him;
He straight obeys, turns the full Goblet up,
And drench'd himself in th' overflowing Cup.
Then other Peers; whilst curl'd [80] *Iopas* plays
Upon his Golden Harp great [81] *Atlas* Lays:
He changing Moons, and the Sun's [82] Labors sung;
Whence [83] Men & Beasts, whence [84] Showrs & Light-
The bears, *Triones*, kids fore-telling Rain; (ning sprung;
Why Winter [85] Suns rush headlong to the Main,
And what the tardy Night so long delaies.
Tyrians and *Trojans* thunder out his praise.
But all that while unhappy *Dido* drove
Away with various Talk, and Drinks Long-love;

Of

Of *Priam* asking much, of *Hector* more,
Curious to know what Arms black [86] *Memnon* wore.
Next she enquires of stern *Titides* Horse,
Achilles [88] Gyant size, and mighty force.
Be pleas'd from first your story to relate,
Tell *Grecian* Treasons, and the *Trojan* Fate,
And your own wandrings, since now seven years toss'd
Through dangerous Seas, and drove to many a Coast.

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The First BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS.*

*SO nam'd from *Æneas*, the chief Perſon in the Poem; of which formation, by Poetical Authority, contrary to the Rules of Grammar, ſee *Priſcian*, l. 2. *Æneas* (as *Philoſtratus* atteſts) was eſteem'd of greateſt wiſdom amongſt the *Trojans*, as *Hector* of greateſt ſtrength: both of equal Age and Stature. He was (as *Homer* acknowledgeth, *Il.* 11.) honor'd as a God by his Country-men, as being ἀγαθὸς, εὐφρὼν, καὶ ἀνδρεῖος, *Prudent*, *Generous* and *Strong*; which Character our Author preſerves to the height. And as *Homer* in his *Iliads*, hath repreſented the Practick life under the perſon of *Achilles*, in his *Odyſſ.* the theorick under *Ulyſſes*, *Virgil* contracting both into one Work & Perſon; expreſſing the *Odyſſes* in the ſix firſt Books, the *Iliads* in the ſix later. The name, *Æneas*, though *Homer* derives from αἰνος, as if impos'd on him by *Venus*;

Venus, in relation to some ill Omen, *Scaliger* more appositly deduceth from αἰνεῖν, to *Praise*, which our Author best justifies.

The Authors Scope and Intention in this Work is, to describe the Actions of *Æneas*, thereby celebrating *Julius* and *Augustus Cæsar*, who desir'd to be known, as the Off-spring of *Julus* or *Ascanius*, the Son of *Æneas*.

[A] This is the onely Book of the twelve which ends Comically, as is observ'd by *Scaliger*, *Poet.* In it the Poet imitates more particularly the first of *Homers Odysses*.

[a] Some are of Opinion, that these first four Lines were not *Virgil*'s, but far beneath the weight of the rest, but they are vindicated to their Author by the Testimonies of their Antient Interpreters, *Donatus* and *Servius*; and in themselves, by the whole Academy of Criticks. *Varus* indeed, and *Tucca*, to whom *Augustus* deliver'd the Book to be revis'd, are said to have cut them Four off, upon that later ground; but how unreasonably, we refer to *Scal.* the Father, *Poet l.* 5.

[b] There are three kinds of Characters, ἰχνὸς, μέσος, ἀδρὸς, the *Low*, the *Mean*, the *Generous*. The Grammarians attribute the first to our Author's *Bucolicks*; the second, to his *Georgicks*; the last, to his *Æneis*; which three Works he implies here by Woods, Country and War.

[c] Some blame our Poet for putting Arms before the Man, because the first six Books discourse more of him, the last more of Arms; but they forget that the second Book sets Arms out to the height, charactering both

both Valor and Deceit, a moſt prudent Leader, and a moſt daring Soldier exactly.

[d] The other he onely *play'd*; This word *Canere*, being obſerv'd to be much higher than *Modulari*: Therefore *Calliope* is Queen of the Muſes, becauſe the reſt onely *Modulantur*, ſhe ſings, *Scaliger*, *Poet.* 3. 26.

[e] Different interpretations are alledg'd by Grammarians to make this good; for that *Æneas* was the firſt that went from *Troy* to *Italy*, is contrary to Hiſtory, *Antenor* having done as much before: but *Servius*, to juſtifie the priority of *Æneas*, proves, that at what time he came to *Italy*, it was bounded by the River *Rubicon*; ſo that *Antenor* came not into *Italy*, but to *Gallia Ciſalpina*: To which diviſion *Cæſar* ſeems to allude, when paſſing over the River againſt *Pompey*, he ſaid, *Facta eſt alea*, as if that were the firſt ſtep he made into *Italy*.

[f] It was commonly reported, that *Æneas* fled away from his Country, having firſt betray'd it; which, *Virgil* to take off, lays his Baniſhment wholly upon Fate: For which ſome add this reaſon, that he was deſcended from *Laomedon*; the *Hetrurian* Tradition affirming, that whoſoever was of a perjur'd Race, ſhould be an Exile and Vagabond by Fate. *Servius Fuld.*

[g] *Lavina Littora.* Of this *Prolepſis* or anticipation of the Story, ſee *Agellius*, *l.* 10. *c.* 16. for thoſe parts had not receiv'd this Denomination (either from *Lavinus* the Brother, or from *Lavinia* the Daughter of *Latinus*)

Latinus) till after the Arrival of *Æneas*.

[h] Some understand this of *Alba*, but not well, for that *Ascanius* built; others of *Rome*, worse; *Virgil* means *Lavinium*, founded by *Æneas*, as *Livy* and *Dionysius* attest, and himself, *Æneid.* 11.

——*mihi Mœnia Teucri*
Constituunt, urbique dabit Lavinia *nomen.*

[i] His Country-gods, which *La Cerda* observes always to be his meaning, when he useth the word generally: With these *Æneas* sought out his Habitation, these he carry'd with him to *Latium*, *l.* 6

Errantesque Deos agitataque mœnia Trojæ.

[k] A part of *Italy*, where *Janus* and *Saturn* Reign'd with equal Empire; the later flying from his Son *Jupiter*, hid himself: Our Poet saith, *lib.* 8. that it hath the name *a latendo*; but *Scaliger* (in *Varronem*) affirms, that *Saturn* in the *Syriack* Tongue signifies *latentem*, one that hides himself; which the People of this Country interpreting, call'd him *Latius*, and from him the Place.

[l] *Viz.* from *Æneas*, not from *Latium*, as *Donatus* interprets.

[m] *Carthage*, according to *Justine*, was built before *Rome*; if we believe *Appian*, fifty years before the taking of *Troy*.

[n] *Coloni*, so nam'd from Colony, rather than *quod terram*

terram Colant; the Story ſee hereafter.

o When the *Romans* wag'd War with *Carthage*, ſhe contain'd 70 Myriads of Men, and 300 Cities.

p He commends not the *Carthaginians* for their Skill in War, ſaith *La Cerda*, leſt he ſhould diſpleaſe the *Romans* their Adverſaries; but for their Fierceneſs, alluding to their frequent Revolts from the *Romans*.

q At *Carthage Juno* was painted riding on a Lion, in her Right Hand a Thunderbolt, in her Left a Scepter; ſirnam'd *Cæleſtial* by the *Carthaginians*, as by the *Greeks*, *Urania*: See *Scalig. de emendat. temp.* where he likewiſe demonſtrates, that the *Carthaginian* Language was at that time almoſt *Hebrew*.

r An Iſland of *Ionia*, where *Juno* was ſuppos'd to be born, bred, and married to *Jupiter*, by reaſon of the pureneſs of the Air, and therefore ſacred to her; Whence the *Samians* on one ſide of their Coin printed a Peacock, her Bird: *Athenæus*, *lib.* 14.

s From her Spear ſhe was ſirnamed *Haſtata* and *Curitis*; That ſhe likewiſe had a Sword, is obſerv'd by ſome out of our Poet, who ſaith ſhe was *ferro accincta*, *lib.* 2. *Valerius Flaccus* mentions her *Ægis*; *Servius*, her Shield. That ſhe was likewiſe nam'd Ὁπλοσμία and Ἱππία, ſee *La Cerda*.

t Not a *Thenſa*, for that was likewiſe common to other Gods; and here ſomething more peculiar is intimated: *La Cerda* underſtands this of that Military Chariot which *Homer* gives her, and was, as *Ovid* atteſts, kept at *Carthage*. *Faſt.* 6.

Pæniteat quod non fovi Carthaginis *arces*;
Cum mea ſint illo currus & arma loco.

Hence perhaps ſirnam'd *Curulis*, as *Servius* affirms. *Tertullian* adds, That *Trochilus*, the Inventer of Chariots, dedicated his firſt Work to *Juno*.

[u] Meaning the *Æmilian* Family, deſcended from *Æmilius*, Son of *Aſcanius*, of which was *Scipio Africanus*, who overcame *Carthage*. *Plutarch in Cæſar* obſerves, That the Family of the *Scipios* were fatal to that Continent, *Africk*.

[p] Three Goddeſſes, who diſpos'd the Lives of Men; and thence, ſaith *Agellius*, *Varro* derives *Parcæ*, *à pariendo*; two of them being term'd *Nona & Decima*, from the times of mature Birth, the ninth or tenth Months, as having power of Life; the other, *Morta*, as having power of Death: their common Names and Offices included in that old Proverbial Verſe,

Clotho *the Spindle holds*, Lacheſis *guides*
The Thred of Life, *which* Atropos *divides*.

To which Employment *Volvere* here relates, as νήθειν and κλώθειν with the *Greeks*.

[y] Once the Chief City of *Peloponneſus*, betwixt which and *Mycenæ* there was a common Temple dedicated to *Juno*.

[z] The Story of the Golden Apple, for which *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* contended, and was by *Paris*, Judge

Judge of the Strife, given to *Venus*, is at large related by *Coluthus* in his Poem upon that Subject, excellently rendred into *English* by M. *S.*

[aa] By *Antigone* Daughter of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*,

——*who strove*
For unmatch'd Beauty with the Wife of Jove.
[Sandy's *Metam. Ovid. lib. 6.*]

and was, for her Insolence, by *Juno* turn'd into a Stork. This is the Exposition of *Corradus*, better than that of *Servius* or *Donatus*, who confound this with the precedent cause of her hate.

[bb] The *Trojans* descended from *Dardanus* their King and Founder, Son of *Jupiter* by *Electra*, and in that respect justly odious to *Juno*.

[cc] The Story how *Ganymede*, Son of *Tros* King of *Troy*, was snatch'd up by *Jupiter*, is sufficiently known: The chief ground of *Juno*'s Quarrel to him, besides the Affection of her Husband, is, That *Jupiter* made him his Cup-bearer, displacing *Hebe* the Daughter of *Juno*.

[dd] *Achilles*, so nam'd from his Grandfather *Æacus*.

[ee] *Virgil* shuns, saith *Macrobius*, the Law of Historians, which obligeth them to begin from the Original of the Story, to follow the Example of *Homer*, who first brought this Method into Poetry; which *Aristotle*, *in Poetic.* commends; and *Horace*, *de Arte Poetic.*

[ff] Goddess of Wisdom, born of *Jove*'s Brain; by *Macrobius*, *Saturn.* 1. 17. mythologiz'd, the Vertue of

the Sun deriv'd from the higheſt part of the Skie, and (as *ſummum ætheris cacumen*) is allow'd Thunder as well as *Jove*, who is *medius æther*. Thence ſhe brags in *Æſchylus* his *Eumenid.*

In me great Jove *confides; to me alone*
The Magazin where Thunder lies is known.

(where for δωμάτων the ſenſe requires δώματ☉.) but *Juno*, as being *imus aer*, hath not that Privilege, which here ſhe complains of.

ss There were two *Ajax's*; One the Son of *Telamon* by *Heſione*, Daughter of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*: He was the ſtrongeſt *Greek* next *Achilles*, for whoſe Arms (after his Death) he ſtood in competition with *Ulyſſes*. The other (here meant) was King of the *Locrenſes* in *Greece*, Son to *Oileus*, wonderful ſwift and expert in handling his Spear. This Man, when *Troy* was ſack'd, did violate the Propheteſs *Caſſandra* in the Temple of *Pallas*; wherefore, as he return'd homewards, he and his Ships were deſtroy'd with Lightning.

hh There are ſeven Iſlands beyond the *Sicilian* Strait, nam'd *Æolian*, from *Æolus*; by *Pliny*, *Vulcaniæ*, and *Epheſtiades*. *Homer* acknowledgeth but one, and from him *Virgil*. In this onely they differ, that one deſcribes the Habitation of *Æolus* as a Palace, the other as a Priſon; which though it may not improperly be underſtood of all the ſeven Iſlands, yet is by *Tarnebus*, 21. 10. thought to agree beſt with the third of them, *Strongyle*, *cap.* 12. call'd the Houſe of *Æolus*. See alſo *Pliny* 3.9. and *Strabo l.6.*

ii King

ii King of the *Æolian* Iſlands: By the Clouds commonly imminent over them, but chiefly by the Smoke, he foretold the change of Winds, and therefore was thought to have Power over them, whence believ'd their God.

kk The *Tyrrhen*, *Tuſcan*, and *Lower Sea* is all one, to which is oppos'd the *Adriatick*, *Ionick*, and *Higher*.

ll The Phyſical ground of all, is this; Tempeſts are begotten by the Clouds, over which *Juno* preſides; they being agitated by the Winds, of which *Æolus* is Lord. His Image, as deſcrib'd by *Albricus*, ſuits well with this Place: Æolus *ſtood in a Cave, cloth'd with a Linnen Garment, girt cloſe; under his Feet, Bellows; in either Hand, a Horn, which putting to his Mouth, he ſeem'd to blow; from each Horn iſſu'd ſix Winds: and becauſe* Juno *is ſuppos'd to have beſtow'd the Kingdom on him, ſhe ſtanding at his Right Hand, encompaſs'd with a Cloud, ſets a Crown upon his Head; on his Left, a Nymph half naked, as riſing out of the Sea, whom* Juno *promis'd to him for a Wife.*

mm *Turnebus* and *Germanus* by *Africus* underſtand *Zephyrus*, the Weſt Wind, as not thinking it likely that the Poet ſhould name the ſame Wind twice: The North Wind comes in afterwards to compleat the Storm, and to drive them upon the *Africk* Coaſt, which was proper to him, and the intention of the Author. Therefore *Seneca* unjuſtly blames him, *Quod locum in illa rixa non habuit Aquilo.* And again, with as little reaſon, for bringing contrary Winds in together; which need not here be underſtood diametrically oppoſite.

poſite. Nor will any Man deny the Concourſe of contrary Winds in the Main Sea, by which are occaſion'd Whirl-pools, and the like, till at laſt the ſtrongeſt gets the Maſtery. Thus *La Cerda*; adding the Teſtimonies of *Homer*, *Muſæus*, *Seneca*, and others.

nn So the Interpreters expound *Frigus*, not *fear of death*, ſaith *Servius*; for the Dead he calls happy immediately; but of the manner, by Water: for the Soul being conceiv'd to be of a fiery Subſtance, was thought to be wholly deſtroy'd by the contrary Element.

oo *Plutarch*, *Symp.* 9. reports, That after the taking of *Corinth*, *Mummius* commanded ſome Boys, that had been brought up in Literature, to writee ſomething, whilſt he look'd on them: whereupon one of thoſe that were taken Captive, writ thoſe Verſes of *Homer*, (*Thrice happy*, &c.) where *Ulyſſes* calls them Fortunate that died with Honour at *Troy* (which place *Virgil* here imitates) whereat *Mummius*, taken with the Ingenuity of the Boy, fell a weeping, and ſet at liberty all that were any way allied to him.

pp Son of *Tydeus*: He wounded *Mars* and *Venus* in the *Trojan* War; to prepare him for which Attempt, *Pallas* gave him μένος καὶ θάρσος, *Strength and Courage*, *Hom. Iliad* 8. He wounded *Venus* as ſhe reſcu'd *Æneas*, who elſe had periſh'd in Duel with *Diomedes*; to which *Æneas* here relates.

qq Son of *Jove*, and King of *Lycia*, who aided the *Trojans*, and loſt his Life in their Quarrel.

* A River that draweth its Birth from the top of *Ida*,

Ida, glideth through the *Trojan* Valleys, and diſchargeth it ſelf into the *Helleſpont*.

rr There are nine Rocks that lie between *Africk* and *Sardinia*, at which the *Romans*, in the firſt *Punick* War, made a League with the *Carthaginians*: And becauſe ſuch Covenants are commonly made in Temples, at Altars, theſe obtain'd that denomination, and were afterwards call'd *Aræ propitiæ*. But *Joſeph Scaliger* (*in Auſonium*) affirms, That amongſt Ancient Writers all *Crepidines & eminentiæ*, prominent places, have this Name.

(ff) There were two of theſe *Syrtes*, or Quick-ſands in the *Lybian Sea*. *Pomponius Sabinus* underſtands *Virgil* of the Greater, as being neareſt *Carthage*.

(tt) It ſeems he ſucceeded *Sarpedon* in command over the *Lycians* at the *Trojan* War; and accompanying *Æneas* in his Travels, here periſh'd.

uu His Name *Leucaſpis*, whom, with *Orontes*, *Æneas* ſaw on the Banks of *Styx*, when he went to *Elyzium*, *lib. 6.*

xx Son to *Saturn*, Brother to *Jupiter* and *Dis*, God of the Sea.

yy Of the Origine of the Winds, ſee *Heſiod. Theogon.* *Boreas*, *Notus*, *Zephyrus*, and *Auſter* are of Cœleſtial Deſcent; the reſt Terreſtrial, from *Typhon*, with which lowneſs *Neptune* here reproacheth them.

zz *Maturum* (ſay the *Grammarians*) is that which is neither quick nor ſlow, but betwixt both; of which accurately *Agellius*, 10. 11. *Macrobius*, 6. 8. But *Turnebus*, diſclaiming this ſubtilty, expounds *maturare*, *feſtinate*

festinate discedere, properare, to haſten; with whom agrees *Donatus*: his Interpreta'ion we follow.

[1] *Tryton* is *Neptune*'s Son by *Amphitrite*, and his Trumpeter; *Cymothoe*, a Sea-Nymph, Daughter of *Nereus* and *Doris*.

[2] There are many Examples in this kind. *Thucydides*, a *Pharſalian*, by his Rhetorick repreſs'd the *Athenians*, who were running up and down the City, ready to take up Arms, *Thucyd. lib.* 8. *Quintius*, the Conſul, did as much in a Fray betwixt his Fellow-Conſul *Appius*, with whom the Nobility took part, and *Lectorius*, the Tribune, of whoſe ſide were the Common People, *Dionyſ. lib.* 9. The ſame *Cicero* reports of *M. Popilius* the Conſul, who hearing the Inſurrection of the *Plebeians* againſt the Senate, attir'd as he was, in Robes for Sacrifice, came amongſt them, and with his Counſel and Authority ſtopp'd the Buſineſs.

[3] *Turnebus*, and others, underſtand here *Hippocampi*, Sea-Horſes: *Stat. Theb.* 2.

Illic Ægæo Neptunus gurgite feſſos
In portum deducit equos, prior haurit habenas
Ungula, poſtremi ſolvuntur in æquora piſces.

Hippopotami, River-Horſes, are another *Species*, perfectly reſembling Horſes, with four Feet, proper to *Nilus*.

[4] This Deſcription is in imitation of *Homer*; but ſome there are who apply it to a Haven of *Spain*, at *New Carthage*, which is by *Livy*, *lib.* 26. deſcrib'd much after this manner.

[5] See

5 See *Eclog* 3.

6 Three Rocks in the Mountain *Ætna*, wherein the *Cyclops* liv'd. *Pliny* 3. 8.

7 Not to boil their Meat, but to waſh themſelves before they eat: Thus *Servius*; adding, That in the old time of the *Heroes* their Meat was never roſted; which *La Cerda* diſproves, but confeſſeth never ſo dreſt by *Virgil*, who therein imitates *Homer*, of whom *Plato* and *Athenæus* have obſerv'd the ſame; which *Plato* ſaith, was, becauſe Boyl'd Meat was ſooneſt made ready; *Athenæus*, becauſe leſs delicate.

8 *Teucrus* was Founder of the *Trojan* Race, as *Dardanus* of their City; which is the Reaſon the Poet always ſaith, the Blood of *Teucrus*, not of *Dardanus*. *Teucrus* came firſt into the Place where *Troy* was afterwards built by *Dardanus*, who had married his Siſter, or, as others, his Daughter.

9 Some write, that *Antenor* betray'd *Troy*, and that he gave the Signal to the *Greeks*, by hanging out a great Light, and open'd the Horſe; others acquit him, and render him to be a moſt Wiſe and Religious Perſon; yet *Livy* ſays, That he and *Æneas* made the Peace, and reſtor'd *Hellen*. *La Cerda*.

10 *Padua*.

11 Calling them *Antenoridæ*. *Patavium* it was afterwards call'd, upon occaſion of an Augury, which told *Antenor* he ſhould there ſettle himſelf, *ubi ipſe ſagitta avem peteret*, where he ſhould hit a Bird; thence call'd *Patavium*, *quaſi Petavium*.

12 Not hung up his Arms, as no longer neceſſary, in

in token of ſecurity, but as Monuments in the Temple (ſo *Meſſala* to *Valentinian*) adorn'd with ſome *Elegium*, ſaith *La Cerda*, as the Shield of *Abas* is ſuſpended, *lib.* 3.

[13] Thoſe of *Orontes*, and *Amycus*, and others; for the whole Fleet that eſcap'd, reckoning thoſe that got another way to *Carthage*, make not 20 Ships.

[14] The *Trojan* Family. *Aſſaracus* was Son of *Tros*, Brother of *Ganymede* and *Ilus*; he begot *Capys*; *Capys*, *Anchiſes*; *Anchiſes*, *Æneas*; of whom the *Romans* were deſcended. The Poet particularly Names *Mycenæ* and *Pthia*, in reſpect to *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, two *Greek* Princes born there, who were moſt fatal to the *Trojans*. But by theſe two Cities he underſtands, that all *Greece* ſhall be ſubdu'd; which *Servius* underſtands of *Mummius*; *Turnebus*, of *Paulus Æmilius*; *Naſcimbænius*, of *Tiberius Nero*, and *Druſus*, Son-in-law of *Auguſtus*, who, as *Florus*, *l.* 136. atteſts, ſubjugated all *Greece*. This occaſion the Poet takes to flatter *Auguſtus*.

[15] Alluding, ſaith *La Cerda*, to the Dream of *Aecia*, *Auguſtus* his Mother, that ſhe conceiv'd him by *Apollo* in the ſhape of a Serpent, and that her Bowels were rais'd to Heaven, and extended over all the Earth. Whether *Virgil* here means *Britain*, or *Hercules Pillars*, is largely diſcuſs'd by him.

[16] *Turnebus* refers this to *Auguſtus*; but *La Cerda* more naturally to *Julius Cæſar*, of whom *Velleius Paterc.* *He was of the moſt Noble Family of the* Julii, *and, which was by all Antiquity confeſs'd, he deriv'd his Pedegree from* Anchiſes *and* Venus: And *Appian*, *l.* 2. ſpeaking of the ſame;

ſame; *Sacrificing at midnight, he invok'd* Mars *and* Venus; *for the Family of the* Julii, *ſeems to be deſcended of* Æneas, *and his Son* Julus, *as the Name implies:* thus he. But whether this *Julus* were the ſame which *Æneas* had by *Creuſa*, and brought from *Troy*; or his Son by *Lavinia*, afterwards begot in *Italy*, is controverted: Our Author conſtantly means the firſt; but *Livy* and *Clemens Alexandrinus* are alledg'd by *Titus*, *lib. 6.* to prove the *Julii* deriv'd from the other.

17 *La Cerda* applies this to the *Pharſalian* Field, or to the *Pontick* Triumph, of which he ſaid, *Veni, vidi, vici.* See *Sueton. cap. 39.*

18 See *Eclog 6.*

19 Alluding to an Image of the Goddeſs *Faith*, erected in a Temple of great Antiquity, built by *Æneas*, or, as others, by *Numa. The Goddeſs* Faith (ſaith *Cicero de Offic. l. 3.*) *was conſecrated by* Numa, *and our Anceſtors plac'd her in the Capitol, next to moſt benign and potent* Jove: Thus *Cicero.* To her *Auguſtus* ordain'd Prieſts and Solemnities. She is here call'd Ancient, in reſpect of her Age, Veneration, and Sanctity. Thus *La Cerda.*

20 Concerning *Veſta*, (with the *Greeks* Ἑστία, ſome think from the *Hebrew Eſch & Ja, quaſi, Ignis Jehovæ*) there is much controverſie; moſt agree, that it was a pure perpetual Fire, which *Æneas* brought with him from *Troy* to *Italy*: So *Æneid. 2.*

——*Veſtamque potentem*
Æternamque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Æneas having built *Lavinium*, conſecrated a Temple

to

to *Veſta*; *Aſcanius* did the ſame at *Alba*; afterwards others did as much at *Rome*; to whoſe Service were dedicated certain choice Virgins of Noble Families; The Figure of her Temple was round. See what *Lipſius* hath written in an expreſs Treatiſe upon this Subject; *Auguſtus increas'd the Privileges of the Veſtal Virgins, and was himſelf* Pontifex Maximus. *Sueton.*

21 *Alluding*, ſaith *Hortenſius*, *to a Brazen Statue in the* Forum *at* Rome, *repreſenting* Romulus *and* Remus *ſucking a ſhe-Wolf*. *La Cerda* refers the Words to *Romulus* his appeaſing his Brother's Ghoſt after he had kill'd him: For a Peſtilence enſuing, the Oracle advis'd *Romulus*, that whenſoever he appear'd in Publick concerning Affairs of State, he ſhould bring along with him, in a Chariot, the Image of his Brother *Remus*, with a Scepter, Crown, and all other Royal Ornaments, that ſo he might ſeem to enjoy the Dominion of which he had depriv'd him.

22 The Gates of the Temple of *Janus* were by *Numa* made the Index of Peace and War (to uſe *Livy*'s Expreſſion) ſhut in time of Peace, and open'd upon denunciation of War. They were ſhut up in *Auguſtus* his time (ſome ſay, thrice) there being Univerſal Peace at our Saviour's coming upon Earth; which the *Romans*, not knowing the true ground, aſcrib'd to their Emperor. An Inſcription to this effect is cited by *Briſſonius*, *lib.* 1. *Form.* *ORBE, MARI, ET TERRA, PACATO, TEMPLO* JANI *CLAUSO.*

23 *Mercury* Son of *Maia*, God of *Eloquence*, ſent to perſwade the rough *Cathaginians*. *Jupiter*, ſaith *Corradus*,

dus, takes notice of his Mother, becauſe he was by her allied to the *Trojans*; *Maia*, and *Electra* Mother of *Dardanus*, being Siſters; as if he had ſaid to *Venus*, I will ſend one akin to thy *Æneas*.

[24] In alluſion to the *Etymologie* of the Name, *Carthage* in the *Phœnician* Language ſignifying *New City*: which *Servius* obſerves out of *Livy*. See alſo *Solinus*, *c.* 40.

[25] Not knowing the will of *Jove*, that *Dido* might be aſſur'd there was not any Treachery; for they who were directed by Fate to *Italy*, would not ſettle in *Africk*: Others expound Fate the Calamity of the *Trojans*, which drove them upon that Coaſt, the better to move *Dido* to compaſſion.

[26] The conſtant Companion and Counſellor of *Æneas*. *Servius* derives the Name ἀπὸ τῦ ἀχῦς, *from Sollicitude*, than which, no Attendant more certain with Princes. Much of the Agate Stone, upon this occaſion, is alledg'd by *La Cerda*, worth conſulting.

[27] *Æneas* (ſaith *Scaliger*) *is ſaid to be Son of* Venus, *becauſe ſhe was predominant in his Horoſcope, and tha with* Jupiter, *or both with* Mars, *Lords of part of the Sun, and Moon, and the Horoſcope, which the* Arabians *in their Language call* Powerful. *Hence it came to paſs, that he got ſafe from* Troy, *out of a War occaſion'd by a Woman.*

[28] The *Lacedæmonian* Virgins (by *Lycurgus* his order) were brought up to all Manly Offices, as Muſick, Running, Wreſtling, Riding, Hunting; whence the Mountain *Parthenias* there took its Name, being frequented with Virgins, who met there to Hunt.

[29] A

29 A Virgin, whoſe Father being taken and carried away by the *Getes*, purſu'd and overtoook their fleet Horſes, her ſelf being on Foot, at the River *Heber* in *Thrace*, and freed her Father.

30 The Poet exactly deſcribes the Habit of a Huntreſs.

31 It being the Cuſtom of Hunters to array themſelves in the Spoils of ſuch Beaſts as they took; eſpecially the Skin of a Lynx was eſteem'd for its lightneſs.

32 *Nannius* thinks that the Poet alludes to the old Cuſtom of Sacrificing to this Goddeſs, not Blood, or Beaſts, but Incenſe and Flowers; For with the other ſhe was not delighted, ſaith *Acron* upon *Horace*, *Ode* 19.

33 Proper for a Huntreſs, and in that reſpect given her by *Callimachus* alſo, *Hymn.* 3. ὑποδήματα, as by *Philoſtratus* to *Atalanta*, κρήπιδες, deſcrib'd by *Pollux*, *lib.* 5. amongſt other properties of a Huntſman, a kind of Shoe riſing hollow to the mid-leg, bound with a ſtrong Band, which the Author here intimates; whereas the height of the other ſort of Buskins, *viz.* the Tragick, was from the Sole downwards, to ſeem more ſtately, as more high, not unlike the *Venetian Ciappine*. This diſtinction I think true, though confounded by *Taubman* upon theſe Words.

34 *Jupiter* begat *Epaphus*, he *Belus* the Elder, he *Agenor*, he *Phœnix*, he *Belus* the younger, Father to *Dido*, *Pygmalion*, and *Anna*. Here *Carthage* therefore is call'd *Agenor*'s Seat *per Antonomaſiam*.

35 The Poet ſoftens the rougher Names, making *Sichæus* of *Sicharbus*; *Belus*, *Dido*'s Father, *Metres*.

36 *Tyri*,

36 *Tyri, adverbium. Pygmalion*, whilſt yet a Child, was honor'd with a Crown by the People, and reign'd 47 years. He was the tenth from *Hiram*, when ſupply'd *Solomon* with *Cedars* towards the Building of the Temple: From which *Hiram*, to the Building of *Carthage*, *Scaliger* reckons 103 years, in *Proleg. de Emend. Temp.*

37 *Dido*, driven upon *Lybia*, and ready to be turn'd away again by *Iarbas*, cunningly entreated that ſhe might buy of him (others ſay, that he would give her) ſo much Ground as an Oxes Hide would compaſs; which he granting, ſhe cut the Hide into ſo many ſmall Pieces as enclos'd twenty two *Stadia*.

Thus (ſaith *Cambden*) *our Annals record, that* Hengiſt *the* Saxon, *after he had vanquiſh'd the* Picts *and* Scots, *and receiv'd very large Poſſeſſions in other Places, obtain'd alſo in* Lincolnſhire, *of* Vortigern, *ſo much Ground as he could compaſs round with an Ox Hide cut into ſmall Thongs, whereon he founded and built a Caſtle, afterwards call'd* Thong Caſtle: *Whence it is, that one who hath written in Verſe a Breviary of the* Britiſh Hiſtory, *turn'd* Virgil's *Verſes in this manner*:

Accepitque ſolum, facti de nomine Thongum,
Taurino quantum poterat circundare tergo.

A Ground he took, which Thong *he call'd, when firſt he did begin,*
As much as he, a Bull Hide cut, could well encompaſs in.

As

As to the Name *Byrſa*, *Scaliger* (*in Feſtum*) obſerves, that it is us'd, by *Metaphraſis*, for *Byſra*, originally an *Hebrew* Word, ſignifying *A Tower*, or *Fortified Place*: for *Carthage* was a Colony of *Tyrians* who ſpake *Hebrew*. But that this Story is to be underſtood onely of the Tower, not of the whole City, which was afterwards added to it, as they grew greater, we have the Authority of *Appian*, in this more probable than *Livy*, who would underſtand it of all, *lib.* 44.

38 He glanceth at a Story which the Laws of Poetry would not permit him to bring in directly. *Varro*, *lib.* 2. *Div.* reports, That *Æneas*, from the firſt Hour of his ſetting forth from *Troy*, ſaw every day the Star of *Venus*, till he came to *Laurentium*; where ſeeing it no more, he knew that was the deſtin'd Ground.

39 A Number fortunate in *Augury*; ſo many Vultures gave *Romulus* the Kingdom from his Brother *Remus*, to which perhaps the Poet alludes. The Story is related by *Livy*.

40 *Paphus*, a City on the Eaſt part of *Cyprus*, where *Venus* had a Temple with a hundred Altars, ſaith *Tacitus*, on which no Bloody Sacrifices were ever offer'd, as we have already ſaid: Whence ſhe is call'd by *Catullus*, *Sanguinis expers*.

41 *La Cerda* conceives that the Poet alludes to that Theater which was built at *Rome* by *M. Scaurus* the *Ædile*; which *Pliny*, 36. 15. ſaith, conſiſted of 360 Columns, the lower part Marble, the middle Glaſs.

42 *In digging the firſt Foundation* (of *Carthage*) *there was found the Head of an Ox, which was the preſage o*

a fruitful Soil, but of a City laborious, and always ſubjected; in another part they found the Head of an Horſe, which ſignified that the People ſhould become Warlike and Powerful, and gave the City a fortunate Omen. Thus *Juſtine, lib.* 18. Whence *Cælius, lib.* 18. 38. obſerves, That *Carthage* was of old call'd *Caccabe,* which in the *Punick* Language imports *A Horſes Head.*

43 *Servius* ſaith, That *Virgil* alludes to an Edict in his time, which order'd, That (after the *Capitol* was betray'd by the *Tarpeian* Virgin) all the Hinges ſhould be of Braſs, that the Noiſe might give notice of any Treaſon.

44 We follow thoſe who read *Atridem,* not *Atridas*; for though, as *Taubman* pretends, they might be here taken for one Perſon, as being Sons of one Man, and ſo *Priam* and they come within the compaſs of the *ambobus*; yet how he will make good that *Achilles* was rugged and cruel to *Menelaus* (as he was to *Priam* in the death of his Son, and to *Agamemnon* at the loſs of *Briſeis*) I know not. *Seneca* confirms our reading, *Epiſt.* 104. where he makes *Cæſar,* the Victor *Agamemnon*; *Pompey,* the Vanquiſh'd; *Priam Cato Uticenſis*; *Achilles,* Enemies to both, in behalf of the Commonwealth.

45 *Rheſus,* King of *Thrace,* preparing for the Aid of *Troy,* was told by the Oracle, That if his Horſes ever drank of the River *Xanthus,* and eat *Trojan* Fodder, *Troy* ſhould overcome the *Greeks.* But *Dolon,* a *Trojan* Spy, being taken that very Night that *Rheſus* ſate down near *Troy,* by *Diomedes,* in the *Grecian* Camp,

discover'd *Rhesus* his coming thither, so he was intercepted and slain. *Plautus* indeed reckoning three Fates whereon the Safety of *Troy* depended, *Bacchid.* 4. 9. names not this: The first, *Signum ex arce si periisset*, the loss of the *Palladium*: *Alterum etiam est* Troili *mors*, the death of *Troilus*: The last, *Cum portæ Scææ limen superum scinderetur*, when the Walls were broke down to let in the Wooden Horse. But as to the Story of *Rhesus*, it is excellently set down by *Homer* and *Euripides*.

46 *Troilus*, though here call'd *Puer*, was, as *Hyginus* and *Boccace* affirm, one of the eldest of *Priam*'s Sons, by whom, after the death of *Hector*, the *Trojan* Party was chiefly upheld, as having in one Skirmish slain 16 *Greek* Princes with his own Hand: And when they cried out, that now *Hector* was dead, they need not fear any thing; *Diomedes* and *Ulysses* answer'd, That *Troilus* was no less valiant than *Hector*. He wounded *Menelaus*, *Diomedes*, *Agamemnon*, and *Achilles* himself, by whom he was slain; but the manner differently relatted: *Servius* saith, That *Achilles* betray'd him, by putting some Stock-Doves in his way, in which he knew that he delighted: *Lycophron*, That he was kill'd by *Achilles* in the Temple of *Apollo*: Others, That his Horse being wounded, threw him in Fight, at which advantage *Achilles* slew him.

47 *Inscribitur*, *exaratur*, *scalpitur*, in allusion to the Steel point of the Style, wherewith they wrote in their Waxen Table-books. *Symp. Ænigm.*

48 The *Trojan* Business succeeding so ill without the Walls, *Hecuba*, *Polyxena*, *Cassandra*, and the rest of the Ladie

Ladies in the City, with looſe Hair, beating their Breaſts, after the manner of Suppliants, went up to *Minerva*'s Temple, ſo commanded by *Hector* (not *Helenus*) who dedicated the mention'd Garment to her. In great perils, when they had recourſe to the Gods, they did not onely embrace their Images, but put on their Garments, in that Habit believing they might the ſooner obtain favor of the Deity to whom it belong'd. This *Turnebus* obſerves, *lib.* 14. *c.* 15. *Peplum* is, according to *Servius*, properly a Woman's Garment, wrought with the Needle conſecrated to *Minerva*.

49 That *Priam* bought the Body of his Son *Hector* of *Achilles*, is known from *Homer*, *Iliad.* 24. who ſaith, that he gave for it ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα, *Infinite Preſents*; *Cedrenus* ſaith, Gold, Siver, and Precious Raiments; which was afterwar's requited by the *Trojans*: for when he was ſhot by *Paris*, the *Grecians* were fain to pay for his Body the weight of it in Gold. So *Euſtathius*.

50 *Aurora* falling in love with *Tithon*, Brother to *Laomedon*, had a Son by him call'd *Memnon*, who went to aſſiſt the *Trojans*, upon the Intereſt he had of Affinity with them, but was ſlain by *Achilles*.

51 *Eurotas* is a River of *Lacedæmonia*, on whoſe Banks grew a Laurel ſacred to *Apollo*. *Cynthus* is a Mountain in the Iſland *Delus*, fam'd by the Birth of *Apollo* and *Diana*, thence call'd *Cynthius* and *Cynthia*.

52 *Italy*, ſo call'd from *Heſperus*, Brother to *Atlas*; firnam'd *Magna Heſperia*, to diſtinguiſh it from *Spain*; ſo call'd alſo from *Heſperus* the Star; yet not with reſpect to the bigneſs, but preheminence in excellency.

53 *Oenotria* is a Maritime Coaſt of *Italy*, ſo call'd from *Oenotrus*, an *Arcadian*, Son of *Lycaon*, who dwelt there, if we credit *Dionyſius Halic.* and *Pauſanias*: But *Cato* and *Pliny* ſay, from *Oenotrus*, King of the *Sabines* and *Hetrurians*: *Servius*, from Οἶνος, *Wine*; whence perhaps *Janus* by the *Grecians* is call'd *Oenotrius*; *Jain*, in *Hebrew*, ſignifying *Wine*, the uſe whereof in Sacrifices, and other Religious Offices, he firſt brought into *Latium*. *Nannius* obſerves, That by the *Greeks* they are call'd Οἰνώτροι, and therefore not here to be read *Oenotrii*, but *Oenotri*, to preſerve the quantity of the ω, which he confirms by Manuſcripts of *Virgil*.

54 Concerning the Orignal of the Name, there are divers Opinions. *Ariſtot.* 7 *Pol.* ſaith, It was from *Italus* a Commander there. So *Fabius Pictor. lib.* 1. *de Orig. Italiæ*: *Italus* (ſaith he) *taking into his tuition* Janus *and* Hetruria, *quite extinguiſhing all other Names, from himſelf call'd all the Country on this ſide and beyond* Tiber, Italy. To this derivation *Virgil* here inclines. Others there are that with leſs eaſineſs derive it from *Atte*, a *Lydian*, *quaſi Attalia*. Others from a Bull, call'd *Italus* by the ancient *Grecians*.

55 This is the firſt broken Verſe in the Book. Some think he left them ſo imperfect out of a kind of Glory, knowing no Man was able to ſupply them; Others, that he was taken off by Death, otherwiſe that he had made them up himſelf; which they argue from his *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*, which underwent his laſt hand, in which there is not any but entire. *Nannius*, *lib.* 6. *Miſcell.* produceth many of them compleated; but with

ſuch ſucceſs as might be expected after *Virgil.* *Orion* was Son to *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury*, by a Scorpion for his Inſolence towards *Diana*; aſſum'd into the number of Conſtellations, :of one bears his Name. The riſing of *Orion* :h, as well as *Arcturus* and the *Pleiades*, preſag'd ıs, *Plin.* 18. 28.) is here ſaid to be *ex improviſo*, ſe he riſeth in his Magnitude many days, whence ne is uncertain to the moſt skilful Navigators, *Taubman*; whereby *Ilioneus* here excuſeth his ıers. And though *Juno* rais'd this Storm, yet the upon all ſuch extraordinary occaſions, obſerves me *decorum*, to ſuit them with their natural Signs ;auſes.

His Story thus told by *Servius*. *When* Laomedon *ny'd* Neptune *and* Apollo *their promis'd Reward ilding the Walls of* Troy, Neptune *being angry, bales to infeſt them: Whereupon conſulting the Oracle*)llo, *he likewiſe no leſs diſpleas'd, anſwer'd, That they expoſe to them Virgins of Noble Birth; which being lone, a certain Man nam'd* Hippotes, *fearing to loſe ughter* Egeſta, (Heſione *the Daughter of* Laomedon *ng having been deſtin'd for that purpoſe already*) *he r into a Barque, committing her to the mercy of the , which brought her into* Sicily, *where, by the River* iſus, (*which* Virgil *with Poetical Liberty calls* Cri- *in the form of a Bear, others ſay of a Dog, ſhe was th Child of* Egeſtus, *by* Virgil *call'd* Aceſtes, *who City for the* Trojans, *which he nam'd after his Mo-* :geſta, *afterwards call'd* Segeſta.

53 *Oenotria* is a Maritime Coast of *Italy*, so c
from *Oenotrus*, an *Arcadian*, Son of *Lycaon*, who d
there, if we credit *Dionyſius Halic.* and *Pauſanias*:
Cato and *Pliny* ſay, from *Oenotrus*, King of the *Sa*
and *Hetrurians*: *Servius*, from Οἶνος, *Wine*; wh
perhaps *Janus* by the *Grecians* is call'd *Oenotrius*; ;
in *Hebrew*, ſignifying *Wine*, the uſe whereof in Sa
ces, and other Religious Offices, he firſt brought
Latium. *Nannius* obſerves, That by the *Greeks*
are call'd Οἰνώτροι, and therefore not here to be
Oenotrii, but *Oenotri*, to preſerve the quantity of th
which he confirms by Manuſcripts of *Virgil*.

54 Concerning the Orignal of the Name, ther
divers Opinions. *Ariſtot.* 7 *Pol.* ſaith, It was from
lus a Commander there. So *Fabius Pictor. lib.* 1
Orig. Italiæ: *Italus* (ſaith he) *taking into his tuition*
nus *and* Hetruria, *quite extinguiſhing all other Na*
from himſelf call'd all the Country on this ſide and be
Tiber, Italy. To this derivation *Virgil* here incl
Others there are that with leſs eaſineſs derive it fi
Atte, a *Lydian*, *quaſi Attalia*. Others from a Bull, ca
Italus by the ancient *Grecians*.

55 This is the firſt broken Verſe in the Book. Sc
think he left them ſo imperfect out of a kind of Gl
knowing no Man was able to ſupply them; Oth
that he was taken off by Death, otherwiſe that he l
made them up himſelf; which they argue from
Eclogues and *Georgicks*, which underwent his laſt ha
in which there is not any but entire. *Nannius*, *lib*
Miſcell. produceth many of them compleated; l

W

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58 For

57 For the more Northern the Country is, generally the leſs civil, and leſs ingenious. *Lucan.*

Quicquid ad Eoos tractus mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cæli.

But *Servius* and *Donatui* here interpret *obtuſa pectora*, Cruel, not Stupid; and refer it to the Fable of *Atreus*, who ſet his Sons before his Brother *Thyeſtes* to eat; at which horrid Act the Sun turn'd away his Face.

58 *Eryx* was Son of *Venus* and *Bates*, who being ſlain by *Hercules*, gave a Name to the Mountain where he was buried, whereon his Mother built a great Temple, (by the Poet aſcrib'd to *Æneas*, *lib.* 5.) whence ſhe is call'd *Erycina*. In this Mountain of *Sicily*, *Anchiſes* alſo is ſaid to have been buried: At preſent call'd by the Inhabitants *The Mountain of S. Julian.*

59 *Turnebus* and *Julius Scaliger* will have the Poet allude to the Old Faſhion of the *Romans*, who wore their Hair very long.

60 Of much account for ſuch Uſes. *Pauſanias*, *in Atticis*, mentions a Statue of *Venus*, cut out of this Stone by *Phidias*.

61 Of the Baniſhment of *Teucer*, why he was expell'd from *Salamin* by his Father, how he came from thence to *Sidon*, how by the help of *Belus* the younger, Father of *Dido*, he built a City in *Cyprus*, and call'd it after the Name of his Country, ſee *Horat. Od.* 1. 7. *Cicero*, *l.* 1. 2. *de Orat. Euripides de Helena. Plutarch. Sophocles in Ajace*, &c.

62 By

[62] By the Mothers ſide he was deſcended from *Heſione*, Daughter of *Laomedon*.

[63] *Indicit honorem*, i. e. *Feriæ*, that there might be a publick Congratulation, and the Favor of the Gods attend it: So *Corradus*. But *Servius* thus; She commanded Supplications to be made: For *Feriæ* are either *legitimæ*, or *indictivæ*: So likewiſe Sacrifices.

[64] Some read *Dii* for *Diei*, of which ſee at large *Agellius*, 9. 14. Others, rightly, *Dei*; but apply it to *Neptune*: whereas it is meant clearly of *Bacchus*, *Lætitiæ dator*.

[65] By *Servius*, and other Interpreters, expounded a thin kind of Garment us'd by Women, call'd *Cyclas*.

[66] The Work of *Læda*, as well as her Gift, if the Conjecture of *Naſcimb.* may take place. *Læda* was enjoy'd by *Jupiter* in the form of a Swan, by whom ſhe had Twins, *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, *Helena* and *Clytemneſtra*.

[67] Whom *Homer* calls *Laodice*, *Iliad. 6.* She, when *Troy* was taken, pray'd to the Gods that the Earth might open and ſwallow her, to prevent her falling into the Hands of the *Grecians*. *Calab. lib. 3.*

[68] *Germanus* obſerves, That amongſt other Gifts of Hoſpitality, a Coronet was chief amongſt the Ancients, and in that ſenſe here preſented to *Dido*.

[69] The *Punick* Faith grew into a Proverb to expreſs Treachery: Mr. *Sandys* gives this ingenious Reaſon; *They had it from their Anceſtors the* Tyrians; *and no marvel* (ſaith he) *for their principal Profeſſion was Merchandiſe*.

[70] Appoſitely; for *Cyprus* was the firſt Soil wherein

this Herb grew. The Fable is, That *Amaracus*, a Youth, Perfumer to *Cynaras*, King of this Iſland, was turn'd into it. *Amaracinum unguentum* is of excellent ſcent, to which the Poet alludes.

71 Amongſt the many Controverſies ariſing hence, we chuſe the Opinion of *La Cerda*, That the middle Place of the Bed (for it held but three) was the moſt Honorable accounted, at leaſt in *Africk* (where our Scene lies) as appears by *Saluſt*, who ſaith, That *Jurguth* was maligned by *Adherbal* and *Hiempſal* for aſſuming it. The next Place in Dignity was that on the Right Hand, aſſign'd here to *Æneas*. The loweſt on the other Hand, proper to Wives and Children, in that they repos'd in the Boſom of thoſe who lay in the midſt, here taken up by the ſuppos'd *Aſcanius*. The Poſture, Lying, is known to be of general uſe; and that it was ſo amongſt the *Africans*, may be evinc'd by *Juſtine*, who as an Argument to doubt that *Hannibal* was not of that Country, urgeth, *That he never lay down at Supper*. I am here to excuſe the Graver, who though he hath in this Figure endeavor'd to follow that of *Lipſius in Saturnalib.* as to the Poſture, obſerves it not in the firſt Bed, in *Dido*, *Æneas*, and *Aſcanius*, becauſe it would take off too much from the grace of the Cut.

72 Baskets for this purpoſe are mention'd by *Homer*, which *Athenæus* reports to have been ſometimes of Gold interwoven with Reeds, ſometimes of pure Gold. *Deipnos, lib. 6.*

73 A great part of the Munificence of the Feaſts of the Ancients, conſiſted in the great number of Attendants.

74 The

74 The leſſer ſort of Cups us'd at Meals were ſet by each Man empty, and fill'd afterwards by the Servants, as the faſhion is yet in ſome parts of *Germany*: *La Cerda* ſaith they were ſet in form of a *Battalia*.

75 The Interval betwixt the firſt and ſecond Table is by *Virgil* properly call'd *Quies*, in which ſpace the Diſhes are taken away (ſo *La Cerda* interprets *Menſæ remotæ*) and great Goblets plac'd in their room, fitter for their Compotations. *He follows* (ſaith *Servius*) *the Cuſtom of the* Romans, *who had two Courſes, or Tables, one for Meat, the other for Cups.*

76 Either with Garlands, or filling the Cups to the Brim. The firſt Expoſition is defended by Cuſtom; the other, by imitation of *Homer*.

77 A noiſe ſo proper upon this occaſion, that *La Cerda* cites *Athenæus* for diſtinguiſhing the Cups by it: Κρατὴρ πέμπτος βοῶν, *the fifth Cup of the noiſe.*

78 Nothing more Noble at a Feaſt than theſe *Triclinii lumina*, as *Lucilius* calls them. *Plutarch* ſpeaking of *Cleopatra's* Feaſt; *The greateſt wonder was the multitude of Lights which were let down from every ſide, which gave ſo great ſplendor, were diſpos'd with ſuch admirable Art, and adorn'd, now in a Quadrangular form, anon in a Circular, as deſerv'd to be reckon'd among the choiceſt Sights.* *Laquearia* were either Branches to hold them, let down from the Roof, as *Pendent* implies; or Stands ſet upon the Ground, ſuch as are deſcrib'd by *Suetonius* in *Cæſar's* Triumph, carv'd in form of Elephants.

79 The firſt *Belus*, King of *Aſſyria*.

80 *La Cerda* (who on this place deſerves much to be con-

conſulted) proves, That it was the Cuſtom to give Muſick at a Feaſt, and that commonly at the end thereof, as here; part of which was an Hymn ſung: The Inſtruments various; but chiefly a Lute or Harp adorn'd with Gold: The Muſician long-hair'd, as our *Iopas* here, whoſe Name he derives from ἠόη, *Vox, Sonus, Cythara.* Something more is whiſper'd by Interpreters concerning this *Iopas*, that he was King of ſome part of *Africk*, one of *Dido*'s Suiters, yet to pleaſe her, honor'd the Feaſt with his Skill. But this is groundleſs; perhaps they miſtook him for *Iarbas.*

[81] King of *Mauritania*, moſt skilful in Aſtronomy; whence aroſe the Fable, That ὐράνιον πόλον ὤμοις ὑποστενάζει (ſo that corrupt Text of *Æſchilus in Prometh. Vinct.* is to be reſtor'd) *He ſupported Heaven with his Shoulders.* He, as *Plin.* atteſts, made the Sphere firſt. From him the great Mountain in *Mauritania* took its Name.

[82] Which *Hortenſius* and *Stephanus* interpret *Eclipſes*; *La Cerda*, *His Annual and Diurnal Race*; for which ſtil'd by *Homer* ἄκαμας, *indefatigable.*

[83] Perhaps the Fable of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, or of *Prometheus*: Of both ſee *Eclog 6.*

[84] That Rain was begot of Vapors; Lightning and Thunder, of Exhalations: Or, That Vapors are condens'd into Rain in the cold Region of the Air, from whence preſently it falls down; Lightning, of the Colliſion of Clouds.

[85] The reaſon of the ſhortneſs of the Day in Winter, and length of it in Summer. So *La Cerda.*

[86] Made,

[86] Made, at *Aurora's* Requeſt, by *Vulcan*, in which reſpect famous.

[87] *Diomed* King of *Thrace* had very fierce Horſes, which he fed with the Fleſh of Men. Theſe *Hercules*, killing the Tyrant, brought to *Argos*. *Euriſtheus* dedicated them to *Juno*. *Diodorus* affirms, That the Breed continu'd till the time of *Alexander the Great*; others, to the time of *Anthony*; of which was the *Equus Sejanus*, ſo unfortunate to his Maſters, as it grew into a Proverb. *Agell.* 3. 9.

[88] She enquires not after the Valor, but Stature of *Achilles*.



Æn. 2

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Second Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Apollo's *Prieſt the* Trojan *Horſe aſſails.*
Sinon's *falſe Story, with feign'd Tears, prevails.*
Laocoon *and his Sons by Serpents ſlain.*
The Horſe drawn in, the Greeks *return again.*
The City taken by their Stratagem.
Æneas *riſeth from a troubled Dream,*
And gathers Aid; Reſiſtance makes in vain:
The Palace burnt; Polites, Priam *ſlain.*
Through Sword and Fire Venus *her Son conveys.*
Glad Omens raiſe Anchiſes *from Delays.*
Creuſa *loſt;* Æneas *from* Troys *Sack*
Aſcends Mount Ide, *his Father on his Back.*

ALL ſilent, and with deep attention ſate, (State:
When thus the Prince ſpake from his Bed of

A Charge, Great Queen, thou laist upon thy Guest,
Griefs to revive, that cannot be expreſt;
How cruel *Greeks* did wealthy *Troy* o'rethrow,
I ſaw, and acted in that Scene of Woe;
Which to recount, what [a] *Myrmidon* forbears,
[b] *Dolope*, or ſtern *Ulyſſes* Soldier, Tears?
Now from the Sky deſcends Nights Dewie Shade,
And ſwift declining [c] Stars to reſt perſuade:
But ſince you earneſt are to know our Fate,
And that I *Troy*'s Deſtruction ſhould relate,
Though my Soul ſhrink at what my Tongue muſt ſay,
And flies the ſad remembrance, I obey.
By long War broken, and inforc'd to yield
To conquering Fate, at length the *Grecians* build
A [d] Horſe, huge like a Mountain, by Divine
Minerva's Art, whoſe Ribs with Fir they joyn.
And, for their ſafe Return, a [e] Vow pretend:
Which given out, they in vaſt Caverns penn'd
By Night alotted Men, and full the large
Sides, and huge Belly, with arm'd Soldiers charge.
In ſight lay [f] *Tenedos*, of great Renown,
A wealthy Iſle, whilſt *Priam* held the Crown,
Now a wild Road, where Ships in danger ride:
They under theſe forſaken Shores abide.
We thought them fail'd to *Greece*, at which all *Troy*
Diſſolv'd long ſorrow into ſudden Joy;
The Gates ſet open, with ſtrange Pleaſure they
Forſaken Camps, and ſlighted Works ſurvey.
Here *Dolops*, there *Achilles* lay enrag'd;
Here rode the Fleet, the Armies there engag'd.

Some

Some on chaſt *Pallas* fatal Preſent gaz'd,
And that ſtupendious Horſe behold, amaz'd.
Thymætes firſt bids draw't within the Gates,
Provok'd by Treaſon, or *Troy*'s Conquering Fates.
But [h] *Capys*, and the graver ſort, deſire
To drown it in the Sea, or ſearch with Fire,
Or elſe with Steel anatomize the Steed.
The giddy Vulgar Judgments diſagreed.
[i] *Laocoon* firſt, follow'd with many Friends,
Chafing, in haſte the lofty [k] Tower deſcends,
And calls from far; What Frenzie can beſot
Mad men, to think *Greek* Preſents veil no Plot?
Or to ſuppoſe the Enemy is gone?
What! is *Ulyſſes* yet no better known?
Either the Foe within this Monſter lurks,
Or the huge Machin's rais'd againſt our Works,
The Fort being view'd, the City to ſurprize;
Trojans beware, within ſome Miſchief lies:
Be what it will, *Greeks* bringing Gifts I fear.
This ſaid, with huge ſtrength he a mighty Spear
At the Beaſt's ſide, and crooked Belly flung;
Trembling it ſtuck, the hollow Caverns rung,
And dark Internals groan. Had Fates inclin'd,
And we not been with our Diſtractions blind,
That Den of *Greeks* he had diſtain'd with Blood;
Then *Troy*, and *Priam*'s ſtately Tow'rs had ſtood.
Behold! mean while the *Dardan* Shepherds bring
One bound, with mighty Clamors, to the King,
Who caſt himſelf on purpoſe in their way,
To work up his Deſign, and *Troy* betray;

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One bound, with mighty Clamors, to the King,
Who caſt himſelf on purpoſe in their way,
To work up his Deſign, and *Troy* betray;

Bold

Bold, and prepar'd either to face a Lie,
Or without Mercy, in attempting die.
To ſee the Priſoner, round about they flock,
Whom ſcornfully the youthful *Trojans* mock:
Now hear *Greek* Treachery; from this one Crime
Let all beware.
For, as amidſt, diſarm'd, he trembling ſtood,
And round about the gather'd Concourſe view'd,
Woe's me, he ſaid, what Land or Sea is free?
What Refuge now remains for wretched me?
Greece I'm excluded, and the *Trojan* Rage
Nothing but Blood and Vengeance can aſſwage.
Theſe ſad Words melt our Souls, all Paſſion fell,
His Stock and Country we deſire him tell;
How they might truſt him, now their Captive made.
Then caſting off all Fear, at length he ſaid,
I ſhall, Great King, confeſs all Truths, nor I
That *Grecia* is my Country, will deny:
Although hard Fortune *Sinon* wretched made,
To be a Traytor ſhe ſhall nere perſuade.
If you have heard of [1] *Palamedes* Name,
And Glory, ſpread through all the World by Fame,
'Gainſt whom the *Greeks* a forged Bill did draw,
And th' innocent King, by an unheard-of Law,
Becauſe he would not to this War conſent,
Condemn'd to die, whoſe Loſs they now lament.
Me, my poor Father, under his Command,
His [m] Kinſman ſent, when firſt we here did land:
Whilſt in his Kingdom he in ſafety Reign'd,
And by juſt Policy his Crown maintain'd,

W

We then could boaſt ſome Title and Eſtate;
But afterwards by ſly *Ulyſſes* hate,
I ſpeak things known, that he to pale ſhades went,
I my ſad life in Woe and Darkneſs ſpent,
And there my Princes unjuſt ſuffering mourn'd;
But could not rule my Tongue: If I return'd,
If e're with Conqueſt touch'd my Native Shore,
I vow'd revenge. This whets ſharp Malice more;
Hence ſprung my Woes, on this *Ulyſſes* rears
New Plots, and Frights with Jealouſies and Fears
The Vulgar rout, and guilty, Arms did raiſe,
Nor reſts, till *Calchas*, who his creature was——
But why ſuch things recount I thus in vain?
Wherefore delay I? ſince you entertain
Us *Grecians* all alike, enough is told;
Now let me ſuffer: This *Ulyſſes* would,
This with much Treaſure would *Atrides* buy.
Then we grew earneſt, to know how, or why,
Suſpecting no ſuch Plots, nor *Grecian* Art;
Who trembling, thus proceeds with feigned heart.
To raiſe their Siege, the *Grecians* oft deſir'd,
And *Trojan* Leaguers leave, by long War tir'd.
(And would they had) oft Storms did us imbay,
And cruel [n] Tempeſts terrifi'd from Sea;
But more ſince we with mighty Beams did form
This Horſe, all Heaven hath thundered with a Storm.
To th' Oracle [o] *Eurypylus* we haſt,
Who this ſad Anſwer brought to us at laſt.
When firſt to *Trojan* Shores you *Grecians* ſtood,
You [p] calm'd rough Tempeſts with a Virgins Blood;

With Blood you muſt make your return again,
And expiations of a *Grecian* ſlain.
Soon as theſe words approach'd the Vulgar Ear,
All were amaz'd, a ſtupifying fear
Shot through their Marrow, trembling they deſire
To know whom Fates, whom *Phœbus* did require.
Here *Ithacus* his Prophet brought along,
And *Calchas* plac'd amidſt the clamoring Throng,
Importunate to know the Gods Decree:
Many in ſecret hinted them to me
Of that grand Miſchief-maſters dire intent,
And ſilently foreſaw the ſad event,
Withdrawn and mute ten days, he did refuſe
Any to mention, or the Victim chuſe:
At laſt, forc'd by *Ulyſſes* Clamors, he
Breaks ſilence, and to th' Altars [r] deſtins me.
They all aſſent; what each to himſelf did fear,
Turn'd to the ruine of one wretch, they bear.
Now came the fatal day, Rites were deſign'd,
[s] Salt fruits they bring, my Brows with [t] garlands bind.
I muſt confeſs, that I my Fetters brake,
And, Death eſcaping, in a [u] ruſhy Lake,
Cover'd in [x] Mud, all Night concealed lay,
Till they ſet Sayl, if e're they would away.
No hope is left my [y] antient Home to ſee,
Sweet Children, or dear Father, who for [z] me
Perhaps ſhall ſuffer, and for our flight may
In cruel Death ſad Expiations pay.
By Heavens all-knowing Powers, b'unbroken faith,
(If any, reſidence 'mongſt Mortals hath)

On

On miſerable me, Compaſſion ſhew,
A poor VVretch pity, overwhelm'd with VVoe.
VVe for feign'd Tears, Pity and Life afford.
And firſt King *Priam* bids unlooſe the Cord;
Next from his VVriſts the galling Fetter take;
Then thus to him in courteous Language ſpake:
VVho e're thou art, forget the *Grecians* gon,
Thou ſhalt be ours; but firſt theſe truths make known;
VVhy left they this huge Horſe? who Authors are?
VVhat would they? Sacred is't, or work of VVar?
He, his Arts Maſter, learn'd in *Grecian* Lyes,
His unbound Hands advanceth to the Skyes;
Eternal [aa] Fires, he ſaid, you Powers that be
Inviolable, teſtifie for me;
Dire Altars, and thoſe cruel Swords I fled, (head;
And ſacred VVreaths, which Crown'd your Offering's
Our ſolemn League and Covenant now I may
Abjure, and all their damned Plots betray;
By our own Laws we may eſteem them Foes,
And more than Deviliſh Practices diſcloſe.
If *Priam* Promiſe keep, if *Troy* prove true,
If Truth, if great things I repay to you.
Our chiefeſt Hopes and Confidence were laid,
Since firſt this VVar began, in *Pallas* Aid,
Till impious *Diomed* with *Ulyſſes* went,
(The beſt that ever Miſchief did invent)
And boldly from her ſacred Fane convey'd
Fatal [bb] *Palladium*, and dire Slaughter made;
Theſe the bleſt Image pulling down, diſtain'd
VVith bloody Hands, and Virgin-wreaths prophan'd.

The *Grecian* Hopes from that time backwards went,
Our ſtrength decay'd, the Goddeſs diſcontent:
Nor doubtful were the Signs of her Diſtaſt;
For, ſcarce they in our Camp her Statue plac'd,
When from her burning Eyes dart fiery Beams,
And ſalt Sweat trickles down in briny Streams: (hear
Three times She [cc] leap'd from Ground, wondrous to
Bearing her glittering Shield, and trembling Spear.
Straight *Calchas* cryes, they muſt to Sea, nor *Troy*,
Millions of *Grecian* Forces could deſtroy,
Unleſs the [dd] Omens they to *Greece* convey, (Sea.
And pleaſe the Power they brought with them from
And now for *Greece* they ſail through ſwelling
There to recruit, and pacifie the Gods; (Floods,
That ſuddenly from Sea they may invade
This Land again. The Plot thus *Calchas* laid;
And this huge Monſter for *Palladium* left,
In expiation of ſo great a Theft.
This mighty Mountain *Calchas* built ſo high,
And ruin'd Okes bid once more kiſs the Sky,
Leſt you within your Walls the Preſent draw,
And live protected by your Antient Law.
But if *Minerva*'s Gift you violate,
Deſtruction (which may Heaven on them tranſlate)
On *Priam* will, and *Phrygian* Kingdoms fall;
But if your Labor bring't within your Wall,
Aſia ſhall war under our [ff] Cities Gates,
And for our Off-ſpring wait your woful Fates.
Thus perjur'd *Sinon*'s Craft Belief prepares,
And vanquiſh'd theſe with Fraud and feigned Tears;

Whom

Whom neither *Diomed*, *Achilles*, nor
A ss thouſand Ships could tame, nor ten hh years War.
But here a Spectacle of greater doubt,
Did totally our ſtaggering Judgments rout.
Laocoon, whom for *Neptune*'s Prieſt they ii drew,
A ſtately Bull at Annual Altars ſlew;
When two huge Serpents through the quiet Flood,
(Whoſe mention curdles now my frighted Blood)
With vaſt Infoldings briny Waves divide,
And to our Shores from *Tenedos* did glide;
Their ſpeckled Breaſts plough up the frothy Brine,
And bloody Creſts o're curled Azure ſhine;
Their waving Sterns ſilver the furrow'd Main,
Rouling long Backs with a voluminous Train.
They land, with Volleys from the breaking Flood;
Their burning Eyes ſpeckled with Fire and Blood,
Their hiſſing mouths they lick with brandiſhd tongues
Whilſt we affrighted fly from thence, in Throngs.
But to *Laocoon* they direct their pace,
And firſt his two Sons ſeize in dire embrace,
Coyl'd round about them, on the wretches prey'd,
And ſlender Bodies bloody Banquets made:
Next him they ſeize, to reſcue them, prepar'd,
And fetter, with their vaſt Infoldings, hard:
Twice round about his Waſt, his Neck twice round,
The Serpents with their ſcaly Cordage bound;
Then o're his Head their lofty Creſt they rear.
He ſtrives with all his Strength thoſe Knots to tear;
His ſacred VVreath, Blood and foul Poyſon ſtains,
And to the Stars he dreadfully complains.

So roars a wounded Bull, from th' Altars broke,
When on his Head glanc'd the uncertain Stroke.
But the two Serpents to the Temple glide,
And at the [kk] Feet of cruel *Pallas* hide,
Strange Terror here ſurpriz'd us, yet all ſaid,
Laocoon for his Raſhneſs juſtly paid,
Who durſt his Arm 'gainſt ſacred Oke advance,
And wound the Preſent with an [ll] impious Lance.
They cry, The Gift to *Pallas* Temple draw,
And on the Goddes call.

The Walls are levell'd, and a Breach is made.
All lend, to finiſh this good work, their Aid;
Some for the Feet ſtraight rouling wheels provide,
And to the Neck ſtrong Hempen Cordage ty'd:
Pregnant with Arms, the fatal [mm] Monſter goes,
Whom [nn] Boys and Beauteous Virgins round incloſe,
Singing ſweet Hymns; they hale the Ropes with Joy,
And menacing, at length it enters *Troy*.

O *Ilium*, where the Gods once Manſions found;
And, O you *Dardan* Walls, in War renown'd!
Four times, in th' entrance of the Gates, it hung,
As oft within, the claſh of Harneſs rung;
Yet we beſotted, [oo] draw with all our Power,
That curſed Monſter to the ſacred Tower.
Caſſandra then, enſuing Fates foretold,
Whom *Trojans* ne'r believ'd, ſo *Phœbus* would,
But we that never muſt behold the Morn,
With Flow'rs the Temples of the Gods adorn,
Mean while night roſe from Sea, whoſe ſpreading ſhade
Hides Heaven and Earth, and Plots the *Grecians* laid;

About

About the Walls the *Trojans* ſilence kept,
And, reſting their tyr'd Bodies, ſoundly ſlept.
The *Grecian* Fleet, now with a favoring Gale,
From *Tenedos* to well-known Confines Sayl;
The ſilent [pp] Moon did tacitly invite
Attendance on the Admirals leading [qq] Light:
When *Sinon*, ſav'd by ſpightful Fates Deſign,
Privately open'd a cloſe Door of Pine,
And from the teeming Horſe deliver'd come
Greeks, that inclos'd lay in his diſmal Womb;
[rr] *Tiſander*, *Sthenelus*, ſtern *Ulyſſes* broke,
And *Thoas*, joyful, from the hollow Oke;
Neoptolemus, *Athamas*, and *Machaon*,
With *Menalaus*, by long Ropes ſlide down;
And *Epeus*, who the Miſchief did deſign.
They Take the Town, buryed in Sleep and Wine;
They kill the Watch, and ſtraight at open [ſſ] Gates
Receive their Friends, and joyn to their known Mates.
It was when Sleep, firſt ſeiz'd the weary Soul,
And Heavens chief Bleſſing on poor Mortals ſtole.
When in my ſleep, behold! to me appears
Moſt woful *Hector*, drown'd in Flood of Tears,
Dragg'd at a Chariot, foul with bloody Duſt,
And cruel Reins through his ſwoln Feet were thruſt;
(How ſtrangely chang'd! ah me! how alter'd from
That *Hector* in *Achilles* Spoyls march'd home;
Or when the *Grecian* Navy in his Ire,
He fir'd with darted Flames, and *Phrygian* Fire)
Foul clotted Gore had ſtarch'd his Beard and Hair,
Shewing thoſe Wounds, which more than many were,

In *Troy*'s Defence receiv'd; I ſeem'd to weep,
And thought I ſpake thus troubled in my ſleep.
Troy's Cheif Protector, *Ilium*'s onely Aid,
What Croſs occaſions thee ſo long delay'd?
Whence com'ſt thou, deareſt *Hector?* from what Coaſt?
After ſo many of thy Friends are loſt;
After ſuch various Toyls of ſuffering *Troy*,
That we ſo tir'd, thee ſo deſir'd, enjoy.
Why is that Noble Face in Sorrow drown'd?
Muſt I behold thee, thus all o're, one Wound?
To my vain Queſtions, he made no Reply,
But groaning, ſaid, Fly *Venus* Off-ſpring, fly,
'Scape from the Fire; the *Greeks* poſſeſs the Town,
And *Dardans* lofty Tow'rs are tumbling down.
Enough is done for *Priam*, and this Land;
Could Strength ſave *Troy*, I had with this Right-hand;
Who now her tt Gods and Rites commends to thee,
Let theſe Co-partners of thy fortune be;
With theſe build walls, which ſpacious thou ſhalt raiſe,
After long Voyages through dangerous Seas.
This ſaid, he brought me from great *Veſta*'s Quire,
Her Sacred uu Wreaths and the eternal Fire.
Mean while, with various Cries the Walls reſound,
And more and more (although in ſhady Ground
My Father's Houſe remote, obſcurely lay)
Loud Noiſe draws near, and claſhing Arms diſmay;
I ſhake off Sleep, and mount the Battlement
With ſpeedy ſteps, and ſtood with Ears intent,
As Corn on Fire, when furious Winds contend,
Or when ſwoln Torrents from high Hills deſcend,

Which

Which Corn, the Oxens toyl, deſtroys, which Woods
Hurries down headlong in impetuous Floods;
Th' amaz'd Husbandman, on higher Ground,
Sits on a Rock, and wonders at the Sound:
But then the Truth too plainly did appear,
And *Grecian* [xx] Treacheries diſcover'd were.
In conquering Fire *Deiphobus* Palace falls,
Eucalegon next had flaming Funerals;
The broad [yy] *Sigæan* Billows ſhine with Fire,
Loud Trumpets ſound, and Clamors now grow higher.
Deſperate I arm'd, 'gainſt Reaſon rais'd a Power,
And with a Party to defend the Tower,
We do reſolve; Fury our Judgment charms,
And we conceive it brave to dye in Arms.
But *Panthus* broken through the *Grecian* Power,
Panthus, *Otriades*, Prieſt of *Phœbus* Tower,
With him our Gods, and ſacred Reliques brought,
Amaz'd, the Shore with his young Nephew ſought.
How ſtands things *Panthus?* What Fort may we
Scarce theſe I ſaid, when with a Groan he ſpake; (take?
The *Dardans* laſt and diſmal Hour is come,
We have been *Trojans*, once was *Ilium*,
And ſupream Glory of the *Teucrian* State;
All cruel *Jove* to *Argus* doth tranſlate.
The *Greeks* now theirs the burning City call.
From that huge Horſe ſtanding within our Wall,
This cruel Brood of armed Furies came,
And haughty *Sinon* mingles Flame with Flame;
Our double Gates are with ſtrong Guards beſet,
Never from *Greece* ſo many Thouſands met.

Others

Others the Streets and narrow Paſſes fill,
Who ſtand with glittering Swords, prepar'd to kill.
Thoſe which our Works did keep, ſurpriz'd in Night,
Could not themſelves defend, retire, nor fight.
Stirr'd up with *Panthus* words, and Heavens conſent,
Through cruel Arms, and dreadful Flames, I went;
Where ſad *Erynnis* rag'd, where Groans, where Cryes,
And ecchoing Clamors ſtorm the Arched Skyes.
Ripheus and Aged *Iphitus* conjoyn'd
Themſelves to me, *Dymas* and *Hypanis* find
Us by the glimmering of the Moons pale Beam,
And young *Choræbus* adds himſelf to them;
Who to the *Trojan* War, through all Parts fam'd,
Extreamly with *Caſſandra*'s Love inflam'd
A Suter came, and brought her Father Aid;
But Prophecies of the inſpired Maid
Did not regard.
Yet when I ſaw a Fight they durſt maintain,
Bold Youth, I ſaid, your Courage is in vain
To ſave a City that is all on Fire;
But would you dye, and gallantly expire,
You ſee your Chance; our Kingdoms Guardian Gods
Have left their Altars, and their bleſt Aboads:
Then let's encounter Death, and bravely on;
Vanquiſht Mens Safety is to hope for none.
The Young-mens Boſoms Fury thus poſſeſt;
Like ravening Wolves in a dark night oppreſt
With Hunger, and Neceſſities hard Law,
Their Whelps expecting with a thirſty Jaw;

So

So we through Weapons and th' oppoſing Foe
To certain Death on reſolutely go;
And to the Center of the City made,
Black Night ſurrounding with a hollow Shade.
Who can the Funerals of that diſmal Night
With equal Tears be able to recite?
Th' old City falls, which rul'd ſo many years;
In every Street Slaughter in Heaps appears,
In Houſes, ſacred Temples, Bodies thrown:
Nor did the *Trojans* ſuffer Death alone,
The vanquiſhed their Courages recall,
And now the *Grecian* Conquerors do fall.
In all Parts cruel Grief, in all Parts Fear,
And Death in various Shapes ſeen every where.
First of the *Greeks*, to us *Androgeos* bends,
With a great Troop, ſuppoſing we were Friends;
And kindly thus in gentle Language ſaid;
Haſt Sirs, make haſt, how were you thus delay'd,
Whilſt others ranſack burning *Ilium*?
Did you but now from our tall Navy come?
In ſpeaking theſe, he ſuddenly eſpy'd
(For in a doubtful manner we reply'd)
Himſelf to be engag'd amidſt his Foes,
And with the Word aſtoniſh'd, backward goes.
As one who on a Serpent, 'mong ſharp Bryers,
Treads unawares, and trembling, ſtraight retires
From his rais'd Wrath, and purple ſwelling Head:
So at the Sight *Androgeos* frighted, fled.
We charg'd, and hemm'd them in ſurpriz'd with fear,
And ſoon defeat, not knowing where they were:

This

This our first Service Fortune pleas'd to aid.
When heightned with Success, *Chorœbus* said;
Dear Friends, the Means by favoring Fortune shown
For Safety, take, as she commands, go on:
And now change Shields, in *Grecian* Armor go;
Who questions Fraud or Valor in a Foe?
Thus having said, he makes *Androgeos* yield
To him his stately Crest, and gallant Shield,
And claps an *Argive* Sword unto his side.
Thus *Rypheus*, *Dymas*, thus were all supply'd
With recent Spoyls, and with the *Grecian* Power
We mix our Forces in a [2] fatal Hour;
Yet oft with Nights Assistance on we fell,
And many a Great-soul'd Heroe sent to Hell.
Some to the Ships and safe Shore fly with Speed,
Others ascend, struck with base Fear the Steed,
And once again in the known Belly hide.
Ah! who may hope, when Heaven hath Help deny'd!
Here we beheld, from *Pallas* [3] Temple, fair
Cassandra dragg'd by the dishevel'd Hair,
Her sparkling Eyes lifted to Heaven in vain;
Her Eyes, for Cords her tender Hands restrain.
At this sad sight *Chorœbus* much inrag'd,
Amongst the Thickest desperately engag'd;
We follow, and breake through Armed Throng.
Here first by Darts from the high Temple flung,
Our own destroy us, and sad Slaughter make,
By change of Arms, and *Grecian* Helms mistake.
Th' incensed *Grecians* from all parts recruit,
And sharply for the rescu'd Maid dispute;

Then

Then both th' *Atrides* and all their Men draw up,
Fierce [4] *Ajax* charg'd, and the *Dolopian* Troop.
So Winds to Battel bring up all their Force,
Zephyre and *Motus*, *Eurus* Eaſtern Horſe;
The Woods reſound, incenſed [5] *Nereus* raves,
And with his Trident ſtirs up dreadful Waves.
Thoſe we by Stratagem had overthrown,
And by Night's Help chac'd round about the Town,
Again appear; their Fellows Arms they know,
And by our wanting of the Word, the Foe,
O'r-power'd *Choræbus*, *Peneleus* ſlew,
And *Pallas* Altars did with Blood imbrue.
Next [6] *Ripheus* fell, moſt faithful to his Truſt,
Nor in all *Troy* none knew a Man more juſt;
Though it pleas'd Heaven that he ſhould ſuffer too.
Their own Friends *Hipanis* and *Dymas* ſlew;
Nor thy great Piety could ſave from Death,
Thee *Panthus*, nor *Apollo*'s ſacred Wreath.
Troy's Aſhes witneſs, and laſt Flames of mine,
If in your Fall I Danger did decline,
Or *Grecian* Force, Death, had it been my Lot,
This Hand had drawn; thence off with us we got
Pelias and *Iphitus*: *Iphitus* weak with Age,
And *Pelias* wounded by *Ulyſſes* Rage.
Next diſmal Clamors us to Court invite.
Here was a Conflict, ſuch a bloody Fight
As if there had no other Slaughter been;
So fierce with Malice, and for Plunder keen,
The [7] ſhelter'd *Greeks* we ſaw approach the Wall.
Some Ladders mount, ſome up the Pillars crawl;

[7] Shields

Shields on their Left-hands gave their Heads defence,
Whilst with their Right they seize the Battlements:
Dardans resist; down Roofs and Tow'rs they cast,
And with such Arms, since they behold their last,
Prepare to save themselvs in Death's Extreams;
High Honors of old Princes, golden Beams
They tumble down; others with drawn Swords stood
To keep the Gates, and with strong Guards make good.
Something refresht, we to the Pallace made,
With our joyn'd Force the Vanquished to aid.
There was a private but a well-known way,
Which in the Court behind the Pillars lay;
By these Back-stairs, oft the unfortunate
Andromache, whilst *Priam* held his State,
Did unattended young *Astyanax* bring
To see her Mother and the aged King:
Here to the lofty Battlements I past,
From whence vain Weapons woful *Trojans* cast.
There was a Tower erected wondrous high,
Whose stately Bulwarks seem'd to kiss the Sky;
On this all *Troy* accustomed to view
Th' *Achaick* Camp, and *Grecian* Navy too;
This with my Sword I loos'd, and on that part
Where jutting Beams did from their Mortess start,
We gave a Shove, when sudden from the height
Thundring it fell, and on the *Greeks* did light:
But fresh men still supply'd, nor any kind
Of Battery seiz'd.
Just at the Gate insulting *Pyrrhus* storms,
More glorious than the Sun, in [8] Brazen Arms;

So

So in the Spring a Serpent we behold
Famiſht with Want, and ſwoln with biting Cold,
His Skin being caſt, from under Ground appears
In gallant Youth, and proud his Boſom rears
In Towry Circles to the cheering South,
Triple Stings brandiſht from his hiſſing Mouth.
With him bold *Periphas*, and *Automedon*
Achilles Squire and Charioteer came on;
Theſe, ſeconded by all the *Scyrian* Bands,
Who on the Roof caſt Fire and flaming Brands.
Through ſtrongeſt Gates bold *Pyrrhus* made a Paſs,
And from their Hinges tore down Beams of Braſs:
Then hews huge Pillars, cleaving knotty Oke,
And a large Breach for a wide paſſage broke.
The Houſe within appears, long Halls unfold
Priam's Bed-chamber and the Kings of old:
The Entrance they might ſee Arm'd Soldiers guard,
But within Tumults and loud Shreeches heard,
The Arches Cielings howl with Female Cries,
And Clamors to the Golden Stars ariſe;
Then fearful Matrons run from place to place,
They kiſs the Marble Pillars and imbrace.
Strong, as his Sire, *Pyrrhus* maintains the Fight,
Nor Guards nor Rampires can reſiſt his Might:
Gates with his battering *Ram* are overthrown,
And from their Hinges Jaums lye tumbled down.
They force their way, the firſt they meet they kill,
And Royal Courts now baſeſt Soldiers fill.
A foamy River not ſo fiercely goes,
When breaking forth, his Banks he overthrows,

So And

And on the Plains with hoſtile Billows falls,
Bearing along both Cattle and their Stalls.
I did behold how bloody *Pyrrhus* rag'd
To enter; how th' *Atrides* were engag'd:
Priam, the Queen, her [10] hundred Ladies view'd,
And hallow'd [11] Fires which his own Blood imbru'd;
He [12] fifty Daughters did with Marriage grace,
Such hopes there was of his Illuſtrious Race.
Beams rich with [13] Gold, and Spoyls, fall in their Ire,
And *Greeks* poſſeſs what's not poſſeſt by Fire.
But here thou mayſt enquire of *Priam*'s Fates;
When he beheld *Troy* taken, his Court-gates
Torn down, and *Greeks* through all the Pallace rage:
On th' old King girds, palſied with feeble Age,
Arms long unworn, and claps upon his Thigh
A uſeleſs Sword, reſolving ſo to die.
Amidſt the Palace in the open Air,
An [14] Altar ſtood, an antient [15] Laurel near
Embrac'd the Gods with a declining ſhade:
Here *Hecuba* and all her Daughters fled,
As Flocks of Pidgeons from a Tempeſt haſt,
And round the Statues of the Gods embrac'd.
But when in youthful Arms ſhe *Priam* ſpy'd,
O my moſt wretched Husband! out ſhe cry'd,
What Counſel thee to put on Arms did move?
Into what Danger doſt thou run, Dear Love?
Theſe times no ſuch Defenders will allow,
No, if my *Hector* ſhould be preſent now.
Draw near, this Altar may protect us all,
Or here in Death we will together fall.

The

Then ſhe her Husband by the Hand did bring,
And plac'd in ſacred Seats the aged King.
Behold! *Polytes* one of *Priam*'s Sons,
To get away from bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs
Through armed Foes, through Courts, and Halls about
Wounded, to ſeek ſome ſheltring Corner out;
Whom raging *Pyrrhus* fiercely did purſue,
Now takes, and ſtrikes him with a Javelin through:
At laſt, where in his Parents ſight he ſtood,
He fell, and pours his Soul out in his Blood.
Here *Priam*, though with Death beleaguer'd round,
Free paſſage both for Wrath and Language found.
To thee for this, for this bold Act he cry'd,
The Gods, if any of the Deifi'd
Such Deeds obſerve, ſhall juſt Rewards ordain,
That haſt our Son thus in our preſence ſlain,
And with his Blood the Parents Face defil'd.
Achilles, whom thou Father falſly ſtyl'd,
Was no ſuch Foe to me; he bluſh'd, when I
Implor'd the Law of Arms, nor did deny
Hector's pale Corps ſhould have a Native Tomb,
And me again ſent with a Convoy Home.
This ſaid, th' old Man a feeble Javelin threw,
Which could not pierce his ſounding Target through,
But on the Margin hung the harmleſs Spear.
Then *Pyrrhus* ſaid, this News my Father bear,
My cruel Deeds remember to relate,
And how that I, his Son, degenerate;
For thou ſhalt dye. As ſoon as theſe he ſaid,
Through his Sons Blood, he dragging him, covey'd

Trembling to th' Altars; then his Hair he wreaths
In his left Hand, his Right his Sword unſheaths,
Which to the Hilt he buries in his Side.
So finiſht *Priam*'s Fates, and thus he dy'd,
Seeing *Troy* burn, whoſe proud Commands did ſway
So many powerful Realms in *Aſia*;
Now on the Strand his [16] ſacred Body lies
Headleſs, without a Name or Obſequies.
But then I was ſurpriz'd with ſudden Fear,
My Father in my Fancy did appear,
As I beheld the King give up his Life,
Juſt of his Age; and my neglected Wife,
My rifled Houſe, and poor *Iulus* Chance.
I look'd to ſee how ſtrong we might advance:
All weary had forſook me, and leap'd down,
Or in the Flames their wretched Bodies thrown.
[17] And now alone in *Veſta*'s Portal I
Did *Helen*, taking Sanctuary, ſpy;
The mighty Fires which ſhone more bright than Day
Diſcover'd her, where cloſe conceal'd ſhe lay;
She for *Troy*'s Ruine fears the *Trojan* Sword,
The *Greeks*, and Rage of her forſaken Lord:
Who both the Scourge of *Greece* and *Troy* had been,
Lay hid at th' Altar fearing to be ſeen.
I rage, and to revenge my Country, burn,
That juſt Rewards I might with Death return.
Shall ſafely ſhe enjoy her Native Soyl?
A Queen in *Sparta* triumph in our Spoyl?
Her Lords and Court, Children and Parents ſee?
Shall [18] *Phrygian* Ladies her Attendants be?

Sh

Shall Steel deſtroy our King, and Fire his Seat?
So oft theſe Shores lye in a blody Sweat?
Not ſo. Although no Honor we can gain,
Nor Conqueſt boaſt to have a Woman ſlain:
Yet ſuch a [19] Miſchief that hath ruin'd *Troy*,
Will purchaſe Honor, if I ſhould deſtroy,
Quenching revengeful Flames diſturb my Breaſt,
And my Friend's Aſhes ſeat in quiet reſt.
This ſaid, ſpurr'd on with Fury, on I went;
When my bleſt Mother did her ſelf preſent
In her full Glory, ſhining through the Night,
As 'mongſt the Gods ſhe caſts Celeſtial Light;
Her Deity declar'd, ſhe wrings my Hands,
And from her Roſy Lips thus countermands:
What grief, dear Son, hath thee diſtemper'd thus?
Where is your Duty and Reſpect to us?
Conſider firſt how thou mayſt diſ-engage
Thy Father, old *Anthiſes*, ſpent with Age;
Lives thy *Creuſa*, or *Aſcanius* yet?
Whom all the *Greeks* had every way beſet;
Had not my ready Care their Rage withſtood,
Or Fire or hoſtile Swords had drank their Blood.
Let not ſuch Folly thy ſad Soul inflame
'Gainſt *Helen*'s Beauty, nor yet *Paris* blame;
For the inexorable Gods deſtroy,
And from their deep Foundations ruine *Troy*.
Behold (for all theſe Miſts ſhall vaniſh quite,
Which, interpoſing, hinder humane ſight;
Nor fear thou to obey what we command,
Nor what thy Parents ſhall adviſe, withſtand)

These mighty Heaps thou seest, Stone rent from Stone,
And Ashes mixt with Smoak, are overthrown
By *Neptune*, his great Trident shook the Wall,
And the Foundations moving, ruin'd all.
Now cruel *Juno* guards the *Scæan* Gates,
And from their Fleet calls her Confederates,
Girt with a Sword.

On a high Tower thou maist stern *Pallas* spy,
Shining through [21] Clouds, her cruel *Gorgon* by.
Jove the *Greeks* strengthens, and their Bosoms warms,
Must'ring all Heaven against the *Trojan* Arms.
Fly Son, thy Labors finish, I'le be near,
And safe thee to thy Father's Thresholds bear.
Then she her self in Nights dark shade conceal'd,
When cruel Shapes, great Deities, reveal'd
Themselves averse to *Troy*.
And now *Neptunian Troy*, and all her Spires,
Seem'd sinking, conquer'd in conjoyned Fires.

As where rough Swains, with many a sturdy stroke,
Hew in high Mountains down some aged Oke;
Cut down with cruel Steel, she threatens now,
Shaking her Tresses with a palsied Brow,
Vanquish'd with Wounds, at last she gives a Groan,
And brings a Ruine, being overthrown.
From thence, [22] by Heavens Assistance on I pass,
Weapons retreat, and horrid Flames give place.

When to our Antients Seats I had retir'd,
My Bed-rid Father, whom I first desir'd
To carry to the Mountain, did deny
And, *Troy* destroy'd, more willing was to die

That

Than ſuffer Exile; You, he ſaid, whoſe Blood
Runs in clear Chanels with Youth's ſpritely Flood,
Save you your ſelves.
If Heaven would ſave my Life, theſe Seats for me
Had been preſerv'd; it is too much, I ſee
One fall, once to out-live this 29 City took:
Thus let, O thus the Bed-rid be forſook.
I ſhall find Death, pityed by Foes, who ſhall
My Spoyls ſeek: Loſs of Sepulcher is ſmall.
Uſeleſs with age, and in Celeſtial Hate,
I long expected my too lingring Fate.
Since Heavens great King, and Father of the World,
Thunder at me, and dreadful Lightning hurl'd.
And thus his Reſolutions he declares.
My Self, my Son, and Wife are drown'd in Tears,
And the whole Houſe, leſt whilſt on him we wait,
We all together ſuffer in one Fate.
Yet ſtill he keeps his Bed, did ſtill deny.
I deſperate Arm, and am reſolv'd to dye.
What Aid can Policy or Fortune give?
That I would leave thee here, couldſt thou believe?
Can Fathers thus diſcourſe? If theſe Aboads
Are deſtin'd to be ruin'd by the Gods,
And thou wilt add to this unhappy Land
Thy ſelf and thine, Death's Gates now open ſtand;
And *Pyrrhus* comes with *Priam*'s Blood defil'd,
Before the Parents Face he kill'd his Child,
And at the Altar then the Father ſlew.
Through Sword and Fire, this Spectacle to view,

Didſt me, bleſt Mother bring? and where I ſhall
Th' inſulting Foe behold within my Wall?
My Father, Son, *Creuſa*, in a Flood,
Lye weltring here, of one anothers Blood?
Arm, Arm, bring Arms, the laſt Day bids us go;
Dear Countrymen, let's once more charge the Foe;
Let us renew the Fight, on bravely fall,
We ſhall not periſh unrevenged all.
Here girt I on my Sword, my Target brac'd
To my left Arm, and to the Portal haſt.
When my dear Wife clung faſt unto my Knee,
And going out held forth our Son to me.
Goeſt thou to die? then let us go along:
But if thou thinkſt thy ſelf ſufficient ſtrong,
Firſt ſave your Houſe, your Son, your Fathers life,
And mine, whom once you pleas'd to call your Wife.
At this the Houſe was fill'd with Groans and Tears,
When ſtraight a wondrous Prodigy appears;
Betwixt our [24] Hands, in the ſad Parents ſight,
Lo! from *Iulus* [25] Crown a flaming Light
We ſaw ariſe, and harmleſs Fire did ſpread
With a ſoft touch, and round his Temples fed.
We frighted haſt to to ſhake the flagrant Hair,
Water to quench the ſacred Flame prepare.
But to the Stars, *Anchiſes* lifts his Eyes,
His Voice and Hands advancing to the Skies.
Jove, if thou haſt to any Prayers regard,
Look down and hear; if Merit find Reward,
Confirm this [26] Sign, grant Heavenly Father, Aid.
When with a mighty Crack, theſe words ſcarce ſaid

W

We [27] Left-hand Thunder heard, & through the Skies,
With a bright Train, a blazing Meteor flies,
Which we beheld o're the high Roofs to move,
And our Courſe marking, in th' *Idæan* Grove
Conceal'd it ſelf, then in a Furrow broke,
And with a Flaſh made all with Sulphur ſmoke.
Th' old Man, thus vanquiſh'd roſe, then firſt im-
The Gods, and their auſpicious Star adores: (plores
Haſt, haſt, he ſaid, I'l go to any place.
You Tutelar Powers preſerve our Houſe and Race:
This is your Sign, who *Troy* in us protect.
Dear Son, I go where Heaven ſhall thee direct.
This ſaid, the crackling Fires we louder hear,
And from the Walls devouring Flames draw near.
Dear Father, get upon my Shoulders ſtreight.
Nor ſhall your Burthen be to me a Weight.
What ever Chance, one common Danger we
Shall equal ſhare, to both one Safety be:
I ſhall *Aſcanius* my Companion chuſe;
My Wife muſt follow, but ſome diſtance uſe;
And you, my Servants, liſt to my Commands.
Near unto *Troy* an Antient Temple ſtands,
Of ſlighted *Ceres*, an old Cypres near,
Kept by our pious Fathers many year;
By ſeveral ways there wee'l together meet.
Dear Father, take our Country-Gods, unfit
For me to touch, return'd from ſo much Blood,
And ſuch great Battels, till the living Flood
Cleanſe me again.

O'r my broad Shoulders, on my Neck, this ſaid,
Above my Veſt a Lions Skin I laid,
And took the [28] Load; *Aſcanius* did embrace
My Hand, and follow'd with no equal pace,
My Wife behind, and through dark Streets are born.
I that but now did Showrs of Javelins ſcorn,
And thickeſt Ranks of *Greeks*, begin to fear
Each breath of Wind, and ſmalleſt Noiſe I hear,
Troubled alike both for my Load and Son.
The Gates I reach'd, and thought the Buſineſs done,
When ſound of trampling Feet our Ears invades;
My Father ſpies them through the gloomy Shades,
And out he cries, Fly Son, O fly, they're here,
Their ſhining Arms, and glittering Shields appear.
Here know I not what unkind Power bereft
My Judgement; for whilſt uſual ways I left,
And by obſcurer Streets, and nearer croſt,
Ah, by ſad Fate, I my *Creuſa* loſt;
Whether ſhe dy'd, did ſtray, or tir'd gave o're,
Uncertain, but I ſaw her Face no more:
Nor look'd behind, nor miſt her, till we come
To ſacred Seats, and Antient *Ceres* Tomb.
Here we all met, one onely thus bereav'd,
Who me, her Father, and her Son deceiv'd.
What God or Man did not my Frenzy call
In queſtion? What worſe Chance ſince *Ilium*'s Fall?
My Son, my Father, and *Troy*'s Gods I leave,
Which in a ſheltring Vale my Friends receive.
Troy I re-viſit, gird on ſhining Arms
All Dangers to renew, through all Alarms

Ilium

Ilium to ſearch, and once more Dangers try:
The Walls I firſt, then gloomy Gates draw nigh;
Obſcur'd with Night, back, I my own Steps trace
With ſearching Eye, and with a wary pace.
Horror each where, nay Silence ſtrikes a Fear.
Thence Home I went, hoping to find her there.
But in the Houſe the cruel *Greeks* I find,
And eating Fire rowl'd to the Roofs with Wind;
Then Flames aſcend, Smoke Towreth in the Air:
To *Priam*'s Seat and Palace I repair;
There *Phœnix* and *Ulyſſes* guard the Spoyls
In *Juno*'s Temple, and forſaken Iſles.
From all Parts hither *Dardan* Treaſure came,
Sav'd from the [29] Gods, and Temples ſunk in flame;
Goblets of Gold, rich Robes in [30] Heaps are laid,
Youth, fearful Matrons, orderly array'd,
Stood round about.
Bold alſo, I the Streets with Clamor fill,
And call through Shades, ingeminating ſtill
Fondly again, again *Creuſa*. Here
To me in queſt, thus raging every where,
Appears her Shade, and ſad Similitude,
And her known Form a larger Shape indu'd;
Speechleſs I was, upright did ſtand my Hair,
When thus ſhe ſpake, with words appeaſing Care.
Why ſo much pleaſeth thee a Task ſo vain,
My deareſt Lord, ſince thus the Gods ordain?
Neither muſt thou tranſport me from theſe Lands;
The King of high *Olympus* countermands.

Ilium Thou

Thou ſhalt, long exil'd, plough vaſt Seas before
Heſperia's ſound, where through a fertile Shore
The *Lydian Tybers* gentle Waters glide.
Glad things wait there, a Realm, a Royal Bride;
Spare for thy dear *Creuſa* Tears; for ſhe
Dolops proud Seats, nor *Myrmidons* ſhall ſee:
I that to *Dardan Venus* am alli'de,
Shall never wait on *Grecian* Dames.
The Gods great Mother will for me provide.
Farewel, Farewel; take of our Son a Care.
Theſe Words being ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd into Air,
And left me weeping, having much to ſpeak.
Three times I ſtrove to cling about her Neck,
Thrice her in vain my circling Arms entwin'd;
She like a ſwift Dream flies, , or nimble Wind.
Then I my Friends re-viſit, Night grown old,
Where numbers I admiring did behold
Of new Aſſociates, Men and Women found,
Children and Vulgar, for ſad Exile bound;
From all parts met, willing to ſayl the Seas,
And venture Life and Fortune where I pleaſe.
When *Heſperus* from High-brow'd *Ida* roſe,
Uſhering the Day, our Gates beſet with Foes,
Nor hope of Succour, I the Mountain take,
Bearing my aged Father on my Back.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Second BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS.*

[a] A People of *Theſſaly*, who in this War ſerv'd under *Achilles*; Nam'd (as *Servius* upon the Authority of *Eratoſthenes* affirms) from their King *Myrmidonus*: They were accounted the ſtouteſt Soldiers in the *Grecian* Camp.

[b] They were brought by *Phœnix* (Educator of *Achilles*) to the *Trojan* Wars: So he affirms in *Homer Iliad. 9.*

The utmoſt Bounds of Pthia *I poſſeſs,*
Ruling the Dolopes:

The ſame is atteſted by *Pindar*, alledg'd by *Strabo*, *lib. 9.* in both which Teſtimonies the Name is Spell'd Δολόπες, according to which Quantity here us'd by *Virgil*: Yet in *Ptolomy*, *Geogr.* Where we find Δολώπες,

AN

Δολώπες, we ſhould not venture upon theſe Authorities to reform it, were it not written Δολόπες, in a very antient fair Manuſcript, preſerv'd by the Honor of our time, Mr. *Selden*.

c By ſome expounded, the Beginning; by others, the Latter part of the Night; which ſecond Interpretation ſeems the more appoſite.

d *Pauſanias* ſaith, it was not a Horſe, but an Engine to batter Walls withal, which *Vitruvius* confirms. Some there are that will have it a Gate, over which was the Statue of a Horſe, open'd by *Antenor* to let in the *Grecians*. Others, that the *Trojans* after a great Overthrow given by the Enemies Horſe, fell into this Misfortune. Some, that the *Greeks* lay in Ambuſh in a Mountain ſirnam'd *Hippius*, and intercepting the *Trojan* Army, broke into the Town: this is obſerv'd by *Delrius*: But in the common Opinion, 'twas in the Shape of a Horſe, fram'd by *Epeus*, the Son of *Panopæus*, a great Architect, of whom ſee *Lycophron* and *Coluthus*. On it was this Inſcription, *DANAI MINERVÆ ILIADI DONO*, as *Pacuvius* in *Deiphobo*; though *Servius Fuldenſis* will have it thus: *MINERVÆ DONUM ARMIPOTENTI DANAI ABEUNTES DICANT*.

e They give out a Report that, That Horſe was made in Vow and Offering for their ſafe Return into their Countrey. The Poet reflects upon that old Cuſtom of Vows made by Travellers, or any, upon Expeditions, if they get ſafe home. See *Briſſonius*, *Form. lib.* 1.

f *Tenedo*

[f] *Tenedos* is an Iſland behind the *Sigæan* Promontory. Many Reaſons are alledg'd by Interpreters, why it is ſaid by *Virgil* to be ſo famous: Some referring to a Temple of *Apollo*, ſome to a Fountain, others to the Wealth: But the moſt memorable thing belonging to this place, was the ſtrict Juſtice of a King thereof, nam'd *Tenes*, *who made a Law*, (ſaith *Heraclides*) *that if any man took another in Adultery, he ſhould kill him with a Hatchet; his Son being found ſo, and he that took him asking the King What he ſhould do? He anſwer'd, Execute the Law. And for this Reaſon, on one ſide of his Money was imprinted a Hatchet, on the other the Face of a Man and of a Woman ariſing out of one Neck. From hence it is ſaid of ſevere Actions, to be cut with a* Tenedian *Hatchet*: Hitherto *Heraclides*. By which Act we ſee the Iſland was famous even to a Proverb; and perhaps had it's Name from this King, whom for it they Deified, as ſeems to be imply'd by *Cicero*, *lib.* 3. *de Nat. Deor.* One of theſe Coyns is produc'd by the late Learned Mr. *Greaves*, in his Diſcourſe of the *Roman Denarius*.

[h] A *Trojan* Prince, *Avo Æneæ paterno cognominis*.

[i] This adds to the glory of *Æneas* his Family. *Laocoon* was Son of *Acoetes*, Brother of *Anchiſes*, Prieſt of *Apollo*, who contrary to the Command of that God took a Wife: Which Contempt *Apollo* puniſh'd; for as he was ſacrificing upon the Shore to *Neptune*, attended by his two Sons, *Apollo* ſent two Dragons from *Tenedos*, which devour'd firſt his Sons, and then himſelf. This the *Trojans* interpreted as done in Puniſhment of his ſtriking the wooden Horſe, ſacred to *Pallas*.

[k] From the Temple of *Pallas*. [l] *Ulyſſes*

l *Ulysses*, to avoid going to the *Trojan* War, counterfeited Madness; and putting two different Beasts into a Plough, sow'd Salt; but his Imposture was laid open by *Palamedes*, who laid his Son *Telemachus* in his way; and *Ulysses*, driving his Plough aside, discover'd his Plot. Thus he was engag'd against his will in that Expedition: During which time, being sent to *Thrace* for Corn for the Army, he return'd without any; for which *Palamedes* much reprov'd him, and going himself, brough great store with him. These two Accidents bred so much Malice in *Ulysses* against this excellent Captain, that he feigns a Letter as from *Priam* to *Palamedes*, as giving Thanks for betraying his Countrymen, and intimating a Sum of Gold sent for a Reward. This *Ulysses* carries to the *Greek* Commanders, who not believing the Letter, are brought by *Ulysses* to his Tent, where they find the Gold (hid there by *Ulysses*) and thereupon stone *Palamedes* to Death.

m This he feigns to make his story the better; but he was indeed a kin to *Ulysses*, as being Son to *Æsemus* who was Brother of *Anticlea*, Mother to *Ulysses*.

n That Tempests were religiously observ'd by the Antients as Warnings to prohibit the Design they were about, is not unknown. So when *Valerius* the Consul was ready to assault the *Æqui*, a sudden Storm with Thunder and Lightning, saith *Dyonisius Halicar.* *l. 9.* diverted him from his Enterprize.

o Of whom see *Iliad.* 2.

p *Agamemnon* whilst he was at *Aulis* (being in the *Trojan* Expedition) sacrific'd a Hart, sacred to *Diana*, whe

wherewith the Goddeſs incens'd, detain'd them Wind-bound: The Oracle being conſulted, anſwers; That the Offence muſt be expiated with the Blood of *Agamemnon:* They bring his Daughter *Iphigenia* to offer to the Goddeſs; who pitying the Maid, took her away from the Altar, and carry'd her to *Tauris*, where ſhe waited on her; putting in her room a Hart, which the *Grecians* ſacrific'd in her ſtead. Something differently is the ſtory related by *Pauſanias* in *Bœot.* But the firſt Relation is parallel'd by *Plutarch* with another to this effect: *When the* Africans *were about entring into a League with the* Sicilians *againſt the* Romans, Metellus, *Chief Commander of the* Romans, *omitted ſacrificing onely to* Veſta; *who diſpleas'd therewith, ſent them contrary Winds*; C. Julius *the Augur ſaid they would ceaſe if the General ſhould ſacrifice his own Daughter: Thus* Metellus *conſtrain'd brought her forth to offer her; but* Veſta *compaſſionating her, put a Cow in her room, and took the Maid to* Lamuſium, *and made her Prieſteſs of the Dragon.*

q He alludes (ſaith *La Cerda*) to that which they call'd Occentation, which *Feſtus* interprets *a ſinging an unacceptable Song to any with particular reproaches.* Of this kind are thoſe we call *Lampons.* Upon the words of *Feſtus*, *Scaliger* cites this old Law, *SI QUIS CARMEN OCCENTASSIT QUOD ALTEREI FLAGITIUM FAXIT, CAPITAL. ESTO.* Whereby we ſee the Reproaches inſerted in them were of ſo much Malice and Scandal, that they deſerv'd a capital puniſhment. Such the *Greeks* by the Inſtigation of *Ulyſſes*, are ſuppos'd to caſt upon *Sinon.*

r *Tanquam*

r *Tanquam Piaculum & κατάρμα.*

s Immolation was perform'd with Salt ſcatter'd upon the things Sacrific'd. *Feſtus, immolare eſt mola*, id eſt, *farre molito, & ſale Hoſtiam perſperſam ſacrare.* There is ſome Controverſie here amongſt the Grammarians, whether *Virgil* allude to the *Roman* or *Grecian* Rites; *Turnebus* defends the firſt, *Germanus* the latter.

t Wherewith they bound the Eyes of the Malefactor, ſee *La Cerda.*

u This is the difference betwixt *Alga* and *Ulva.*

Alga *venit Pelago, ſed naſcitur* Ulva *palude.*

x *Servius* ſaith, that the Poet under the Perſon of *Sinon* here, reflects upon the Story of *Marius*; of whom *Ovid* 4. *de Pont.*

Ille Jugurthino *clarus*, Cymbroq; *triumpho.*
Quo Victrix toties Conſule Roma *fuit*,
In cæno jacuit Marius, *cannaque palluſtri*,
Pertulit & tanto multa pudenda viro.

y Not *chara* as *Servius* would have it, and for it reprehended by *Parchaſius in Claud.* who underſtands of *Argos* a City in *Peloponneſus*, noted for Antiquit. But *La Cerda* more naturally expounds *Patriam an quam* in oppoſition to *Novam*; that Country out which a Man goes, being his own, to ſeek another.

z Alludi

z Alluding (saith *Germanus*) to the old common Law of the *Grecians* and *Romans*, whereby the Children were made capable of punishment for their Fathers Offences; as well to awe the Fathers by their Love to their Posterity, as to take away all thoughts of Revenge from the Sons for their Fathers, by punishing or imploying them to obtain Pardon for their own.

aa Either the Stars, or the Fires of the Altars; the first seems most proper. Some understand it of the Fire of *Vesta*.

bb The *Palladium* was a little Image of *Pallas* made of the Bones of *Pelops* (of much use in the superstitious Rites of the Antients, *&c.*) first by the *Athenians* bought of *Abaris* the *Scythian*, as *Julius firmicus* affirms, *De Superstitionibus veterum*: (where for *ab Abari Scytha*, is corruptly read, *ab avaro Scytha*, for he means that *Hyperborean* of whom *Jamblicus*, *Harpocration*, and the Fables of the *Athenians*, report much) *Cedrenus* saith, it was an Image of *Pallas*, Consecrated by Impious Diabolical Rites, out of a vain presumption, that the Town was inexpugnable whilst that remain'd in it. This is confirm'd by *Joannes Antiochenus*, that it was no διοπετες, (*not faln from Heaven* (as the common story goes, and perhaps was given out to beget a greater Reverence and Care of it, as *Numa*'s *Ancile*) *but* ξόανον τελεσμθγιον, *a carv'd Image*, *telesmatically made* (probably of Ivory, such were *Pelops* Bones) *under a good Horoscope*, *by* Asius *the Philosopher*, *and presented to the Founder* Trous, *as a Statue enabled by Art to preserve the City*, *wherein it should be kept*, *in a victorious*

 impregnable

impregnable Condition. Thus far *Antiochenus*, cited by Mr. *Gregory* in his Obſervations upon the Scripture, *chap.* 7.

cc *Germanus* ſaith, this is not to be underſtood of any Lightning, but that the Image of the Goddeſs alter'd it's poſture, and ſtood upright; which the *Augurs* thought very prodigious, becauſe the Images of *Pallas* were moſt commonly ſitting, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, at *Phocæa*, *Maſſalia*, *Rome* and *Chios*.

dd Alluding to the *Roman* Cuſtom; the Generals us'd to go back to the City to fetch new Omens, for without the City they were not to practice Divination. So *Papirius* the Dictator, *Livy l.* 8. The ſame property *Virgil* here aſcribes to the City *Argos*, whence they had their Omens before the Expedition.

ff He ſeems to mean all the Cities of *Peloponneſus*, and thence all *Greece*.

gg The ſame number *Æſchylus* atteſts, in *Agamemn.* *Euripides*, in *Androm.* and others. *Homer* reckons 1080. *Dyctis*, 1280. *Dares*, 1240. Theſe are reconcil'd by *Varro*, *Rei Ruſtic.* 2. 1. *If the number*, ſaith he, *be not exact, as it is not when we ſay a Thouſand Ships went againſt* Troy, *or the Government of* Rome *conſiſts in a hundred Men.*

hh So long the *Trojan* War laſted. *Dares* increaſeth this account by eight Months, and twelve days. So *Thucydides*, *l.* 1.

ii Alluding to the manner of chooſing Prieſts; for when any fail'd, another was choſen by Lot; which *Germanus* obſerves out of *Tacitus*, to have been the cuſtom of the *Romans*. *Annal. l.* 1.

kk Unde

kk Under the Feet of the Statues of their Gods, the Antients us'd to figure the Monſters overcome by them: *So* Callimachus (ſaith *Tertullian, de Corona Mil.*) *brought the Statue of* Pallas *into* Argos, *with a Lion's skin under her Feet.* A Dragon under that of *Pallas*. Pauſan. Att. *At her Feet a Shield, at the bottom of her Spear a Dragon.* So likewiſe figur'd by *Phidias*, *Plut. de Iſid. & Oſirid.* Where amongſt others of the ſame kind, he reckons Dragons, as ſacred to *Pallas*.

ll *Naſcentius* ſuppoſeth the Poet to allude to that *Haſta ſcelerata*, which according to the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, the General, before the taking of any City, held out to the Enemy to ſignifie their Deſtruction.

mm *Servius* ingeniouſly obſerves, that Horſes were thrice fatal to *Troy*; Firſt, when *Laomedon* deny'd the Horſes which he promiſed to *Hercules*; ſecondly, when they admitted this wooden Horſe; Laſtly, when the *Ilians* refus'd to let in *Cimna*, the third Conſul, into their City; at what time a Horſe being caught between the Gates, hindred them from ſhutting.

nn *Nannius Miſcellan.* 7. ſaith, that the Horſe is brought into the City with the ſame Religious Ceremonies which are us'd towards the *Thenſæ* of the Gods, for which he cites *Aſconius* upon 3. *Verr.* *Thenſa* is a ſacred Chariot, a Proceſſion of the States and Sacrifices. Some think them ſo nam'd, from Divinity; others *a tenſis loris*, which Strings every one thought himſelf happy that could lay hold of.

oo *Calaber* mentions many other Prodigies which hapned whilſt the Horſe was brought in, *viz.* That the

Sacrifices did not burn, the Fires went out, a bloody Smoak rose from them, the Altars fell down, the Libations turn'd into Blood, the Images of the Gods shed Tears, and many of the like.

pp That *Troy* was taken at Midnight, the Moon being in the Full, is warranted by *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *Strom.* 1. 10. *La Cerda* adds, that the *Grecians* for the most part us'd to fight at that time of the Moon, as being most auspicious to them: which he confirms by *Aristides*, 2. *Plat. The* Lacedemonians, saith he, *either being engag'd in Fight with the* Messenians, *or that they waited for the Full of the Moon, could not aid them.* The Month and Day is, according to the *Marmora Arundeliana*, the 24th of *Thargelion*; the Year, after the Computation of *Scaliger*, 3531. of the *Julian* Period before our Saviour's Incarnation, 1184. *Petavius* accounts a year sooner. The *Arundelian* stone 26 Years more early.

qq Torches, by way of sign us'd by the *Grecians* upon the Agreement betwixt them and *Helena*, or *Sinon* saith *La Cerda*. Of this Custom see *Æschylus*, *Agamem* *Livy*, *l.* 25. and others.

rr *La Cerda* ingeniously observes the appositeness of these Names and Persons; *Tisander* implying a Man desirous of Revenge; *Sthenelus*, Courage and Military strength (who *Philostratus* saith, went unwillingly into this Machine, saying, that it was stealing a Victory not storming a Town) *Ulysses*, always pernicious to the *Grecians*; *Athamas* and *Thoas* two Eminent Commanders mention'd with Commendations by *Homer*; *Meoptolem*

optolemus (implying a young Warrior) Son of *Achillas*; *Mochoan*, excellent for Chyrurgery as well as Valor, Son of *Æſculapius*; *Menelaus*, the Perſon to whom the Injury, the Occaſion of the War, was given; *Epeus*, who fram'd the Horſe. More there were, as is by the Poet imply'd. *Some ſay* (ſaith *Tzetzes in Lycophron*) 50 *or* 300. *or, as I think*, 23 Grecians: which ſecond number ſeems to be miſtaken, perhaps for 30.

ss *As ſoon as they were within the Walls, ſaith* Dyctis, l. 5 *dividing themſelves into ſeveral Quarters of the City, upon a Signal given, they fell with great eagerneſs on all they met with, and kill'd them in their Houſes and in the Streets.*

tt In Alluſion to that Cuſtom of the Antients (ſaith *La Cerda*) who when their Temples were on Fire, or in any other Danger, brought their Sacred Things into the Pallace or Houſe of their Prince, as next the Temple, being the moſt ſecure Sanctuary.

uu *Vittæ* were of great eſteem amongſt them; theſe were the conſecrated Veils of their Gods: From this place *Macrob.* argues, that *Veſta* was one of the *Penates*, or at leaſt their Companions. The never dying Fires of *Veſta*, preſerv'd by Virgins appropriate to that Office, are not unknown: but *La Cerda* contends, that none of that Fire is meant as brought to *Æneas*, but only the Image of that Goddeſs who is taken for Fire it ſelf.

xx The *Grecian* Faith grown to a Proverb to expreſs Treachery.

yy To expreſs the greatneſs of the burning, he ſaith, That the Waves of the *Sigæan* Promontory ſhone therewith in the darkneſs of the Night.

zz Of this *Choræbus* it is said, that he was so fooliſh, that he would count the drops of the Sea, and grew into a Proverb thereby, *More fooliſh than* Choroebus. *Q. Calabar l.* 13. ſaith, that he was ſlain by *Diomedes*. So likewiſe *Pauſanias*, though our Poet otherwiſe.

1 *Macrobius* and *Servius* expound this of the Gods calling them away: But the more probable opinion is that of *Turnebus*, *Muretus*, and *Delrio*, that the Tutelary Gods of every City, as ſoon as it was taken, left it; which more particularly is obſerv'd of *Troy*. *Æſchylus: Sept.* 44. *ad Thebas*.

——Do they not ſay
The Gods from Captive Cities haſt away?

upon which words the Scholiaſt ſaith, that *upon the taking of* Troy, *the* Trojans *ſaw their Gods bearing their own Images away, out of their Temples.*

2 *Servius* ſaith, that on the Shields of the *Grecians*, *Neptune* was figur'd; on thoſe of the *Trojans*, *Minerva*; whence the Poet here ſaith, *haud numine noſtro*; *Naſc.* adds, that the *Grecians* had likewiſe Letters for diſtinction, The *Lacedæmonians* Λ, The *Peloponneſians* Π, So Σ on the *Sicyonian* Shields. *Xenophon. Græc. Hiſt. l.* 14. which Cuſtom was thence deriv'd to the *Romans*; A Conteſtation ariſing betwixt the Soldiers of *Marius* & *Q. Catulus* about the Victory againſt the *Cimbri*, they ſearch'd the dead Bodies, and ſuch Darts as were from the Soldiers of *Catulus* had his Name.

3 In great Extremities they us'd to fly to the Temples for Sanctuary, which had ſo much priviledge, that they

they could not be forc'd away from thence; *Pauſanias in Achaic.* Of this we need no other Preſident than *Caſſandra* her ſelf, who being raviſh'd in the Temple of *Pallas* by *Ajax*, the Goddeſs reveng'd it by Thunder upon the Raviſher. See before *l.* 1.

4 This is he we laſt mention'd, Son of *Oileus*, for the other, Son of *Telamon*, kill'd himſelf before the taking of the City. See *Ovid. l.* 13.

5 *Nereus* is here, in the Opinion of *Parchaſius*, taken for *Neptune*: as by *Claudian.* 1. *de Rapt. Proſ.* Where he ſaith that *Nereus* divided *Sicily* from *Italy*, which *Dionyſius* after atteſts to have been done by *Neptune* with a Blow of his Trident. This is likewiſe here confirmed by that Enſign of his Deity which is here attributed to *Nereus*.

6 *Germanus* conjectures that *Ripheus* was, whilſt he liv'd, very much a Friend to *Virgil*, who thereupon, in Gratitude, here brings his Name, as *Homer* doth that of *Mentor*, by whom he was cur'd of the Infirmity in his Eyes: ſo obſerv'd by *Herodotus*.

7 *Teſtudo* is a Military Engine, by the *Greeks* call'd χελώνη likewiſe and συνάπισμα, which *Diodorus Sicul.* ſaith was invented by the *Grecians*, in the *Trojan* War; to which *Turnebus* thinks that *Homer* alludes in theſe words, *Il.* 23.

Helmet to Helmet, Shield to Shield, and Man
To Man is knit.

It conſiſted of many Shields joyn'd cloſe together to

ſend the Soldiers underneath, from all that might be caſt down on them. *Livy l.* 44. more of this *La Cerda.*

[8] *Magius Miſcellan.* 3. 3. ſaith, in expoſition of theſe words, that Iron was ſo rare with the Antients, as for that reaſon they made their Armor commonly of braſs, ſometimes of Tin: But withal it is very certain, that with the antient Poets, eſpecially the *Greek*, by Braſs is meant Iron and Steel.

[9] Such was the manner of thoſe that were going into Captivity, to take an eternal farewel of their Homes by kiſſing the Gates or Pavements. So *Dion. Caſſius, l.* 41. ſpeaking of thoſe who went with *Pompey* from the City, *they invok'd the Gods*, ſaith he, *and kiſs'd the Pavement.* For *Turnebus* gives another reaſon, That they beliv'd a Deity to be in the Gates, Hinges, Threſholds and Walls of their Houſes; So as that Kiſſing was as well in Token of Veneration and Religion; to this likewiſe is referr'd the ſolemn adorning them with Crowns and Garlands.

[10] *Centum Nurus*, not Daughters-in-law to *Priam*, for he already ſaid that *Priam* had but fifty Sons, unleſs with *La Cerda*, we allow every Son two Wives; rather expound it with *Taubman*, *Novas Nuptas*, *ut ætatis hoc nomen ſit, non affinitatis.*

[11] Upon the Altar of *Jupiter*, *Herceus*, at which *Priam* was kill'd, there was continually maintain'd a ſacred Fire, never ſuffer'd to go out. *Turneb.* 14. 15.

[12] So many Sons he is ſaid to have, others number 51. *Hyginus* 54. There are who ſay but five Sons, and three Daughters.

[14] *Phrygian.*

13 *Phrygian.* The *Phrygians* abounded with Wealth and Gold, as well as the *Perſians*, theſe two being the moſt wealthy Kingdoms: How it becomes *Æneas* to call his Country-gold barbarous, is evinc'd by *German.* ſee likewiſe *La Cerda.*

14 *Jupiter Herceus* is ſaid to have three Eyes, and ſo nam'd from his Altar, which was within the compaſs or encloſure (ἕρκος) of the walls, yet as here deſcrib'd, in the open Air, not cover'd at the Top. So *Athenæus, l.* 5. *Homer*, ſaith he, *always placeth the Hall in open places, where was the Altar of Hercean* Jupiter. At this was *Priam* kill'd. *Tryphiodorus.*

At th' Altar of Herceus, *ſick of Breath*,
Bold Pyrrhus *put the aged King to death.*

Thoſe who read there *Hermæus Jupiter* with *Urſinus*, and ſo in *Calaber* with *Germanus*, beſides the Authority of our Poet, undervalue *Euripides*, *Ovid*, *Seneca*, and others.

15 Which, as the Story goes, was fram'd in the midſt of *Priam*'s Court by Mathematical Art; the Trunk whereof was pure Gold, in length 12 Cubits; the Top ſpread into ſuch large branches as canopy'd all the Houſe; the Bloſſoms, Boughs and Leaves, were partly Gold, partly Silver; amongſt the Fruit, Jewels of great value. This Tree *Ulyſſes* and *Diomed* (or as others ſay, *Palamedes*) being ſent Embaſſadors to demand *Helena*, beheld with great Amazement.

16 The Poet complyes with both Opinions, as well theirs

theirs who affirm that *Priam* was kill'd at the Altar, as thoſe who ſay, that he was dragg'd by *Pyrrhus* out to the *Sigæan* Promontory, where was the Tomb of *Achilles*, and there ſlain. But he alludes to the Death of *Pompey*, who flying to *Ægypt* was there beheaded, and his Body caſt upon the ſhore.

17 Some omit the 22 Verſes next following, as being rejected by *Tucca* and *Varus*, to whom *Auguſtus* committed the Reviſal and Correction of this Poem, as well becauſe it is unbeſeeming a Man of Courage to be angry with a Woman, as that there appears ſome contradiction to this in the ſixth Book.

Omnia Deiphobo ſolviſti.

But *Servius Fuldenſis* affirms, that theſe Verſes were not rejected, but forgotten by *Tucca* and *Varus*; they are evinc'd to be truly *Virgils* by *Erythræus*, *Naſcimbænius*, and above all, *Scaliger*, *Poet.* 3. 11. and 3. 23. whom conſult.

18 The *Phrygian* work was much eſteem'd for curiouſneſs, and conſequently the ſlaves of that Country; which *Andromeda* complains of in *Euripides* his *Troad.*

19 A Tearm not improper to *Helena*, in reſpect of her many Wickedneſes; firſt raviſhed by *Theſeus*; then being married to *Menalaus*, ſhe left him to run away with *Paris*; nor was ſhe conſtant to him; for whilſt ſhe was in *Troy*, ſhe was inceſtuous with *Corythus*, Son of *Paris* by *Oenome*: Her Loves with *Achilles* are celebrated by *Philoſtratus*. And in reſpect of the ill fortune

ſhe

ſhe brought along with her, this Expreſſion as well ſuits with her, as that of *Euripides*, who calls her ἄτην, *Miſchief, Deſtruction*, and ſaith, ſhe was not Daughter of *Jupiter*, but ἀλαστορ. φθόνε φόνε θανάτε. *Of ſome malicious Devil, of Envy, of Murther, of Death.*

20 *Neptune* was ſuppos'd to have the Power of ſhaking, not the Sea onely, but the Land, with the ſtroke of his Trident, *Turneb.* 26. 33. That is more particularly expreſs'd here by the Poet, becauſe about that time there was an extraordinary Earthquake which much ſhatter'd the Walls of *Troy*; the Gods, as was conceiv'd, conſpiring to caſt down what they had built; *Juno*, the Gates, whereof ſhe was Preſident; *Pallas, quas condidit Arces*, the Towers; *Neptune*, the Walls which he erected.

21 A divine Cloud; *Nimbus*, ſaith *Servius Danielis*, is a fulvid (*Taubman* reads, fluid) Light, encompaſſing the Head of any Deity. Some read, *Limbus*.

22 All Interpreters here underſtand, and truly, *Venus*, whom the Poet here calls a God, as the *Greeks* call their Goddeſſes θεὸς ſometimes, as well as θεὰς: *Cedrenus* cites this Verſe as uſually ſung by the *Mahumetans*, ὁ θεὸς μείζων καὶ ἡ μεγάλη εἷς ἐν αφροδίτη θεὸς, *A God, a God greater, and great, is* Venus. *Servius*, *Macrobius*, *Suidas*, and others, mention a Statue of *Venus* with a Beard, having a Comb in her Hand; it is more particularly deſcrib'd by a late Author *De gli Imagini de gli Dei*; the reaſon is, her particular Power in the Union of both Sexes.

23 This taking of the City, beſides the Poets who ſpeak

ſpeak much of it, is mention'd by *Dyoniſ. Halicarn. l.* 1. where he relates the coming of *Hercules* into *Italy*; and by *Ariſtides* in *Rhodica*, *Troy*, ſaith he, was twice taken, firſt by *Hercules*, then by the *Grecians*.

24 Amidſt the Embraces of his Parents, as *Servius Danielis* well interprets; for *Iulus* was of greater Age than to be carry'd in their Arms, as may be argued from his following afterwards on foot, *non paſſibus æquis*; and that being ſeven years older, he was both a Huntſman and a Warrior.

25 There are three kinds *Pileorum* (of Caps) us'd by the *Flamens* or Prieſts of the *Romans*; *Apex*, which properly is *Virga lanata*, a little Wool wound upon the Top of the *Pileus*; *Tutulus*, wholly of Wool, *metæ figura*; and *Galerus*, made of the Skin of ſome ſacrific'd Beaſt. *Apex* therefore is properly the Top of the Cap or Head. But *Virgil* here alludes to the Story of *Servius Tullius*, to whom, being a Boy, whilſt he ſlept, the ſame thing hapned which is here reported of *Aſcanius*: A harmleſs flame ſeiz'd on his Hair, and ſo continued till he awak'd; which portended Rule and Empire. See *Livy*.

26 This he ſaith according to the Superſtition of the *Romans*, who not contented with one Omen or Augury, deſir'd more, to confirm their belief of the firſt; and if the enſuing were different, they took off the Credit of the firſt. So *Servius* and *Turnebus* 13. 16.

27 *The Left-ſide*, ſaith *Servius*, *as to humane things is unfortunate, as to Celeſtial, proſperous*: *So* intonuit lævum; *becauſe the Left-ſide of the Gods is the Right to thoſe that*

that look on them. Varro *otherwiſe*; *From the Seat of the Gods looking towards the South, the Eaſtern Parts of the World are on the Left-ſide, the Weſtern on the Right: whence the Omens on the Right-ſide are more proſperous than the Left.*

[28] This memorable Piety of *Æneas* is related by *Ælian*, 3. 22. of which, thus an uncertain Author in the Anthology, *l.* 3.

Cum ferret medios proles Cytherea per hoſtes
Impoſiti collo languida membra Patris;
Partite, ait Danai; *levis eſt ſene gloria rapto:*
At non erepto gloria patre levis.

Antonius Pius had a Signet bearing the Image of *Æneas*, with his Father on his Back. *Sanazarius* hath an Epigram upon another of the ſame which he had, too long to be here inſerted. We ſhall onely parallel the ſtory with that of the *Catanei*, two Brothers, who carry'd away their Parents in the ſame manner, delivering them from the Eruption of the Flames of *Ætna*. See *Claudian* upon that ſubject.

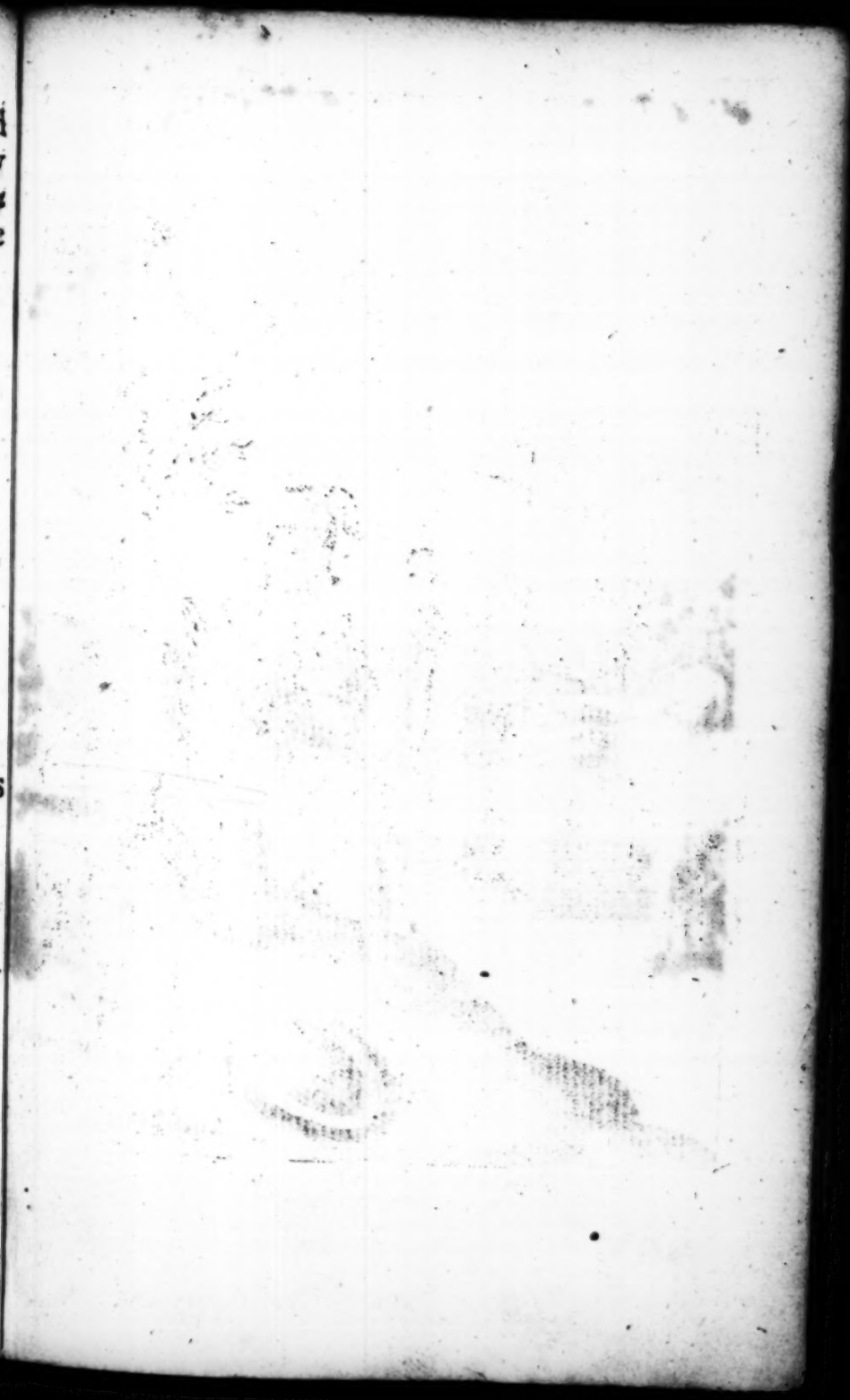
[29] By *La Cerda* expounded thoſe from which Oracles were given.

[30] According to the Military Cuſtom of gathering all the Prey together into one place, by which the Victor pleas'd the Soldiers with the ſight of what their Labors had compaſs'd.

[31] This *Turnebus* refers to her *Apotheoſis*, or Deifying; *For the Antients*, ſaith he, *attributed to a larger proportion'd*

proportion'd Shape to their Gods than to Men. *Lipſius* and *Delrio* ſuppoſe, that ſhe was not ſo indeed, but onely appear'd bigger to *Æneas* by reaſon of his fear. *La Cerda* obſerves, that the Apparitions of the Dead are greater than the Perſons themſelves were in Life.

VIRGIL's





Æn. 3

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Third Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Torn Myrtle bleeds; ſlain Polydor *complains;*
Not from a Tree Blood flows, but from his Veins.
His Rites perform'd, they leave the Thracian *Shore;*
To Delos *ſail;* Apollo *they implore.*
Phœbus *miſtook, they plant in* Crete: *from thence*
Admoniſh'd by a Dream, and Peſtilence,
They launch again; a Storm at Sea; the Seats
Of ravenous Harpies; *Dire* Cælenos *Threats.*
Helenus, Priam's *Son, in* Epire *Reigns,*
T' Andromache *match'd, and* Trojans *entertains.*
He ſhews what Coaſts of Latium *they muſt ſteer.*
Ætna, *the* Cyclops, Polypheme *appear.*
To ſad Dyrrachium *next* Æneas *bends,*
Thence drove to Libya, *where his Story ends.*

AFter it pleas'd the Gods the *Aſian* State,
And *Priam*'s [a] guiltleſs Line t'exterminate,

Proud



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Proud

Proud *Ilium* faln, *Troy* ſmoking on the Ground;
To ſtrange Shores, divers Exiles we were bound;
By Aug'ries of the Gods; and Ships provide
Near to [b] *Antandros*, under *Phrygian Ide*;
Uncertain where to plant, or what Courſe run,
Our Force we muſter: Scarce the [c] Spring begun
When old *Anchiſes to* ſet Sayl commands,
Weeping I leave the Port, and Native Lands,
Where *Troy* once ſtood, tranſporting through the Seas
My Friends, my Son, *Lars* and great Deities.
Far off the [d] *Thracian* plow a Warlike Land,
O're whoſe vaſt Plains once [e] ſtern *Lycurgus* Reign'd:
An antient League, and Houſhold Gods conjoyn'd,
They held with *Troy*, till Fortune us declin'd:
Hither I came, and led by ſpightfull Fate,
Built on curſt Shores my firſt unlucky Seat,
And it [f] *Æneum*, by my own Name call.
I ſacrifice to *Venus*, and to all
Thoſe Gods that did our Enterprize approve,
And ſlaughter'd a white Bull to mighty [g] *Jove*.
By chance a Hill was nigh, whoſe ſwelling Brows
Cornel and Myrtle Crown'd with armed Boughs:
To rifle Groves ſo flouriſhing, I haſt,
That th' Altars might with verdant Leaves be grac'd
When a moſt wondrous Prodigy I view:
For, from the Plant which firſt from Earth I drew
With broken Roots, Drops of freſh Blood diſtill'd,
And trickling Gore in Bluſhes ſtain'd the Field.
Surpriz'd with deadly Fear, I trembling ſtood,
Horror to Ice congeal'd my curdled Blood.

Aga

Again I pluck'd another tender Bough;
Abſtruſer Cauſes to diſcover now;
And from this alſo flows a Stream of Gore.
Much troubled, I the Rural Nymphs adore,
And *Mars*, Protector of the *Thracian* Land,
This Wonder might for a bleſt *Omen* ſtand.
On a third after my whole ſtrength I try,
And with my Knees on Earth did ſtrugling lie:
Shall I go on, or not? A Groan I hear
From under Ground, and theſe Words pierc'd my Ear:
Why rend'ſt thou me, *Æneas*? Dead Men ſpare,
And to profane thy pious hand forbear;
I born in *Troy*, no Stranger was to thee;
Nor flows this Purple from a ſenſeleſs Tree.
Me, ſlaughter'd here, this Crop of Javelins hides,
And ſprouts with pointed Lances from my Sides.
Fly then, ah! fly this avaritious Shore,
Fly cruel Coaſts, for I am [i] *Polydore*.
But then I was ſurpriz'd with ſudden fear,
Nor could I ſpeak, erected ſtood my Hair.
This *Polydore*, with mighty Sums of Gold,
Unhappy *Priam*, ſecretly of old
Sent to the King of *Thrace*: who, when he found
Our Strength decay'd, and *Troy* beleaguer'd round,
How with our Wealth our Fortune us declin'd,
With Conquering Arms and *Agamemnon* joyn'd,
All Laws of Nations breaks, the Prince deſtroys,
And ſo by unjuſt Right [k] the Gold enjoys.
What dares not impious Man for [l] curſed Gold!
My fear once o're, this Miracle I told

My Father, with ſome few, and Counſel crave:
All vote, as one, thoſe impious Shores to leave,
And from foul Breach of Truſt, with fair Winds flie,
A [m] Monument for *Polydorus* [n] high
We raiſe with Earth, and to the [o] *Manes* plac'd
Altars, with [p] Purple Wreaths, and [q] Cypreſs grac'd,
[r] Round *Ilian* Dames with Hair diſhevel'd ſtood;
Cups flowing with [s] warm Milk, and ſacred Blood,
We, as the Cuſtom, offer, then did lay
The Soul in Tomb, and loud his laſt Rites pay.
Soon as the Seas and Winds Ceſſation made,
And whiſpering *Auſter* ſoftly did perſwade
To truſt the Deeps, we Lanch, and fill the Strands,
And ſail from Cities, and retreating Lands.
Dear to the Mother of *Nereides*,
[t] A ſacred Country, guarded round with Seas,
Lies in [u] *Ægean Neptune*'s lov'd Embrace;
Which floating Iſle, fleeting from place to place,
Phœbus 'twixt *Mycon* and *Gyarus* binds,
Made firm to dwell in, and contemn the Winds.
Hither I came; and this moſt pleaſant Land
The weary, in ſafe Harbor entertain'd.
Entring, we honor *Phœbus* City, when
[x] *Anius*, *Apollo*'s Prieſt, and King of Men,
A Diadem and Laurel on his Brows,
Met us, and his old Friend *Anchiſes* knows,
And Hand in Hand him to his Court convey'd.
In the old Temple of the God [y] I pray'd;
Great [z] *Phœbus*, Reſt to weary Pilgrims grant,
An everlaſting City let us plant;

To

To build *New Troy*, ah! let thoſe few ſurvive,
Whom *Greeks* and ſtern *Achilles* left alive.
[aa] Whom ſhall we follow? whither go? where reſt?
Let one clear Omen eaſe our troubled Breaſt.
Scarce I an end of this ſhort Pray'r did make,
When all the Temple ſuddenly did [bb] ſhake,
The Mountain trembled, and *Apollo*'s Wreath,
And bellowing [cc] *Tripos* thundred from beneath;
We terrifi'd, fell proſtrate to the Ground,
When to our Ears approach'd this dreadful ſound.
That Land, bold [dd] *Dardans*, did your Sires maintain,
The ſame with joy ſhall cheriſh you again:
Seek your old Mother, [ee] there the *Trojans* ſhall
For endleſs Generations govern all.
Thus *Phœbus*: Then with joy they all demand,
And Noiſe confus'd, Where was that happy Land
Apollo to the Wanderers had deſign'd.
My Father then calling old things to mind,
Dear Friends, he ſaid, your Hopes now entertain:
Jove's Birth-place, *Crete*, lies [ff] circled in the Main,
There is Mount *Ide*, the Nurſery of our Race;
A hundred Cities hath this wealthy Place:
Our Grandſire firſt, hath not my Memory fail'd,
Teucrus, from thence to *Rhœtian* Confines ſail'd,
To plant new Kingdoms; *Ilium* yet unbuilt,
And *Pergam* Tow'rs, they in rich Vallies dwelt.
Chorybantian Sounds for [gg] *Cybel* he ordain'd,
And ſilent Rites in *Ida's* Grove maintain'd:
The Ladies Chariot is with Lions drawn.
Therefore, where Heaven commands, let us go on:

Implore the Winds, for *Gnoſſian* Kingdoms ſteer,
Which are (if *Jove* our Voyage favor) near;
We the third Morn may ride in *Cretan* Rodes.
This ſaid, he pays due Honor to the Gods;
Neptune [hh] a Bull, a white Bull *Phœbus* Right,
To Storms a Black Sheep, and fair Winds a White.
Idomeneus from his Fathers Seat
Drove by his Subjects, had forſaken *Crete*,
And, as they fam'd, no Foe poſſeſt the Land,
But empty Palaces neglected ſtand.
[ii] *Ortygian* Ports forſook, we plow the Floods,
By Viny *Naxus*, and [kk] *Donyſan* Woods,
Olearus, Chalkie *Parus*, paſs through Seas
Sow'd thick with Iſles, and ſcatter'd *Cyclades*;
The Sailors chearful cry, Our People chear,
We muſt for *Crete*, our Grandſires Kingdom, ſteer.
When on our Stern attends the riſing Gale,
And we at laſt this ancient Country ſail;
Where I did build our long'd-for Cities Wall,
And our new Town did *Pergamea* call:
The Name our People pleas'd, whom I adviſe
To build fair Houſes, and to Sacrifice.
And now our Ships lay dry upon the Sands,
Our Youth wed, plow; I gave them Laws and Lands:
When on a ſudden a moſt ſad Diſeaſe,
By Heavens corrupted Influence, did ſeiſe
Our People; Corn was blaſted in the Ear,
Fruit in the Bud: A moſt contagious Year!
Either they die, or walk in lingring pain.
Then ſcorching *Sirius* burns the ſteril Plain,

And the parch'd Earth denies the ſickly Food.
My Father bids re-meaſure back the Flood,
To th' Oracle of *Delphos* did perſuade,
And there once more to beg Great *Phœbus* Aid,
When he would end their Toils, where his Command
Bids them they ſhould Addreſs, and where to Land.
'Twas Night, & Sleep each where did Mortals ſeize,
When ll ſacred Forms of *Phrygian* Deities,
Which off I brought through *Trojans* Flames & Foes,
Appear'd to me, then laid to take Repoſe;
A clear full Orbed Moon gave me the ſight,
Which through the windows ſhowr'd a ſtream of light,
Who in theſe words vouchſaf'd to eaſe my care:
What *Phœbus* at *Ortygia* would declare,
Lo! here he ſings, and ſent us to thy Gates,
Who through *Troys* Flames thee follow, and thy Fates:
We have with thee meaſur'd the ſwelling Seas,
And to the Stars thy Progeny ſhall raiſe,
And give thy City Rule; great Walls prepare
For greater things, flight, nor long labor ſpare.
Change Seats; *Apollo* not advis'd theſe Lands,
Nor yet to plant in *Crete* the God commands.
There is an ancient and a fruitful Soil,
Whoſe Warlike Realms the *Greeks Heſperia* ſtile,
By *Oenotrians* till'd; Poſterity, they fame,
Since call'd it *Italy*, from their Princes Name;
There ſeek eſtabliſh'd Seats, mm where *Dardan*, firſt
Of all our Princes, was with *Faſius* nurſt.
Riſe, let thy aged Father underſtand
Theſe Truths, and ſail thou for th' *Auſonian* Land;

For *Jove* in nn *Crete* grants thee no fixt Aboads.
I lay amaz'd to ſee and hear the Gods;
Nor did I ſleep, I knew what Powers they were,
By their Cœleſtial Looks, and Veiled Hair.
And then I in a cold and trickling ſweat,
From ſcarce-warm Couches ſuddenly did get,
Lifting my Voice and Hand unto the Skies,
I paid Propitiatory Sacrifice.
Due Rites perform'd, the Buſineſs I unfol'd,
And every Circumſtance *Anchiſes* told.
He knew the double Stock, and doubtful Race,
And his new Error of the ancient Place:
Who ſaid, Dear Son, buſied in *Troys* Affair,
Theſe things *Caſſandra* did to me declare.
Now I remember ſhe of Realms foretold
Belong'd to us, and oft *Heſperia* would,
Oft *Italy* name; but who could then believe
Trojans muſt *Latium* ſeek, or credit give
To what th' inſpired Propheteſs did ſay?
Take the beſt Counſel, and the God obey.
Thus having ſaid, all follow his Commands,
And joyfully forſake new-planted Lands:
Some few being left, we hoiſe our Sails again,
And plow with hollow Oke the boyſterous Main.
After our Ships ſo far had left the Coaſt,
Till all the World but Sky and Sea was loſt,
A Sable Cloud with Night and Tempeſt roſe,
And th' Ocean rough with horrid Darkneſs grows;
Inraged Winds make raging Waves more fierce,
And through vaſt Floods us every way diſperſe;

Whilſt

Whilſt fleeting Tempeſts muffle up the Day,
All Heaven becomes to gloomy Night a Prey,
Perpetual Lightning breaks from broken Clouds.
Drove from our Courſe, we wander through dark Floods,
Nor *Palinurus* knows, in ſuch a Sky,
Day from the Night, or whither he ſhould Ply.
Three Sunleſs Days, as many Nights we were
Wandring through diſmal Fogs, without a Star;
But the fourth Dawn we riſing Land behold,
And far off Hills, which miſty Clouds infold:
Sails ſtruck, we row, our luſty Seamen ſweep
The Azure Pavement of the Briny Deep.
After I ſcap'd the danger of the Main,
Firſt me the *Strophades* did entertain,
Iſles ſtanding in the great *Ionian* Seas,
And by the *Grecians* called *Strophades*;
Where dire *Celæno* other *Harpies* led,
When frighted they from oo *Phineas* Table fled.
No Monſter like to theſe, no Plague more ſell,
Nor ſharper Vengeance Heaven e're call'd from Hell.
Theſe Fowl have Virgins Faces, and hook'd Claws,
Still purging Bellies, always greedy Maws,
With Hunger pale.

The Port being entred, as we nearer drew,
Herds of fat Cattel in the Fields we view,
And ſhaggie Goats, no Herdſman in the way,
We draw our Swords, inviting to the pp Prey
The Gods, and *Jove*; on pleaſant Shores we reſt,
And on high Beds magnificently Feaſt.

But from the Mountains, with a ſpeedy flight,
On thundring Wings *Harpies* themſelves invite;
Our Meat they ſeize, and with ſharp Talons rend,
And from foul Lungs forth diſmal Skreeches ſend.
In a Receſs again our Cloth we laid,
Guarded with Trees that caſt a horrid ſhade;
Altars ¶ once more with ſacred Flames ſupply:
When from another quarter of the Sky,
A thundring Troop beleaguers round our Meat,
And with arm'd Talons ſpoil, and tear, and eat.
Then I command our Men to take up Arms,
War muſt be made with ſuch pernicious Swarms.
They at the word obey, in Graſſy Fields
Conceal their Swords, and hide their dazling Shields,
When feather'd Troops from winding Shores reſound;
Myſenus Signal gave on higher Ground.
Trojans with them in a new manner fight,
Bickering with horrid Sea-foul in their flight:
But Steel ſoft Plumage could not diſcompoſe,
Nor were their Bodies liable to Blows:
They wheeling off, ſwift through the Skies are born,
And with foul Prints forſake the Prey half torn.
Celæno then, perch'd on a lofty Rock,
That fatal Prophet[illegible]s ſilence broke.
Raiſe you *Laomedontians* a War
For ſlaughter'd Cattel? and by Force prepare
Innocent *Harpies* from their Realms t' expel?
If ſo, what I ſhall ſay, remember well:
What *Jove* to *Phœbus*, *Phœbus* me foretold,
I, greateſt of the Furies, now unfold.

That

That *Latium* which you ſeek for, you ſhall find,
And the Port enter with a favouring Wind:
But e're your City is with Bulwarks fenc'd,
You for theſe Slaughters ſhall be recompenc'd
With [rr] Famine, which ſhall make you Trenchers eat.
This ſaid, on VVings to VVoods ſhe did retreat.
Cold Blood diſanimates with ſudden Fears;
No more with Arms, but now with Vows and Pray'rs
Our heartleſs Soldiers ſeek to make a Peace,
Be they foul Birds, Furies, or Goddeſſes.
Anchiſes then, raiſing to Heaven his Hands,
Implores the Gods, and Sacrifice commands.
You Powers, call in your Threatnings; ah! forbear,
And from ſuch Puniſhments the Pious ſpare.
Then he gave order ſtraight we ſhould un-moor,
And looſe our trembling Cordage from the Shore.
VVe with full Sails run through the foamie Seas,
That Courſe which beſt Winds & our Maſters pleaſe.
VVoodie *Zacynthus* now from Sea aroſe,
Dulichium, *Same*, high-Cliff'd [ss] *Neritos*;
Ithacus Rocks, *Laertian* Realms we fled,
And curſe the Shore cruel *Ulyſſes* bred.
[tt] *Leucates* Cloud-croun'd Mountains next ariſe,
And *Phœbus*, which the Sailor terrifies.
From thence, we tir'd, to the [uu] ſmall City haſte,
And from our Prows, for ſafety, Anchors caſt;
VVhere we at length land on a dangerous Shore,
And *Jove* with Vows and Sacrifice implore.
Naked our Youth practice on th' *Actian* Soil
Their *Ilian* Games, and wreſtle, ſteep'd in [xx] Oil.

To

To pass so many *Grecian* Seats they joy,
Proud thus through Foes to have transported *Troy*.
Mean while the Sun his Annual Course performs,
And Icy Winter vext the Sea with Storms.
A Brazen [yy] Shield, which once huge *Abas* grac'd,
On sacred Walls I, consecrating, plac'd;
And what it signifi'd, this Verse explain'd,
From Conquering Greeks *these Arms* Æneas *gain'd*.
Then I command them row, and leave the Bay;
Our Rowers cuff the VVaves, and sweep the Sea,
And straight *Phæacus* lofty Towers we hide,
Then by the barren Shores of *Epire* glide;
To the *Chaonian* Port our Course we bend,
And high *Buthrotus* lofty VValls ascend.
Here wondrous Tidings did my Ears invade,
That *Trojan* [zz] *Helenus* in *Grecia* sway'd;
Andromache marry'd to a Prince of *Troy*,
VVho did with *Pyrrhus* Queen, his Crown enjoy.
I was amaz'd, and burnt with strange desire
To see the King, and further to inquire;
And left the Fleet, where they in safety lay.
By chance sad Gift, and Annual Rites, that day
Andromache paid Ashes, and implores
At *Hector*'s [1] Tomb, near feigned [2] *Simois* Shores;
Before the Town, in Consecrated VVoods,
She rais'd his empty Monument of Sods,
And, to pay Sorrow at, two Altars rear'd.
VVhen I to her in *Trojan* Arms appear'd,
And she beheld me coming, the strange sight
So wondrously her troubled Soul did fright,

Tha

That down ſhe falls, all Heat did her forſake,
And long it was e're theſe few Words ſhe ſpake.
Is this thy Face? and doſt thou ſtill ſurvive?
Liv'ſt thou, O Goddeſs Son? If not alive,
Where's *Hector?* Then her Eyes with tears ſhe drowns,
And all the Grove with her Complaint reſounds.
I ſcarce to her, thus raging, anſwer give,
And hardly ſpeaking, ſaid, Behold I live,
And draw this Breath through all Extremes of Fate;
Doubt not; true things thou ſeeſt.
But what's thy Fortune, after ſuch a Lord?
Can any worthy Chance one Smile afford?
Is *Hector*'s Lady turn'd to *Pyrrhus* Bride?
With Looks dejected, ſoftly ſhe reply'd.
O thou of *Priam*'s Daughters the moſt bleſt,
That under *Troys* high Battlements deceas'd
On the Foe's Tomb, not drawn by Lot, nor led
Captive, to touch the Conquering Maſter's Bed.
We from our Countrys Flames, through all Seas born,
Felt the proud Youths, *Achilles* Off-ſprings, ſcorn;
Who after fair [3] *Hermione* did wed,
And, fatal ſtill, enjoy'd a *Spartan* Bed;
And me to *Helenus* his Servant gave.
But him *Oreſtes*, who did ſtrangely rave
For his loſt Spouſe, impatient, did purſue,
Surpriz'd, and at his [4] Father's Altar ſlew.
Thus *Pyrrhus* dead, part of the Kingdom yields
To *Helenus*, who call'd theſe *Chaon* Fields,
And from *Troys Chaon* all *Chaonia* nam'd,
And in theſe Streights this *Illian* Palace fram'd.

What

What VVind, what Chance, or rather favouring God,
Brought thee, ſo great a Stranger, to our Road?
Doth yet *Aſcanius* breath Ætherial Air?
VVhom *Troy* to thee——
Of his loſt [5] Parent hath he any Care?
How doth his Fathers, or his Uncles Name,
Hector, his Soul to Gallant Deeds inflame?
VVeeping, ſhe ſaid, and ſpent much Tears in vain:
VVhen from the City, with a ſtately Train,
The Heroe *Helenus*, *Priam*'s Off-ſpring, bends
His Courſe to us, acknowledging his Friends,
And over-joy'd, conducts us to the VVall,
VVhilſt ſhow'rs of Tears, at each word ſpeaking, fall.
Then marching on, I little *Troy* did view,
And *Pergam* Towers, like to the Great ones, knew;
I nam'd the narrower [6] *Xanthus* as I paſs,
And *Scæan* Gates religiouſly embrace.
In their Aſſociate City *Trojans* reſt.
Amidſt the [7] Hall the King receives his Gueſt:
Our Meat is ſerv'd in Gold, we chear our Souls,
In Royal Roofs, with VVine in Golden Bowls.
One day ſucceeds another, and fair Gales
Firſt court, then pregnant make our ſwelling Sails;
VVhen to the Prophet I my Suit prefer,
Inſpired *Trojan*, Heavens Interpreter,
Thou *Phœbus*, *Tripods*, [8] Laurel, thou the Stars,
[9] Birds Language knowſt, ſwift VVings thy Augurers:
(Though all th' ambiguous Oracles agree
As one, in this, Our Voyage bleſt ſhall be;

And

And all the Gods in full conſent perſuade,
VVe *Latium* ſhould, and promis'd Lands invade;
Yet dire *Celæno* Judgment doth preſage,
Denouncing Famine, and Cœleſtial Rage.)
Adviſe how we ſuch Dangers may eſchew,
Or elſe ſo great Oppoſings to ſubdue.
Here *Helenus*, as was the Cuſtom, ſlays
Fat Steers, and for the Gods aſſiſtance prays;
Then takes his Fillet from his ſacred Head,
And to thy Threſholds me, Great *Phœbus*, led,
Strangely, with Reverential Fear diſmay'd:
VVhen from inſpired Lips the Prophet ſaid;
Great Goddeſs Son, ſince thou muſt plow the Main,
This Higher Powers make manifeſtly plain;
So Fate, and thus the King of Gods conclude,
And the firm Order of Viciſſitude;
Of many things I muſt but little ſay,
That better thou maiſt reach th' *Auſonian* Bay:
For Fates from *Helenus* the reſt conceal,
Nor will Great *Juno* ſuffer me reveal.
In the firſt place, that *Italy* which thou
Suppoſeſt near thee, and art bound for now,
Long unknown VVaves divorce with longer Shores.
Before, *Sicilian* Floods ſhall bend thy Oars,
Auſonian Seas muſt by thy Fleet be found,
Th' Infernal Lake, and the [10] *Circæan* Sound:
Then in ſafe Lands thy City re-erect,
And this the *Omen*, which thou maiſt expect.
VVhen at an obſcure Stream, much troubled, thou
Under an Oke ſhalt find a mighty [11] Sow,

With

With thirty Pigs, new farrow'd, laid to reſt;
A white Sow, a white Iſſue at her Breaſt:
There ends thy Toil, thy City there erect.
Nor let thy eating Trenchers thee deject;
Fate and *Apollo* will, if thou implore,
Find out a means: but ſhun this neighb'ring Shore
Of *Italy*, waſh'd with our ſwelling Tide;
In all thoſe Cities cruel *Greeks* reſide:
Naritians here have *Locrian* Bulwarks reard;
Lyctius [12] *Idomeneus* Squadrons guard
Salentine Fields: there *Melibœus* ſmall
[13] *Petilia* joyns to *Philoctetes* Wall.
But when your Ships tranſported reach the Bay,
And landing, you your Vows on Altars pay,
Spread o're your flowing Treſſes Purple Hoods,
Leſt ſacred Flame, in honor of the Gods,
Damp'd by ſome hoſtile Face, diſturb the Sign.
This pious Uſe thou muſt impoſe on thine,
In this thy chaſt Poſterity inſtruct.
When favouring Winds to *Sicily* conduct,
And ſtraight *Pelorus* Bay ſhall diſappear,
By Lar-board Seas, and Shores, long Courſes ſteer:
But to the Star-board by no means be born.
Theſe Coaſts long ſince by a vaſt ruine torn,
(Such wondrous Changes Time hath brought to pa
Divided were; Land that conjoyned was,
A huge Flood did with violence divide,
Parting *Sicilia* from *Heſperia*'s ſide;
Cities and Fields retir'd with ſwelling Waves,
A narrow Sea their Margin interlaves.

14 Sc

[14] *Scylla* the right, *Carybdis* the left ſide
Inexorable guards; the ſwelling Tide
She at three ſoops doth from Hells bottom drain,
Diſgorging it againſt the Sky again, (Waves.
That Heavens bright Flames are ſtorm'd with briny
But *Scylla* lurks, hid in obſcuring Caves,
And ſinks in Rocky Mouths up Ships diſtreſt;
A Female, with a comely Virgins Breaſt,
Down to the middle; but beneath, a Whales
Body, with Wolviſh VVombs, and Dolphins Tails.
Better for thee to ſail *Pahinas* Bay,
And round about with a long Courſe delay,
Then once fierce *Scylla* in vaſt Caves deſcry,
Or Rocks reſounding with her blue Dogs cry.
If *Helenus* hath Prudence, if you find
Apollo hath with Truth inſpir'd his Mind,
One ſpecial Charge I preſs, O Goddeſs Son,
Again, again repeat, which muſt be done:
Great *Juno* move with Pray'rs, and her adore,
The powerful Lady with frank Vows implore,
VVith humble Preſents win; Conqueror at laſt,
Then ſteer *Italian* Shores, *Sicilia* paſt.
VVhen thou ſhalt reach to [15] *Cuma*'s ſacred Floods,
And hearſt *Avernus* thundring through the VVoods,
A Propheteſs inſpir'd thou ſhalt behold
Down in a [16] Cave, who long hath Fate foretold;
VVhich writ in Leaves, the Maid in order puts,
And to ſecure, in hollow Marble ſhuts.
They keep their Stations juſt as ſhe deſign'd:
But the Door opening with the ſmalleſt VVind,

The

The ſlender Leaves do every way diſperſe,
Nor more collecteth ſhe the ſcatter'd Verſe;
So they who come to be reſolv'd of Fate,
Return diſpleas'd, and *Sybils* Manſion hate.
But ſuffer thou with patience this delay,
Although thy People murmur, and to Sea
Thy pregnant Sails invite, the VVind being fair;
And purchaſe Oracles of her with Pray'r:
Oh let her freely propheſie to thee
Enſüing VVars; and what th' *Italians* be,
And how ſuch Toils to wave, or elſe ſubdue;
And honor'd, let her grant Succeſs to you.
Theſe are the things I onely muſt adviſe;
Go, raiſe great *Troy* by Proweſs to the Skies.
After theſe hopeful words the Prophet ſaid,
By his Commands they to our Fleet convey'd
Ivory and Gold, and with a mighty Maſs
Of Silver load our Ships, and *Dodon* Braſs.
A Coat of Mail, with Gold moſt richly wrought,
And a brave Helm with flowing Plumes he brought,
And on *Anchiſes*, *Pyrrhus* Arms beſtow'd,
Horſes and Grooms:
Then did our Men with Oars and Tackling load.
Mean while *Anchiſes* bids prepare our Sails,
Leſt tardie, we ſhould loſe approaching Gales;
To whom the Prophet, highly honouring, ſaid,
Thou, worthy to enjoy fair *Venus* Bed,
Sav'd from *Troy*'s Ruine twice by favouring Gods;
Sail to thy own *Auſonia* through the Floods:

B

But to the Offin ply, and leave theſe Lands:
Latium's far off, whither the God commands.
Bleſt with a pious Son, Farewell: VVhy ſtay
I thus, and calling VVinds with Talk delay?
But ſad *Andromache* departing, brought
Garments with Golden Figures richly wrought,
Preſents *Aſcanius* with a *Phrygian* Cloke,
And honouring him with coſtly Gifts, thus ſpoke;
Take theſe Remembrances my own Hand wove,
To teſtifie *Andromache*'s long Love;
Receive theſe Trifles, made by *Hector*'s VVife,
Thou, my Son's Picture, pourtray'd to the Life:
Such Hands, ſuch Eyes, the ſelf-ſame Look had he,
VVho might have flouriſh'd now in Youth, like thee.
Then I departing, thus with Tears begun;
May you live happy, you whoſe VVoes are done.
Stern Fates, to Fates more cruel us conſtrain;
VVhilſt you, at reſt, need plaw no boyſterous Main,
Nor always ſeek *Auſonias* flying Field.
You *Xanthus* ſee, and *Troy* your ſelves did build;
I wiſh it better Fortune and Succeſs,
And what ſhall be leſs obvious to *Greece*.
If e're on *Tybers* pleaſant Banks I Land,
And VValls ſhall ſee, given me by Fates command,
Then Seats ally'd, Nations one Blood with us,
Having one Fate, and Father, *Dardanus*,
In *Latium* and *Epire*, both one *Troy* ſhall be;
Nor ſhall our Off-ſpring change this firm Decree.
We paſs *Ceraunian* Mountains through the Sound,
And a ſhort Paſſage to *Auſonia* found.

When the Sun ſet, and high Hills caſt a ſhade,
We, on the Earth's delightful Boſom laid,
Refreſh our ſelves, and having ſhipp'd our Oars,
Sleep's gentle Dew our weary Limbs reſtores.
When Hour-wing'd Night had ſcal'd the middle (Skies,
Then careful *Palinurus* did ariſe,
And looks about, trying the Wind with's Ears,
Each Star obſerving glides in ſilent Spheres:
He did *Arcturus* and the *Kids* behold,
Triones, and *Orion* arm'd with Gold.
After in Heaven he ſetled Peace ſurveys,
His Light hung out, our floating Camps we raiſe,
Out Canvas Squadrons are in order drawn,
Whilſt rolled Stars fly from the bluſhing Dawn:
When low and obſcure Hills far off we ſee,
At which *Achates* firſt cries, *Italy*;
A joyful Hail to *Italy* goes round.
Anchiſes here takes up a Goblet crown'd
With generous Wine, and to the Gods thus prays,
Plac'd on the lofty Stern.
Lords of the Tempeſts, ruling Lands and Seas,
Grant us a happy Wind, and proſperous Way.
The wiſh'd-for Gale aroſe; and now the Bay,
The [18] Temple, and *Minerva*'s Tower appear:
Then ſtriking Sail, up to the Shore we ſteer.
Bow-bent, the Port lay to the Eaſtern Flood,
And waſh'd with Brine high Cliffs oppoſing ſtood;
'Mongſt towry Rocks it double-guarded lies
Againſt all Storms; from Shore the Tempeſt flies.

Her

Here, our first Sign, four [19] Horses I beheld
Grazing about, whose whiteness Snow excell'd.
My Father said, Fair Soil, thou War dost bear;
Horse are in Battel arm'd, and threaten War:
But yet the Swift, in thundring Chariots joyn'd
With curbing Reins, of Peace I Emblems find.
To the great Power then of the armed Maid,
Who first receiv'd us, we devoutly pray'd.
In *Phrygian* [20] Veils we at the Altars stand,
With care obeying *Helenus* Command;
And Honors next to *Argive Juno* pay.
Our Vows in haste perform'd, without delay,
Brought to our Yards, our Sails we brace, then bore
From *Grecian* Fields, and leave that dangerous Shore.
Herculean [21] *Tarens* Bay (if Fame be true)
'Gainst which Divine [22] *Lacinia* we view;
Caulonia, and Tow'rs, a Wrack had rear'd:
[23] *Trinacrian Ætna* then from Sea appear'd;
And we from far could hear the mighty Grones
Of battering Waves against the beaten Stones;
Where, with the swelling Tides upon the Shores,
And troubled Sands, a thundring Billow rores.
Anchises cries, This is *Charybdis*, hold;
These Rocks so dangerous, *Helenus* foretold;
Man well your Oars: All do as he commands,
And *Palinure* first to the Lar-board stands:
With Wind and Row'rs so the whole Squadron stood.
On high Backs mounted of the swelling Flood,
At Heaven we tilt, then suddenly we fell,
Watry Foundations sinking low as Hell.

Thrice Marbles Caves with dreadful Howls reſound,
And thrice the Stars in briny Foam are drown'd.
Mean while the Winds forſake us, with the Sun,
And to unknown *Cyclopian* Coaſts we run.
The Port was great, and calm, with ſheltring ſhores,
But near, from horrid Ruins, *Ætna* roars;
There in black Whirl-winds pitchy Clouds aſpire,
With ſparkling Cinders mix'd with blazing Fire,
And Globes of Flame high as the Stars are born;
Out are the Mountains Marble Entrails torn,
Then upward vomited, and melted Stones
Belch'd from his Stomach, hot with horrid Grones.
Enceladus, with Thunder ſtruck, they tell,
Under the weight of this huge Burthen fell;
Above him was the mighty *Ætna* laid,
Who now breaths Fire, through broken Trunks con-
And as he weary turns, a Thunder-crack (vey'd,
Sicilia ſhakes, and Heaven is hung with Black.
That Night, we ſheltring in the Woods, did hear
Dire Monſters ſhriek, not knowing what they were.
No twinkling Fires to light Heaven, Night allow'd,
But all the Sky was muffled in one Cloud,
Midnight the Moon had with long Darkneſs veil'd.
But now Days Eaſtern Ports *Aurora* ſcal'd,
And from the Pole diſmiſs'd the gloomy Shade;
When from the Woods an unknown Perſon made
His courſe to us, lean, and extremely poor,
And lifts his Hands, a Suppliant, to the Shore.
We ſaw dire Filth hang on his Beard, unſhorn,
And how his tatter'd Coat was pinn'd with Thorn;

The

The reſt a *Greek* did ſhew, who did employ
Once Native Arms againſt Beleaguer'd *Troy*.
When *Dardan* Weeds and Weapons he eſpy'd,
At the firſt ſight ſomething being terrifi'd,
He made a ſtand; then doubling all his ſpeed,
With Tears and Pray'rs did to the Shore proceed;
And thus he ſaid: Now by the Stars I pray,
By all the Gods, and Heavens Life-breathing Day,
You *Trojans*, carry me to any Shore.
That I a *Grecian* am, and one that bore
Arms at the Siege of *Troy*, I not deny:
But if the Offence ſeem of ſo deep a Dye,
In pieces torn, caſt me in ſwallowing Seas;
If by Mens Hands I die, my Death ſhall pleaſe.
Thus having ſaid, down falls he on his Knees,
Embracing mine. Of what Deſcent he is,
And what his Fortunes were, we bid him ſay.
My Father his Right Hand, without delay,
The Pledge of Safety, gave the woful Man;
Who, caſting off all fear, at length began:
Ithaca is my Country, and my Name
Is [24] *Achæmenides*; to *Troy* I came
With my poor Father, under the Command
Of *Ithacus*. Ah, had thoſe Fates remain'd!
Here my Companions me, with terror ſtruck,
In *Polyphemus* diſmal Cave forſook:
The Den is ſtrangely dark, and wondrous great,
Painted with Gore, and pav'd with bloody Meat;
But he ſo tall, he hits the higheſt Star:
You Gods, let ſuch Plagues be removed far.

Cruel his Looks, uncivil are his Words;
Bowels of Men ſupply his wonted Boards.
I ſaw when he two of our ſtouteſt Men
Seiz'd in his mighty Hand, and 'midſt his Den,
Laid on his Back, againſt a Pillar brain'd,
And with foul Gore the ſprinkled Pavement ſtain'd.
He would devour Mens bloody Quarters raw:
I in his Teeth the warm Fleſh trembling ſaw.
But thus *Ulyſſes* took it not, nor yet
His own, nor his Friends Dangers did forget:
For, as he, gorg'd with Wine and Meat, did lie
In his huge Cave aſleep, his Neck awry,
Vomiting Gobbets, mix'd with bloody Wine,
We take our Chance, imploring Powers Divine,
And round about beſet him every where;
Then pierc'd his Eye with a ſharp-pointed Spear.
'Midſt his ſtern Brow the Luminary lay,
Like a *Greek* Shield, or the great Lamp of Day.
With this Revenge we pleas'd our Friends ſad Ghoſts.
But fly, loſt People, fly theſe dangerous Coaſts,
Such and ſo huge a *Polypheme* doth keep,
And milks in diſmal Caves his Fleecy Sheep.
A hundred cruel *Cyclops* wander more
About theſe Mountains, and this winding Shore.
Three Moons with ſilver Horns their Light ſupply'd,
Whilſt I in Woods and Wild Beaſts Courts reſide,
And theſe huge Giants from a Rock ſurvey'd,
At their dire Voice, and thundring Feet, diſmaid:
Trees, a poor ſuſtenance, Berries, ſtonie Fruits,
Afforded me, with Herbs, and gather'd Roots.

Looking

Looking about, I ſaw when firſt this Fleet
Came in, reſolv'd to fall down at your Feet;
It is enough to ſcape theſe Monſters, now
Kill me, O kill me, 'tis no matter how.
Scarce ſaid, when from the Summit, 'mongſt his Flock,
Swain *Polyphemus*, like a moving Rock,
VVe might behold acquainted Shores to find;
A horrid Monſter, huge, deform'd, and blind.
To eaſe his ſteps, a mighty [25] Pine he bore
In his right Hand, his Fleecy Sheep before;
His Pipe, the onely Comfort, and ſole Check
To riſing Sorrows, hung about his Neck.
After that he had touch'd the ſwelling Flood,
And from his loſt Eye waſh'd the putrid Blood,
Grinding his Teeth, he groans, then through the Tides
Stalks, whilſt rough waves ſcarce reach his ample ſides.
From thence we fly, and the poor Suppliant put
Aboard with us, and ſilent Cables cut,
Bruſhing with luſty Oars the Deeps profound.
He turns that way from whence our Voyces ſound.
But when perceiv'd his matchleſs ſtrength was vain,
Nor could out-ſtrip VVaves of th' *Ionian* Main,
He ſet a Throat up with a dreadful rore,
VVhich ſhook all *Sicily* from Shore to Shore;
The whole Sea trembles with affrighted VVaves,
And *Ætna* bellow'd from reſounding Caves:
VVhen the *Cyclopeans* from the VVoods reſort,
And from the Mountains fill the ſpacious Port.
VVe ſaw the Brethren ſtand with threatning Eyes,
Their lofty Heads advancing to the Skies

Where they a horrid Convocation call:
So ſtand Cloud-kiſſing Okes with Branches tall,
Or Cone-ſupplying Cypreſſes, or *Jove*'s
High Places, or *Diana*'s ſacred Groves.
To make us cut our Cables, Fear prevails,
And, the Winds fair, with ſpeed to hoiſe our Sails.
But nigh Death's Jaws *Helenus* ſhew'd a way,
Which betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* lay;
That Courſe we careful with turn'd Sails purſue:
When from *Pelorus* Streights the North-winds blew,
[26] *Pantagia*'s Mouths of living Stone I clear,
And by [27] *Megarus* Bay, and [28] *Tapſus*, ſteer.
Ulyſſes Soldier all theſe Towns did name,
As back with me he by thoſe Countries came.
In the *Sicanian* Bay there lies an Iſle,
'Gainſt rough *Plemmyrium*, which our Grandſires ſtile
Ortygia: To this place (as they fame)
Under the Sea, through obſcure Channels, came
[29] *Alpheus*, which, O *Arethuſa*, laves
Thy Margins, now mix'd with *Sicilian* Waves.
Having ador'd the *Genius* of the Place,
Fenny [30] *Elorus* Fertile Soil we paſs,
Straight at *Pachinus* Rockie Cliffs we are,
And, never to be mov'd, appears from far,
[31] *Camerina*, in ſight *Geloia* came,
And [32] *Gela*, call'd ſo from the Rivers name.
High *Agragas* huge Walls diſcover'd are,
The Breeder once of Horſes fit for War:
Palmie *Selinis*, thee we left behind,
And *Lilybæus* Rocks and Shoals declin'd.

Next,

Next me Port [33] *Drepanum* did entertain,
Drove by ſo many Tempeſts through the Main.
The eaſe of all my Care, on this ſad Coaſt,
My deareſt Father I, [34] *Anchiſes*, loſt:
There my beſt Parent, weary, me forſook,
Alas! in vain from ſo great Dangers took.
Not *Helenus*, who did ſad Fates unfold,
This Loſs declar'd, nor dire *Celæno* told;
Here his long Progreſs finiſh'd, and laſt Toil.
From thence the Gods did guide me to your Soil.
Æneas thus, whilſt all attentive ſate,
Declar'd Heavens Pleaſure, and the Work of Fate.
His Voyage thus deſcrib'd, then made a Cloſe,
And having done, he went to take Repoſe.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Third BOOK* OF VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS.*

[a] URſinus ſaith, That *Virgil* alludes to a Place in *Homer*, *Iliad* 4. where *Jupiter* confeſſeth that he lov'd no Nation or City like the *Trojans*, *Priam* and his People:

——*For there* (ſaith he)
My Altars never without Incenſe are.

That City therefore deſerv'd not Ruine, which was ſo obſervant of Religious Duties.

[b] *More within* (ſaith *Strabo*, *lib.* 13.) *is* Antandros, *over which a Mountain hangs, call'd* Alexandria, *where they report the Goddeſſes were judg'd by* Paris.

[c] *Æſtas pro Vere:* The beginning of the Spring, at which time the Seas are ſaid to be open'd by the Weſtern Winds.

[d] The

[d] The first Voyage of *Æneas* was from *Antander* in *Phrygia*, through the *Hellespont*, to *Thrace*, a Country commended as Martial: For there (saith *Arnobius*, *l.*4. upon the Authority of *Sophocles*) *Mars* was brought up; and (as *Homer*, *Odyss.* 8.) as soon as he was free from *Vulcan*'s Fetters, he went thither. As to the fertility of the Country, though deny'd by *Mela*, *Euripedes* much commends it (*in Hecuba*) for both these Qualities.

——*Quitting the* Trojan *Strand,*
At Thracian Polymestor's *Seat did land;*
Who the fat Gleab of Chersonesus *till'd,*
And o're stout Martial Men the Scepter wield.

[e] King of *Thrace*, contemner of the Gods, and particularly of *Bacchus*; fierce and eager in War.

[f] Most Interpreters here understand *Ænus*, a Town built by *Æneas* in *Thrace*; for (according to *Pliny*, 4. 11.) there was the Tomb of *Polydore*. Some refer the Allusion to another City built by *Æneas* in *Macedonia*, mention'd by *Livy*, *l.* 40. who calls it *Ænia*; adding, That there every year they Sacrific'd to their Founder *Æneas* with great Solemnity.

[g] *Æneas* (saith *La Cerda*) is frequently introduc'd Sacrificing by the Poet, according to the Custom of the Ancients, with whom the Priestly Office was not seldom discharg'd by the Prince. See *La Cerda*, by whom this is observ'd.

[h] Amongst the Laws of the Twelve Tables, was this;

this; *Defuncti injuria ne afficiuntor: Do no injury to the Dead.* And one of *Solon*'s Laws was, *Let no Man deface the Sepulchres of the Dead, or violate them: Let no Man take out their Bones, or caſt down their Graves, or dig out their Aſhes.*

[k] *Polymneſtor* was of kin to *Priam* and the *Trojans*. *Plutarch* in his Parallels calls him *Priami* γαμβρὸν Son-in-Law. But in *Iſocrates* Words he was τῶν χρημάτων ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐκείνῳ συγγενὴς, *more nearly allied to Wealth.*

[l] *Servius* derives this Expreſſion from an old Cuſtom of the *Gauls*, and particularly the *Maſſilians*, who when their City was infected with the Peſtilence, caus'd ſome poor man to offer to the Gods, and to ſacrifice: Him for a whole year after they fed at the Publick Charge, then putting him on Conſecrated Veſtments, and ſtuck with *Vervain*, they carried him quite through the City, accompanying him with Curſes, that all the Miſchiefs might fall on him: Hence *Sacred* is taken for *Execrable*; not as being really ſo, but that he who is Sacred to the Gods, is ſuppos'd to bear the Execrations of Men.

[m] The Ghoſt of him who was not with all due Rites buried, was ſuppos'd to wander up and down: Hence *Æneas*, not content with the firſt Interment of *Polydore* (for he was rather overwhelm'd than buried) makes him a Sepulchre, and renews his Rites of Funeral, that his Ghoſt might be at reſt: Thus *La Cerda*; confirm'd by what follows, *Animamque Sepulchro condimus*, as if then his Soul were buried, and not before.

[n] This

n This was the first of the Rites: The greater the *Tumulus* (or Hillock of the Grave) the more Honor to the Dead, as preserving them more securely.

o He intends two Altars, as *Turnebus* here observes, and *La Cerda* upon the fifth *Eclog.*

p Women (saith *Servius*) are said to use Blue Garments when they mourn: Blue is by the Ancients taken for Black: But Blue *Vittæ* (Fillets) in near Funerals, especially of the Son of the Family, are us'd: So here, *Polydore*'s Funeral, as a Child, was such.

q A Tree suppos'd under the tuition of *Dis* and *Proserpine*: *Servius* saith, because being once cut, it never grows again; as a Man once dead, can by no means be restor'd: for which reason they us'd to strew the Bodies of the Dead with the Boughs thereof. *Varro* gives another Reason, because of the great smell it hath being burnt, which took away that of the dead Body, when cast into the Fire.

r By some referr'd to the old Custom; As if the *Trojan* Women stood round about the Tomb wailing, whilst the Rites were performing: But *La Cerda*, to another, of placing Statues about the Sepulrhre, in a mourning Habit and Posture. Consult him.

s Blood and Milk, *Servius* saith, are very acceptable to the Dead in Oblation, because with the one we were nourish'd, the other we did nourish. *Virgil* joyns them likewise in the Funeral of *Anchises*.

t *Delos* is the most famous Island of the *Cyclades*, renown'd for the Temple of *Apollo*, and the Trading of the *Greeks*. It was call'd so, because it rose suddenly

out

out of the Waters. *Pliny* says it was call'd *Pyrpile*, because Fire was first found there.

[u] *Neptune* is so nam'd from the City *Ægæ* in *Euboea*, and thence likewise the Sea: Or, as *Pliny*, 4. 11. from a Rock betwixt *Tenedos* and *Chios*, shap'd like a Goat leaping out of the Sea.

[x] *Cælius*, *Rodig.* 7. 15. *Staphylus* the Son of *Dionysius* had a Daughter nam'd *Rhæa*, with whom *Apollo* lay, which coming to her Fathers knowledge, he shut her up in a close Barque, and committed her to the mercy of the Sea; she by Divine guidance brought to *Euboea*, was there deliver'd of a Boy, whom she nam'd *Anius*, from the much sorrow she underwent; *Anius* was carried over to *Delus* by *Apollo*, where he married *Doripe*, by whom he had *Oeno*, *Spermo*, and *Elais*, to whom *Dionysius* gave this property, that whatsoever they touch'd should turn into Wheat, Wine, and Oyl, whence call'd *Cænotropoi*.

[y] On the Altar of *Apollo* at *Delos* Blood was never shed; the God onely there was implor'd with Veneration and Prayer, which *Macrobius*, not without just applause of *Virgil*'s Learning) observes upon this Word.

[z] Thymbra (saith *Strabo*, 13.) *is a Field through which runneth the River* Thymbrius, *and falls into* Scamander *at the Temple of* Apollo. *Æneas* here calls *Delian Apollo*, *Thymbræan*, in memory of the *Trojans* Misfortunes, and to beget thereby compassion in the God.

[aa] *Brissonius*, *lib.* 1. *Form.* observes, That these two Verses comprehend some Forms of the Augures, who us'd

us'd to pray and wiſh that they might receive certain and proſperous Signs from Heaven.

bb This ſhaking of the Earth, *Heinſius* proves to be different from that *tripudium ſonivium*, with which *La Cerda* and other Interpreters confound it, *in Nov. Teſtam.* but was us'd by the Devil in imitation of that ſhaking which ſeiz'd the Earth at the ſight of the Lord, *Pſalm* 114. 7.

cc The *Tripod* was very large, cover'd with this which they call *Cortina*; a Covering, *La Cerda* ſaith, of Braſs; others, of Gold, from beneath which came the Voice. *Varro* derives it *à Corde*, becauſe within it the Heart of the Propheteſs was inſpir'd; *Scaliger*, *à Corte*, a Pen or Coop, from the ſhape.

dd The Knot of the Oracle (unobſerv'd by *Anchiſes*) lay in this Word; for ſaluting them *Dardanians*, it pointed them to *Italy*, from whence came *Dardanus*; not to *Crete*, whence *Teucer*. See *Macrobius Somn. Scip.*

ee This Propheſie of the continuance of *Æneas* his Empire (borrow'd from *Homer*) is much admir'd by Interpreters, as being in force ſtill in the Remains of that Empire in *Germany*, and the Houſe of *Auſtria*.

ff Either in the *Mediterranean* Sea, or far from the Continent, or in the midſt, as we may ſay, of many Seas; for, according to *Solinus*, it cannot be prov'd in what Sea *Crete* lies, part lying on the *Lybian*, part on the *Ionick*, part on the *Ægyptian*, part on the *Achaick*.

gg Wife to *Saturn*, Mother of the Gods.

hh *Briſſonius* from the Authority of *Plutarch* ſhews, that

that a Bull us'd to be ſacrific'd to *Neptune*. See alſo *Agellius* 13. 25. and *Macrob.* 3. 10. A Bull, ſaith *Homer*'s Interpreter, alluding to the roughneſs of the Sea, black in reſpect to the deepneſs, which makes the Waters thereof of that colour. Nor is a Bull an improper Sacrifice to *Apollo*, who is ſaid to have kept the Herds of *Admetus*. To the firſt, *Æneas* ſacrifices for his Voyage; to *Apollo*, for the Direction of his Oracle.

ii *Delus*, ſo firſt call'd; ſaith *Solinus*, from the many Quails firſt ſeen in it, which the *Greeks* call Ὀρτυγίας.

kk *Servius* ſaith, from the colour of the Marble thereof; as *Paros*, in the ſame reſpect, is preſently after call'd White.

ll Theſe Gods (ſaith *Servius*) were brought by *Dardanus* out of *Samothracia* into *Phrygia*, and by *Æneas* from *Phrygia* to *Italy*: Therefore, in the Opinion of ſome, induc'd by the Poet adviſing him in ſleep; for by their advice, in the ſame manner, he entred into League with *Latinus*, and *Latinus* with him: And he profeſs'd to ſee them ſometimes in ſleep, and to be adviſ'd by them.

mm The Story of *Dardanus* receive as collected by *Mariana*, Author of the *Spaniſh Hiſtory*, 1. 11. Siculus *King* of *Spain*, *Son of* Atlas, *his Father going thence, and ſhortly after dying, ſucceeded him in the Kingdom, came into* Italy, *as well to ſee the Kingdom where his Father died, as to keep together the remainder of his Fathers Army, and to reconcile the Differences of* Jaſius *and* Dardanus, *who ſtrove for the Poſſeſſion of* Hetruria *after the death of* Coritus; Jaſius, *who had the ſtronger Title and*

the

the weaker Army, having ſolicited him by Letters. Arriving there, he wrought Dardanus, *who had a ſtrong Army of the* Aborigines, *to lay down his Arms, and commit himſelf to his Uncles Power* (*for* Alectra *was the Daughter of* Atlantis, *Siſter to* Siculus, *Mother of* Jaſius *and* Dardanus, *and Wife to* Coritus *King of the* Hetruſci) *truſting in his own Innocency and the Equity of* Siculus, *by whoſe Authority a League was made betwixt the Brothers, which* Dardanus *broke by killing* Jaſius. Siculus *to revenge this Injury, overthrows* Dardanus *in a great Battel, and drives him into* Samothracia; *whence paſſing the* Helleſpont, *he built* Ilium *in* Aſia. *The Kingdom of* Italy *was deliver'd to* Corybantus *the Son of* Jaſius.

nn A Town in *Hetruria*, ſo nam'd either from *Coritus* the Father of *Dardanus*, or according to *Servius*, from the *Greek* Word ſignifying a Helmet. *Dardanus* being beaten by the *Aborigines*, and loſing his Helmet, ſtaid to recover it, and by that occaſion his Men reſuming Courage, re-ingag'd with the Enemy, and got the Victory: Whereupon he gave the Town, where he loſt his Helmet, that Name.

oo The Story of *Phineas* and the *Harpies* is thus related by *Euſtathius*. *When the* Argonauts *came to* Bithynia, *they met with blind* Phineas, *King of that Province. The Cauſe of his Blindneſs was this: He had Sons by* Cleopatra *Daughter of* Boreas, *who being repudiated, he marry'd another, to which Stepmother, he deliver'd his Sons by* Cleopatra *to be put to Death by an Accuſation.* Jupiter *being angry, gave the King his choice, to live blind, or dye: He chooſes to be blind.* Phœbus *incenſed, ſends* Harpies *to*

torment him with Hunger, by ſnatching his Meat from him. The Argonauts *who ſayl'd with* Jaſon, *knowing* Phineas *to be a wiſe Man, deſir'd Direction of him how to ſayl by the* Symplegades: *He promiſes to do it, if they would chace away the* Harpies; *to which they oblige themſelves: He asks them how ſwift their Ship was? They anſwer, that ſhe ſayl'd as ſwift as a Pigeon flies: He bids them take a Pigeon, and let her flie through the Rocks when they were parted from each other; when ſhe was through, they ſhould without fear ſet Sayl: The Pigeon is ſent through with this Inconvenience onely, that the Rocks cloſing tore off her Tail; being preſently parted again, the* Argonauts *follow with the ſame ſpeed, and get through ſafe with the loſs onely of the Stern. Hereupon* Zetes *and* Calais, *winged Youths, the Sons of* Boreas, *which were with the* Argonauts *in this Expedition, drive away the* Harpies *from* Phineas *to the Iſlands* Plotæ. *There being warned by* Jupiter *left the Purſute; and from their return thoſe Iſlands were call'd* Strophades. *Thus* Euſtathius *in* Odyſ. 12.

pp It was a Cuſtom amongſt the Antients, to vow the tenth Part of the Prey and Spoyl they ſhould gain of their Enemies, to *Jupiter*, thence ſirnam'd *Prædator*, and to other Gods. So did *Camillus*, *Livy*, *lib.* 5. This Military Cuſtom the Poet brings here apply'd to hunting. See *Eclog.* 7.

qq *Servius* and *Lilius Giraldus* (*Syntagm.* 17.) obſerve, that theſe words have reference to that kind of Sacrifice which they term'd *Succidaneum*, where at the firſt, *Hoſtiæ præcidaneæ* were not kill'd; but the ſecond, *Succidaneæ*.

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ss The Story to which *Virgil* alludes, and afterards mingles with Fiction, is thus mention'd by *Strabo*, *lib.* 12. *Thence going into* Latium, Æneas *continued here, being advis'd by an Oracle to dwell in that place where he should eat his Tables, which hapned in* Latium, *near* Latinium; *for there a great Loaf of Bread was broaght in lieu of a Table, which, with the Meat set upon it, they eat. Servius* also, upon the Authority of *Varro*, affirms, that this Oracle was receiv'd by the *Trojans* from *Jupiter Dodoneus* at *Epire.*

tt Of this Name there is a Mountain in *Ithaca*, and an Island, both mention'd by *Strabo*, *lib.* 10. The Original of the Name thus deliver'd by *Didymus* (or rather by the Scholiast upon *Homer*, that goes under that Name, for *Didymus* himself is there cited) *Odyss.* 18. *The Sons of* Perilaus, Ithacus *and* Neritus, *deriv'd from* Jupiter, *inhabited* Cephallenia. *Leaving their own Country, they pass'd over into* Ithaca. *Having beheld the situation of the place fit to be inhabited, because higher than the adjacent Countreys, they came hither, and built* Ithaca. *Whereupon the Isle took its Name from* Ithacus, *the Mountain from* Neritus.

uu See *Eclog.* 6.

xx Not *Ambracia*, as *Servius* expounds it, but *Actium*, according to *Lævinus Torrentius*; a Town very little before the Colony of *Augustus*. The Games which follow, were these Quinquennial *Actian* Games instituted by *Augustus* (*Sueton. Aug.*) in Honor of *Apollo*. This occasion the Poet takes to flatter his Prince.

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xx Implying particularly a kind of Sports the *Trojans* us'd (not running, nor throwing the *Diſcus*, or the like, but) wreſtling, or that which is call'd *Pancratium*, properly a kind thereof, to which Oyl was requiſite. *La Cerda* further urgeth, that the Author alludes to the Primitive Cuſtom of Wreſtlers, who us'd onely Oyl and Water mix'd, to make themſelves ſlippery, that their Adverſary might with leſs eaſe faſten hold on them: But afterwards they had a Compoſition of Oyl, Duſt and Wax, call'd *Ceroma*, from which *Virgil* diſtinguiſheth this by the Epithet *Labens*.

yy This was a Cuſtom much taken up by the Antients, as appears by the Gladiators, who being made free, as we may call it (*Emeriti*) hung up their Arms conſecrated to *Hercules* with an Elogy.

zz *Andromache*, the Wife of *Hector*, was afterwards marry'd to *Pyrrhus*, by whom he had *Moloſſus*. *Pyrrhus* afterwards fell in Love with the Daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helena*, before eſpouſed to *Oreſtes*; and for that reaſon was ſlain by *Oreſtes* in the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*. *Pyrrhus* dying, commands that *Andromache* his Wife ſhould ſucceed in the Kingdom, and be marry'd to *Helenus* the Son of *Priamus*.

1 The Body of *Hector* was not left in the Tomb at *Troy*, but carry'd to *Thebes*, (as *Pauſanias* atteſts) upon this Oracle.

You that inhabit Thebes, *fam'd* Cadmus *Town,*
If you with Bleſſings would your Country Crown;

Great

Great Hector's *Bones from* Asia *hither bear,*
Where by Heavens King his Rites appointed are.

[2] The true *Simois* was a River at *Troy*; but *Helenus*, in remembrance of his Country, bestow'd many of the Old *Trojan* Names upon several Parts of the Kingdom which he obtain'd in *Epire*. So *Æneas* call'd the City which he built in *Crete*, *Pergamea*. The same Custom is observ'd at this Day in *America*, both by the *Spaniards*, *French*, *Dutch* and *English*, that go to plant there.

[3] *Hermione* was the Daughter of *Menelaus* by *Helena*, Grandchild of *Leda*. *Pyrrhus* falling in Love with her, and understanding that she was given to *Orestes*, goes to *Lacedæmon* to demand her of *Menelaus* in Marriage; who took her from *Orestes*, and deliver'd her to *Pyrrhus*. *Orestes*, enrag'd with this Injury, kills *Pyrrhus*, and regains his *Hermione*. The manner, according to *Euripides*, thus: Pyrrhus *going to the Solemnities of* Apollo *at* Delphos, Orestes *likewise* (*unknown to him*) *went thither also, and whisper'd a report amongst all the Persons there, that* Pyrrhus *come onely to destroy the Temple; this Suspicion takes Effect; an Ambush is laid for him behind the Altar; whilst he is at his Devotions the Arm'd men rush forth, and fall upon him Weaponless as he was; he retiring, seizeth upon some Arms that hung up in the Temple, and therewith defending himself, demands of them, What was the reason of their Outrage, but is onely answer'd with Blows; at first he is too hard for them, but in the end overcome with the Multitude, he falls, and is by them torn into pieces.*

[4] *Patrias ad Aras*, i. e. at the Altars of *Apollo*, at which his Father was kill'd. *Turneb. l.* 17. *c.* 6. Some Interpret this of an Altar Dedicated by *Neoptolemus* to his Father *Achilles*. Others refer it to *Apollo*, firnamed Πατρῶος, or *Genitivus*. *Servius* atteſts, That there was an Altar in the Temple of *Apollo*, bearing this Inſcription: ΠΑΤΡΙΟΥ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΝΩΣ.

[5] *Creuſa*, not of this Country, as ſome do Interpret.

[6] *Xanthus* and *Scamander* are the ſame River, as is atteſted by *Ariſtotle*, who adds, that it was firnam'd *Xanthus* by *Homer*, by reaſon of the yellow Sheep that were there bred. *Hiſt. An.* 3. 12. *Homer* obſerves this difference, that it was call'd *Xanthus* by the Gods, *Scamander* by men. It is here ſaid to be dry, as being but a ſmall River, more for Delight than Navigation. *Luc. lib.* 9.

Inſcius in ſicco Serpentem pulvere Rivum
Tranſierat, qui Xanthus *erat.*

[7] *Giaconius* will have the Poet here allude to the Cuſtom of the Antients, who plac'd their *Triclinia* in the midſt of their Rooms, that the Attendants might have the more liberty.

[8] Either meant of the Laurel which grew in the midſt of the Temple, and gave Oracles (mention'd before.

——*tremere*

——*tremere omnia viſa repente*
Liminaque lauruſque Dei.

by *Callimachus* alſo, *Hymn.* 2.) or a Laurel Wreath which *Phœbus* himſelf, and the Prieſt that gave the Oracles, us'd to wear. *Clarus* is an Iſland ſacred to *Apollo*, who was thence ſirnam'd *Clarius*.

9 This Verſe is by Interpreters obſerv'd to include all the properties of Augury; as likewiſe that of *Ovid*, *Triſt. El.* 1. 8.

Linguaq; ſervatæ, pennave dixit Avis.

The Birds that gave the Signs by their Note, were call'd *Oſcines*; thoſe that by flying, *Alites*; if their flying were fortunate, *Præpetes*. See *Agel. lib. 6. cap. 6.*

10 *Turnebus*, *Adv.* 7. 14. affirms, That *Circe* was ſo call'd after *Homer*'s Example, from *Æa*, a Peninſula in the River *Phaſis*, where was once the chief City of *Colchis*; *Æa* (ſaith *Euſtath. in* 1. *Ovid.*) *is the ſame with* Colchian; *for* Æa *is a City of* Colchis, *according to* Lycophron.

11 Some ſay that *Lavinium*, not *Alba*, was built upon this Omen, and 30 Years after (intimated by the Pigs) the Kingdom was transfer'd by *Aſcanius* to *Alba*. Others, that the 30 Pigs deſign'd the 300 years before the Soveraignty was remov'd from *Alba* to *Rome*. *Meſſala Corvinus*, who bore a Sow in his Coat of Arms,

ſaid, That *Troia* amongſt the firſt *Latines* ſignify'd a *Sow*, as the *French* at this hour *Truye*.

[12] *Idomeneus* driven from *Crete*, planted himſelf in *Italy*. He was ſirnam'd *Lyctian* from *Lyctus* a Town of *Crete*, whence he fled, mention'd by *Pliny*, *l.* 4. *c.* 12.

[13] *Petilia* was not built, but inclos'd with a Wall by *Philoctetes*, the great Companion of *Hercules*, and Son of *Pæan*; who going from *Melibœa* in *Theſſaly*, ſettled himſelf in that part of *Italy*. *Strab. l.* 6.

[14] The ſtory of *Scylla* (in which there is ſome difference amongſt the Relators of it) is thus told by *Ovid*, *lib.* 14. Glaucus, *a Sea-god, loves* Scylla, *goes to* Circe, *that by the help of her, and Herbs, he might be lov'd by* Scylla. Circe *diſſwades him from* Scylla, *woes him her ſelf.* Glaucus *refuſes* Circe. *She is angry with her that is prefer'd, provides Herbs, poyſons that place of the Sea where* Scylla *us'd to waſh; who comes, as formerly, and ſo ſoon as ſhe touch'd the Water, ſees her ſelf ſurrounded with Sea-dogs. There ſhe was turn'd into a Rock.* The occaſion of this Fable (according to the Scholiaſt of *Lycophron*) is, *That at* Rhegium *in* Sicily, *there is a Promontory ſhooting into the Sea, in the Bottom whereof are many great Rocks, full of Cavities and Dens, Receptacles of Sea-monſters.*

[15] *Cumæ*, a Sea-town of *Italy*, built by the *Cumæans* and *Chalcidenſians*, who went from *Eubœa* under the Conduct of *Hippocles* and *Megaſthenes*. But the Commanders had agreed between themſelves, that the City ſhould be call'd by the one Peoples Name, and the Colony by the others.

[16] *Gorop.*

[16] *Gorop. Becan. ex Hiſpanicis, l.* 4. Virgil (if any man elſe) *moſt diligently Vers'd not onely in* Homer, *but in all other Poets and Hiſtorians, ſent down his own* Æneas, *whom he compos'd of* Achilles *and* Ulyſſes, *and adorn'd him with both their Perfections, unto Hell, near to* Cumæ *and* Baiæ, *at the River* Avernus; *Where I have alſo entred the Cave of* Sibyl, *and ſeen her Chappel, very admirable for its length and depth in a Rock: at the furtheſt part whereof, a hot Vapor was not a little offenſive to theſe that enter'd.* See of this more largely and exactly what Mr. *Sandys* hath ſaid in his Journal.

[17] He leaves this care of Concord betwixt the Cities of *Epirus* and *Heſperia*, to poſterity. This place, and the former, are excellently illuſtrated by *Nannius*, 7. *Miſcel. ex Dionyſ. Halic. l.* 1. *Antiq. Dionyſius* ſaith, that the *Trojans* and *Æneas* had ſome *Epirenſians*, Companions, and as it were Pilots, in their Voyage, even into *Italy* (the Writer names eſpecially *Patronus Thurius.*) by theſe therefore the *Trojans* were in a manner handed into *Italy*, and refreſh'd by them. *In memorial of this Merit* (theſe are the words of *Dionyſius*) *the* Romans *afterwards gave* Leucas *and* Anactorium *to the* Acarnanians, *when they had taken them from the* Corinthians, *and gave them Commiſſion to recover the* Æniades, *and hold the* Æchinades *Iſlands in common with the* Ætolians. *Acarnania* is part of *Epirus*. See the Care of their Poſterity in accommodating the *Epirenſes* for the Benefit confer'd upon *Ægeas*.

[18] Alluding (ſaith *La Cerda*) to the Cuſtom of the Antients, who built the Temples, not onely of *Jupiter*, but

but of all other Gods, in high Places.

19 *Virgil* implies (in the Opinion of *La Cerda*) that these Horses were consecrated to *Pallas*; according to the Custom of dedicating Beasts, which they mark'd with the Name of that God or Goddess to whom they were made sacred.

20 A kind of *Pallium*, nam'd (according to *Fulgentius*) *Tutulus*, wherewith the Priests, going to Sacrifice, us'd to cover their Heads: for that they us'd to sacrifice *operto capite*, may be evinc'd from *Et capite ante Aras velamur.*

21 *Aristotle* amongst his recital of Natures Miracles, reports, that *Tarentum* was call'd *Heraclea* from *Hercules*, who subdu'd the *Tarentines*. To his relation (as fabulous) *Virgil* annexeth the Clause (*Si vera est Fama*) which in uncertain things he is observ'd by *Servius* always to insert.

22 *Juno* so call'd, as her Temple *Lacinium*; which, according to the report of *Strabo*, was antiently very rich. There was a heap of Ashes upon the Altar of this Temple, which though it were constantly expos'd to the open weather, never was mov'd by any Wind, *Pliny*, *l.* 2. He adds, that the famous piece of *Zeuxes*, drawn from the Five Virgins, was design'd for this place.

23 *Sicilian Ætna. Sicily* is call'd *Trinacria* from the three Promontories, *Lilibæus*, *Pelorus*, *Pachynum*. Though *Eustathius* say, from *Trinacer* Son of *Neptune*, who reign'd there. It was first (saith *Strabo*) call'd *Trinacyia*, afterwards *Trinacris*, for the Sounds sake.

24 *Nannius*

24 *Nannius* would have it *Agamemnides* (*Miscel.* 7.) from his long stay in the Cave of *Polyphemus*; παρὰ τὸ ἄγαν μένειν; whence *Agamemnon* (according to *Plato*, *in Cratyl.*) had his Name likewise in relation to his long Siege of *Troy*. But *Achæmenis* is by *La Cerda* deriv'd ἀπὸ τῦ ἄχθς & μένω, because left in a sad condition by his Companions.

26 Hither belongs what *Boccace*, and *Magius*, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 4. Report of the Body of a Gyant found in a Cave, with a *Stretcher* in his Hand, bigger than the Mast of any Ship, the Lead whereof out-weigh'd 1500 pound.

26 A River, call'd, as *Servius* divines, from the noise, q. *Patagia*.

27 A Town near *Syracuse*.

28 An Island hard by *Syracuse*, lying so low, that it is almost level with the Waters: Deriv'd for that Reason by *Hortens.* from ϑάπτω, as if bury'd in the Sea.

29 See *Elog.* 10.

30 This River, (say the Interpreters) like *Nilus*, overflows its Banks, and makes the adjacent grounds fertile: The Name impos'd by a King of the same, who made a Bridge over it; or some *Elorians*, who going for *Argos*, were warn'd by the Oracle, not to pass over a nameless River, which they neglecting, were here drown'd, and so gave it a Name.

31 There is both a Town and Lake of this Name; by the Lake (as the Story goes) the Air was corrupted, which occasion'd a Plague: Whereupon consulting the Oracle, they were answer'd,

Μὴ κίνει Καμέρειναν, ἀκίνητον δὲ μενεῖναι ὦ,

Stir not Camerina, *Let it reſt immoveable.*

But they contemning the Oracle, dry'd it up: By which the Enemy paſſing over, reveng'd that Contempt. Here are many Quarrels rais'd againſt *Virgil* for making uſe of Names which were not, at the time of the Story he writes, in being. The ſame Exceptions may be taken at the Map which we have prefix'd to the Book; but to vindicate the firſt, it is enough to remember that our Author is *Vates*, and may ſpeak proleptically. As to the Map, if we ſhould onely have inſerted the Names according with the Times for which it is intended, it muſt have been very thin; but the Addition of later Names gives much light to the placing of the more Antient.

[32] A City in *Sicily*, built (ſaith *Thucydides*) by *Antiphemus* a *Rhodian*, and *Entimus* a *Cretan*, who nam'd it from the River *Gela*.

[33] *Saturnus* having emaſculated his Father threw down the Sickle, which lighted upon that Part of *Sicily* which was thence call'd *Drepanum*. *Apollon. Arg.* 4.

[34] Of the place where *Anchiſes* dy'd, the Antients have ſpoken diverſly. *Virgil* here ſays he dy'd in *Sicily*; of which Opinion were others, according to *Euſtatius*. Some, that he dy'd in *Phrigya*. *Pauſanias*, in *Laconia*. *Cato*, that he came to *Italy*. *Muretus*, *Germanus*, and others,

others, are large upon this Subject. The difference arose perhaps (as *Rhodig.* observes, *lib.* 17. *c.* 20.) from the Custom of the Antients of building Sepulchres of Excellent Men in several places; which he confirms by the very Example of *Anchises*.

VIRGIL's



Æn. 4

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Fourth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido *complains:* *Her Siſter gives Advice*
To cheriſh Love, and offer Sacrifice
To favoring Gods. Juno *craves Peace;* *her Ends*
Venus *perceives, and ſmiling, condeſcends.*
Æneas *and the Queen to Hunt prepare.*
A Tempeſt. Juno *Thunders through the Air.*
To one Cave Dido *and the* Trojan *came.*
Stoln Love through Libya *ſpread by Impious Fame.*
Iarbas *vext, his Father* Jove *implores.*
Hermes *commands* Æneas *from thoſe Shores.*
Eliza *on the* Trojan *Sword expires.*
Quenching Loves Flames in her own Funeral Fires.

MEan time the Queen wounded with deep deſire,
Bleeds inward, and conſumes in hidden Fire.
Much

Much on his Birth, much on his gallant Deeds,
His Looks and Language her ſick Fancy feeds:
Nor can her troubled Thoughts admit repoſe.
Soon as the beauteous Lamp of Day aroſe,
And from the Pole had chac'd Nights dewy Shade;
To her lov'd Siſter, thus perplex'd, ſhe ſaid.
Dear *Anna*, what ſtrange Dreams diſturb my Reſt?
How great a Perſon is become our Gueſt?
How Valiant, Wiſe, of what a Noble *Mine*?
I think (nor without cauſe) of Race Divine.
Fear ſpeaks degenerate minds: Ah, by what Fates
Hath he been toſs'd? What Battels he relates!
Were I not fix'd, did not my changeleſs Vow
All thoughts of ſecond Marriage diſ-allow,
Since my firſt Love by Death deceiv'd me; were
Not *Hymens* Name offenſive to my Ear;
I had perhaps with this one Crime comply'd:
For I confeſs, ſince poor *Sichæus* dy'd,
Our Houſhold-gods By Fatricide diſtain'd,
This man alone my ſtaggering Soul hath gain'd.
I feel the Sparks of my old Flame revive.
But may the Earth firſt ſwallow me alive,
Or *Jove*'s dire Thunder ſink me down to Hell,
Where Shades, pale Shades, of Night eternal dwell,
E're I with Shame, and thoſe dear Ties diſpenſe:
He who my firſt Love had, hath born it hence,
And in his Grave, for ever let it reſt.
With that a Flood of Tears her Speech ſuppreſt.
Anna replyes; More lov'd than Light, thy Flow'r
Of Youth, ſhall Grief and Solitude devour?

Of

Of Children and the Joys of Love debarr'd?
This, think'ſt thou Duſt intomb'd, or Ghoſts regard?
What though thy ſick thoughts none would entertain,
Since thou leftſt *Tyre*, [b] *Iarbas* didſt diſdain,
And other Kings which this victorious Land
Hath bred; yet wilt thou pleaſing Love withſtand?
Forget'ſt thou where thou art? on this ſide are
[c] *Getulians*, People never foyl'd in War;
To Deſarts here and wild *Numidians* joyn'd,
There by *Barcæans* and parch'd Sands confin'd.
What need I mention [d] War may come from *Tyre*?
Thy Brother's Threats?
Sure ſome kind Powers, by favoring *Juno*'s Aid,
The *Trojan* Navy to this Coaſt convey'd.
Oh Siſter, what a City mayſt thou ſee
By ſuch a Match! What may theſe Kingdoms be!
The Warlike *Trojans* once made our Allies,
To what a Height will *Carthage* Glory riſe?
Go to the Gods, ſtraight Sacrifice and pray;
That done, thy Gueſt with Courteſie delay,
Whilſt Winter, and *Orion* vex the Main,
And ſtormy Skyes his crazy Fleet detain.
Thus did ſhe fan her Siſters glowing Flame,
Sooth'd up her wavering Thoughts and baniſh'd (Shame.
First to the ſacred Temples they repair,
And ſeek Indulgence from the Gods by Prayer;
Where choſen Cattel, they, by Cuſtom due,
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and great *Phœbus*, ſlew;
But before all, they Royal [e] *Juno* move,
The great Diſpoſer of the Bonds of Love.

The faireſt Queen in her fair Hand turns up,
[f] Betwixt a white Cow's Horn, the flowing Cup:
Or elſe ſhe [g] moves before the Marble Gods,
And with freſh Offerings ſmoky Altars loads;
Or in the Breaſts of ſlaughter'd Cattel pries,
Conſulting on th' inſpected [h] Sacrifice.
But ah, the Ignorance of Prieſts! can Prayer,
Blind Prophecies, or Offerings, eaſe her Care?
Whilſt gentle Flames upon her Spirits Feaſt,
A ſecret Wound lies rankling in her Breaſt.
Unhappy *Dido*, reſtleſs in her Mind,
Wanders the City, like a wounded Hind,
Which, unawares ſhot in the *Cretan* Groves,
By ſome ſly Forreſter in Ambuſh, roves
Through vaſt *Dictæan* Woods, and Forreſts wide;
Faſt ſticks the deadly Arrow in her Side.
Now with *Æneas* to the Walls ſhe goes,
Her rich, and her inviting City ſhews;
Begins to ſpeak, then off abruptly breaks,
And ſtately Banquets, Day deſcending, makes;
Deſires to hear *Troy*'s War once more, then ſips
Again ſweet Poyſon from th' Inchanters Lips.
When all were gone, and pale Night's conquering (ſhade
Suppreſt the Day, and Stars did Reſt perſwade,
Laid on his yet-warm Couch, alone ſhe mourns,
And ſees, and hears, her abſent Love's returns;
Or keeps *Aſcanius* in her Arms, to prove
If likeneſs can delude her reſtleſs Love.
Now Towers not riſe, the Youth not muſter'd are,
The Harbor and ſtrong Battlements for War,

All

All those stupendious Works unfinish'd lye,
And [i] Rampiers ready to invade the Sky.
Which when discern'd by *Juno* from above,
And that the Queen neglected Fame for Love,
To *Venus* thus Great *Saturn*'s Off-spring says.
You, and your Boy, sure purchase Noble Praise,
Eternal Fame, and glorious Trophies won,
That two such Gods one Woman hath undone,
I know your Fears and Jealousies reflect
On *Carthage* lofty Towers, which we erect.
But why is all this Difference? On what Ground?
Let us to settle Peace a Match propound;
You to the height have feasted your Desire,
And *Dido* burns in Loves tormenting Fire.
These People we may rule with one Accord,
And let the Queen obey a *Trojan* Lord;
Her wealthy [k] Dowry, *Tyrian Carthage*, take.
Venus perceiving on what Drift she spake,
That she *Rome*'s Power to *Libya* might transfer,
Thus gave Consent: Who could so strangely erre,
That would not War for happy Peace decline?
If Fortune please to favor our Design.
But who can tell, if Fate, if *Jove* will bless
These Propositions with desir'd Success,
And to the *Tyrians* and the *Trojans* grant,
Though differing Nations, they one City plant?
Thou art his Wife, and knowst when to perswade:
I'le second thee. Then Royal *Juno* said;
Leave that to us; and how we may effect
Our great Design, listen, and I'le direct.

Æneas and fair *Dido*, plung'd in Woe,
Reſolve, a hunting in the Woods to go,
When early *Titan* firſt, with Golden Rays,
the Dusky Body of the Earth diſplays:
Whilſt [l] Nets they lay, and Horſe the Thickets ſcow'r,
Commix'd with Hail, I'le raiſe a hideous Show'r,
All Heav'n ſhall Thunder, Lightning be their Light;
Their Troops ſhall fly, conceal'd in diſmal Night;
The *Trojan* Prince, and *Dido*, take one Cave:
I will aſſiſt, and If I Licenſe have,
There *Hymen* ſhall the Royal Couple joyn
In ſacred Wedlock, to be ever thine.
To her Deſires, *Venus* aſſented ſtraight,
But yet ſhe ſmil'd, diſcovering the Deceit.
But when from the Ocean roſe the bluſhing Dawn,
To the Court Gates up Gallant Youth were drawn,
With Toyls, Nets, Spears, & ſtrong Relays of Hounds,
And brave *Maſſylian* Horſemen ſcow'r the Grounds.
The *Tyrian* Nobles in the Preſence ſtaid,
Whilſt in her Chamber the fair Queen delay'd:
Her Horſe in Gold and Purple interknit,
Tramples the Ground, and champs the ſomy Bit.
With a great Train, guarded ſhe comes at laſt,
Her [m] *Tyrian* Habit a Rich Border grac'd,
Her Quiver gilt, Gold did her Hair infold,
The Button of her Purple Veſtment, Gold.
The *Phrygian* Lords march'd with *Aſcanius* on;
Then Prince *Æneas*, parallel'd by none,
The Body fills, and joyns his Troop to theirs.
Returning from cold [n] *Lycia*, ſo appears

Phœbus,

Phœbus, when he to native *Delos* goes
His progreſs, and revives neglected ſhows;
[o] *Dryopes*, *Cretes*, py'd *Agathyrſians*, round
Altars in Anticks, make the Sky reſound;
He walks on *Cynthus* Downs, ſoft Leaves infold
His flowing Treſſes intermix'd with [p] Gold;
His quiver'd Arrows at his Shoulder ring.
Such Majeſty adorns the *Trojan* King. (Wood,
After they reach'd high Mountains cloath'd with
They might behold wild Goats, affrighted, ſcud
O're ſhelvy Rocks; on th' other ſide appear,
In open Champain, Troops of routed [q] Deer,
Who forc'd to quit their High-land Quarters, ſhroud
Their flying Body in a duſty Cloud.
But glad *Aſcanius* in the Valley prides
In his ſwift Steed, now theſe, now thoſe, out-rides;
Wiſhing 'mongſt timorous Beaſts a ſalvage Boar,
Or elſe to hear a Mountain-Lion roar. (rebel,
When 'gainſt Heavens Peace loud murmuring clouds
And, mix'd with Hail, a ſudden Tempeſt fell.
The *Tyrian* Nobles, and the *Phrygian* Train,
With *Venus* Nephew, ſcatter'd through the Plain,
Seek ſeveral ſhelters, Floods from Mountains rave:
[r] The *Trojan* Prince, and *Dido*, take one Cave.
[s] Earth, and contracting *Juno* gave the Sign,
Whilſt Fire, and Air, in guilty Bluſhes ſhine.
The [t] Mountain-Nymphs with Scrieches did foreſhow
Thy Day of Death, and Fountain of all Woe:
For neither Form nor Fame did *Dido* move,
Nor count ſhe ſtoln Delights, unlawful Love;

Her Crime she justifies by Wedlocks Name.
Through *Libya*'s ample Cities straight flies Fame.
[u] Fame far out-strips all Mischiefs in her Course,
Which grows by Motion, gains, by flying, Force;
Kept under first by Fear, soon after shrouds,
Stalking on Earth, her Head amongst the Clouds.
Vex'd by the Gods, th' all-aparent Earth brought forth
This Sister last of the *Gygantick* birth;
The huge foul Monster, swiftly goes, and flies;
So many Plumes, as many watching Eyes
Lurk underneath, and what more strange appears,
So many Tongues, loud Mouths, and listning Ears.
Through dark Mid-regions of the Air she flies
Sounding by Night, soft Sleep ne're seals her Eyes:
By Day, a Spy, on Princes Towers she lights,
Or Noble Roofs, and mighty Cities frights;
Buisying the People still with something new,
Relating what is false as well as true.
Fancies, and Truths, alike by her are sung;
How one *Æneas* from the *Trojans* sprung,
Dido vouchsaf'd to marry, and now spends,
In Luxury, long Winter, nor attends,
Took with foul Lust, the Business of her Throne.
This every where had the dire Goddess blown.
Thence straight to King [x] *Iarbas* Court she came,
And more did former Discontents inflame.
This Prince, *Jove*'s Son, by ravish'd *Garamant*,
Could in vast Realms [y] a hundred Temples vaunt,
And Altars to Heavens King he had prepar'd,
With [z] Vigil Fire, the Gods eternal Guard.

Slaughter

Slaughter the Ground made rich with purple Show'rs,
The Porches flouriſhing with various Flow'rs.
He, vex'd extreamly, at this bitter News,
Before the Altars raging, did accuſe
His cruel Fates, and thus a Suppliant ſtands,
To *Jove* complaining with erected Hands.
Great King of Kings, whom *Mauritanian* Lords
Honor with Wine, feaſting at ſtately Boards:
Beholdſt thou this? or Father, are our Souls,
When thou diſchargeſt Thunder from the Poles,
Frighted in [aa] vain? when dreadful Lightning tears
Black Clouds with horrid Noiſe, are fond our Fears?
A wandring Woman to our Confines toſs'd,
Built a ſmall City at a little Coſt;
I gave her Lands, for Love ſhe gives me Hate,
Inveſting Lord *Æneas* in her State.
This *Paris* and his Coward Crew hath got
Her with his powder'd Hair, and [bb] totterring Hat:
Whilſt on thy Altars our Oblations flame,
And fondly we adore an idle Name.
Jove heard him thus, holding the Altars, pray,
And looking down the Pallace did ſurvey,
Where Lovers now did better Fame neglect.
Then *Hermes* calling, ſpake to this effect.
With all ſpeed Son take up the Weſtern Wind,
And to the *Trojan* Monarch bear our Mind;
Who *Tyrian Carthage* now reſolves to plant,
Not minding Cities which the Fates did grant.
This Meſſage bear through Cryſtal Orbs, be gone:
His Beauteous Mother not for ſuch a Son

Engag'd to me, and paſt her Honor'd Word,
Him [cc] twice preſerving from the *Grecian* Sword:
But for a Prince that ſhould great *Latium* ſway,
Groaning with War, expecting every day
Her Empires Birth; from *Teucer*'s Loyns muſt ſpring
A Race, the World ſhall to ſubjection bring.
But if ſuch Glory hath no Power to raiſe
His meaner Thoughts, and if no Senſe of Praiſe
Moves him to high Attempts, yet why ſhould he
Deny his Son the *Roman* Dignity?
What's his Deſign? What hope invites his ſtay?
Or why 'mongſt Enemies doth he delay,
His Stock forgetting, and *Heſperian* Lands?
He muſt hoyſt Sayl, and fly. Bear theſe Commands,
About his Father's Buſineſs *Hermes* goes;
And firſt he buckles on his Golden Shoes,
With which being Wing'd, o're Sea and Land he flies,
A ſwift Wind counterpoyſing through the Skies;
Then takes his Charming [dd] Wand, whoſe power pale
Calls up, or drives to miſerable Coaſts, (Ghoſts
Gives, and breaks Sleep, and [ee] Seals up dying Eyes:
With this he routs the Clouds, and clears the Skies.
--And now the craggy Tops, and lofty ſide
Of *Atlas*, which ſupporteth Heaven, he ſpy'd.
A Shaſh of ſable Clouds the Temples binds
Of Pine-Crown'd *Atlas*, beat with Rain and Winds;
Snow cloaths his Shoulders, his rough Beard is froze,
And from the old Man's Chin a River flows.
Here firſt, with fanning Wings, [ff] *Cyllenius* ſtood;
From thence deſcending, ſhoots down to the Flood.

Like

Like Fowl, that Fiſhing, from the Rocks do ſweep
The furrow'd Viſage of the frowning Deep.
Thus from his Mother's Father, *Hermes* finds
A way 'twixt Heaven and Earth, and through the Winds,
To ſandy *Libya* a ſpeedy flight.
Soon as the Winged Deity did light,
Æneas near the Palace he could view
Raiſing Foundations, and deſigning new.
His Sword all Starr'd with ſparkling Jaſper ſhone;
Of *Tyrian* Dye, a Mantle, looſe upon
His Shoulders hung, which wealthy *Dido* made,
And with fine Gold the Woof had interlaid.
And thus ſhe ſuddenly accoſts him; Thou
Who deep Foundations for high *Carthage* now
A ſtately City laiſt, thy own Affairs.
Ah! though a Crown, excluded from thy Cares.
The great Directer of the World, who ſways
All by his Power, whom Heaven and Earth obeys,
Commanded me to cut the yielding Air,
And from the Sky to thee this Meſſage bear:
What's thy Deſign? what Hope invites thy Stay?
Why thus on *Libyan* Shores doſt thou delay?
But if ſuch Glory hath no Power to raiſe
Thy meaner Thoughs, and if no ſenſe of Praiſe
Moves thee to high Attempts, yet caſt thine Eyes
On young *Aſcanius*, and the Hopes that riſe
To him from *Latium* and the *Roman* Land,
Which Deſtiny deſigns to his Command:
Here breaking off, from thence *Cyllenius* flies,
To thin Air vaniſhing from Mortal Eyes.

Æneas

Æneas ſtruck with Terror at this Sight,
Stood Speechleſs, and his Hair did ſtand upright;
Now all on fire to leave thoſe happy Lands,
And pay Obedience to the Gods Commands:
What ſhall he do? or with what Prologue Win
A patient Audience from the raging Queen?
gg His active Soul a thouſand ways divides,
And ſwift through all Imaginations glides;
But this with wavering Thoughts did beſt agree.
Mneſtius, *Sergeſtus*, ſtout *Cloanthus*, he
Bids private Rig the Fleet, with Arms be ſtor'd,
Pretend ſome Cauſe, and get their Men aboard:
Himſelf, whilſt Nobleſt *Dido* did not hear,
Nor Breach could in ſo great Affections fear,
Would viſit her, and for a Licence move,
At ſome ſoft time auſpicious to Love.
Of theſe Commands nothing undone they leave
But *Dido*, who a Lover can deceive?
Building Suſpition on the ſmalleſt ground,
Their Plot diſcovers, at firſt Motion found
Their whole Deſign, then impious Fame declar'd
The Navy ready, they to Sayl prepar'd.
— Through all the Town, diſtracted *Dido* goes,
And raging, like Incenſed *Thyas* ſhews,
When the Gods Statues ſhake at frantick Rites,
And dire Triennial *Bacchus* loud invites,
Cithæron thund'ring with hh Nocturnall Calls.
At laſt th' inrag'd, thus on *Æneas* falls.
And couldſt thou hope, perfidious, to deceive
Me thus? and ſecretly our Kingdom leave?

Could

Could Love, nor plighted Troth, nor *Dido* near
A miſerable end, detain thee here?
Rigg'ſt thou thy Fleet in [ii] Winter? and the Main
Falſe Man, wouldſt truſt, when Winds and Tempeſts (Reign?
What if no forein Land, or unknown Seat
Thou hadſt been bound for? If old *Troy* ſtood, yet
Wouldſt thou ſeek *Troy* through Storms? or fly'ſt thou (me?
Now by theſe Tears, by this Right-hand, I thee
(Who now unfortunate can boaſt no more)
By our late Vows, our Nuptial Rites implore;
If e're I did oblige, if ever pleaſe,
Take pity on a falling Houſe; And theſe
Deſigns, if Prayer may yet find room, lay by.
Of [kk] *Libyan* Peers, and of my Subjects, I
For thee am hated, for thee quitted Shame,
My Reputation and Star-climbing Fame:
To whom me dying leav'ſt thou oh my Gueſt?
Since now for Spouſe that Name doth onely reſt;
What, muſt I ſtay until *Pygmalion* ſack
My Town, or me *Iarbas* Priſoner take?
Yet hadſt thou left a Child, and in my Court
Could I but ſee a young *Æneas* ſport,
Reſembling thee in nothing but his Look,
I ſhould not ſeem ſo loſt, or quite forſook.
But with fix'd Eyes he *Jove*'s Commands obey'd,
And his rebellious Love ſuppreſſing, ſaid:
Great Queen, I not deny the ſumm'd-up Charge
Of all thoſe Favors your Deſerts enlarge;
And whilſt a Soul ſupports this mortal Frame,
I never ſhall forget *Eliza*'s Name;

But

But to my Cauſe; Think not that my Intent
Of leaving thee, to hide I ever meant.
I nor thy Husband am, nor made thee Vow;
For if the Gods would ſome Releaſe allow
To that Diſquiet which my Life attends,
Then *Troy*, and the poor Remnant of my Friends
I would reſtore, and *Priam*'s Tow'rs rebuild:
New-Troy ſhould Harbor to the Vanquiſht yield.
But *Phœbus* me for *Italy* enjoyns,
Me *Italy* the [mm] *Lycian* Lot aſſigns;
This is my Love, my Country; if the Site
Of *Carthage*, though a *Tyrian*, thee delight,
Why may not *Trojans* on the *Latian* Shore
Their Dwellings plant, and Forrein Lands explore?
Oft, as on Earth Night her moiſt ſhadow ſpreads.
And Heavens [nn] bright Fires deſert their watery Beds,
My Fathers troubled Ghoſt diſturbs my ſleep;
And from my deſtin'd Realms my Son I keep;
And but juſt now, cutting the liquid Air,
From *Jove* himſelf, the Gods Interpreter
With theſe ſevere Commands did viſit me,
[oo] I ſwear by both our lives, the Deity
I ſaw within theſe Walls, his Voice did hear;
Longer to vex thy ſelf, and me, forbear;
I ſeek not *Latium* willingly.
Rowling her ſcornful Eyes, as theſe he ſaid,
A more exacter view of him ſhe made
With ſilent Looks: then thus th' inrag'd begun.
Thou art not *Venus* nor *Anchiſes* Son,

Thee

Thee *Caucaſus* on Marble did beget,
And fed, Perfidcous, at ſome *Tygers* Teat.
Why am I mild? why thus from Paſſion keep?
For more Diſdain? Sighs he to ſee us weep?
Or turns his Eye, or vanquiſh'd ſheds one Tear?
Or to a woful Lover bends his Ear?
What ſhall I ſay? Great *Juno* from the Skies,
Nor *Jove* beholds our Cauſe with equal Eyes.
True Faith is loſt. To him in extream want,
Caſt on our Shore, I did my [pp] Kingdom grant;
His Ships from fire, his Friends from Death did ſave.
Ah how tranſported, I with Fury rave!
Now *Phœbus, Lycian* Lots, now angry *Jove*
Sent the Gods Emiſſary from above:
Yes, ſure thoſe Powers all convocated are,
And the Dead vext in ordering your Affair.
I will not force, nor yet perſwade thy ſtay;
Go to your promis'd Kingdom through the Sea;
Sure (if the Gods have any Pow'r at all)
Split on a Rock, thou ſhalt on *Dido* call,
Whilſt I make ready my revenging Fire:
And when my Soul ſhall in cold Death expire,
I'le [qq] haunt thee, Wretch; thy Tortures I ſhall know,
By Fame convey'd me to the Shades below.
Thus 'midſt her Speech, ſhe falling off withdrew,
And ſick, removes her ſelf from publick View,
Leaving him much amaz'd, whilſt he at large
Was forming of his Anſwer to her Charge:
Her Women to the Marble Chamber led
The ſwouning Queen, and laid her on her Bed.

Pious

Pious *Æneas*, though he wisht Relief
Might be imparted to her desperate Grief,
Vollying out Sighs, almost with Love ore-sway'd,
Yet to his Fleet he went, and *Jove* obey'd,
The busie *Trojans* toyl, to Sea they got
Their gallant Navy, well-caulk'd Vessels float;
Oars green with Leaves, Oke knotty as it grew,
Mad to be gone, they bring.
Each where thou mightst removing *Trojans* view.
So chearful rr Ants plundring a heap of Wheat,
And minding Winter, to their Granges get;
The black Bands march; a Convoy guards the Spoyl,
Through narrow Tracts, some with joyn'd Forces toyl
To bear one pondrous Grain, whilst others beat
The tardy Troops; all Paths with Labor heat.
What thoughtst thou *Dido* in that dismal Hour?
How many Sighs, when from a lofty Tow'r
Thou mightst behold the Sea, and all the Shore,
Vext with loud Clamoring Mariners to roar?
Dire Love, to what dost thou poor Mortals force!
Again to Tears and Prayers she hath recourse,
Suppliant again Loves Fetters to receive,
Lest ought she dying unattempted leave.
Anne, seest thou how they hasten to the shore
From every Part? their Sayls fair Winds implore;
Their lofty Sterns with joyful Garlands ff Crown'd,
Sister, had I the least suspition found
Of this sad Chance, it better had been born:
This one Request grant me, thus much forlorn;

From

From the falſe wretch thou didſt great Favor find,
To thee he hath unboſomed his Mind:
Thou when he is moſt pliable doſt know.
Siſter, Petition thus the haughty Foe.
I never ſwore at [tt] *Aulis* to deſtroy
The *Trojans*, nor e're ſent one Ship to *Troy*,
Nor from *Anchiſes* [uu] Tomb his Bones did tear:
Why ſtops he then to my Complaints his Ear?
Let him this laſt, a woful Lover grant,
Then may he not fair Winds nor Paſſage want;
Nor ſue I former Contracts, which he brake;
Let him fair *Latium* have, and Kingdoms take;
A little time I ask, a ſhort Reprieve,
Whilſt my own Fortune teach me how to grieve;
Which if thou doſt, I ſhall contented dye,
And leave to thee a grateful Memory.
To and again her woful Siſter bears
Theſe her Complaints; but he's not mov'd with Tears,
Nor yields to any Arguments of Love;
His willing Ears are ſtopt by *Fate* and *Jove*;
As when loud Tempeſts their whole Fury ſpend,
Drawn from all Quarters, ſome old Oke to rend;
At once the loud-mouth'd thundrers charge her round,
Strewing, with boughs and ſcatter'd leaves, the ground;
Fix'd on a Rock to Heaven her Branches ſhoot,
And down to Hell extends her ſpreading Root:
So daily ſhe the *Trojan* Prince invades,
Now with theſe Reaſons, now with thoſe perſwades;
Though his great Soul felt Love's unequall'd Pain,
Yet fix'd he ſtands, and Tears are ſpent in vain.

Troubled

Troubled at Fate, ſad *Dido* plots to dye,
And now abhors to view the arched Skye;
To which theſe Omens ſtirr'd her more: when they
On ſmoaking Altars did ſweet Incenſe pay,
She ſaw the ſacred Milk grow black, and ſtrange,
The purple Wine to ſable Gore did change.
None, not her Siſter, heard of this a word.
Then in the [xx] Temple to her former Lord
Of Marble built, which he with high reſpect
Honor'd with Wreaths, and ſnow-white Fleeces deckt,
She heard, when Nights black Carpet ſpread the ground,
Her Husband calling with a doleful Sound;
And on the Roofs the Owl alone complains,
In Death-preſaging, and ſad Funeral Strains.
Beſides the many Prophecies of old,
Which to th' affrighted cruel things foretold;
Cruel *Æneas* troubles her in Dreams;
And always to be left alone ſhe ſeems,
In a long Progreſs, her Attendants loſt,
Seeking the *Tyrians* on a deſert Coaſt.
So Troops of [yy] Furies raging [zz] *Pentheus* ſhuns,
Amaz'd to ſee two *Thebes*, two dazling Suns;
Or like *Oreſtes* flying o're the Stage,
To ſcape his Mothers perſecuting Rage,
Arm'd with black Serpents, and a blazing Brand,
Revenging Furies at the Entry ſtand.
Rage, and her Sorrows Inſtigations, great,
Reſolv'd to dye, the Time and Manner ſet;
To her ſad Siſter cheerfully ſhe went,
And veil'd, with joyful Looks, her ſad Intent;

Siſter

Sister, rejoyce; for I have found the way
To free my self from Love, or force his stay.
Near the Sun's setting, and the Ocean's Bound,
There is a Place in *Æthiopia* found,
Where mighty *Atlas* on his Shoulders bears,
Adorn'd with golden Stars, the glittering Spheres.
I of a Priestess heard, in those Realms bred,
Who, President of [2] th' *Hesperian* Temple, fed
The Dragon, and the sacred Tree did keep,
With Honey mixed Poppy causing Sleep:
Who boasts what Minds she please to free from Care,
But others to arrest with sad Despair;
Floods to their Fountains, Stars to make retreat,
And raise Nocturnal Spirits from their Seat.
Earth thou shalt see, struck with her Feet, to grone,
And Okes from Mountains march in order down.
By Heaven, thy self, dear Sister, and thy Love,
Know, I'm inforc'd of Magick to approve.
In the back Court a Pile in secret make,
The Sword and Garment from my Chamber take,
Which there the Impious left; then place the [3] Bed
Above them all, in which I perished;
For this Direction the Magician gave,
Nothing of that most Impious Man to save.
Thus saying, Paleness did her Cheeks possess;
Nor did her Sister under new Rites guess
The raging Queen did Funerals provide,
Nor fear'd worse things than when *Sichæus* di'd;
Therefore did her Commands.

But *Dido*, the huge Pile being finish'd, round
With Funeral [4] wreaths & Cypress branches crown'd;
The [5] Picture, Clothes, and Sword, which he forgot,
Laid on the Bed, too mindful of her Plot.
The Priestess at the Altars with loose Hair,
Loud thunders, to three hundred Gods, her Pray'r,
To *Chaos*, [6] tripple *Hecate*, and Hell,
And call'd the three-fac'd Virgin with a Spell;
Sprinkling, with [7] feign'd *Avernian* Dew, the Ground.
Herbs, cut with Brazen Scythes, by Moon-light found,
They aid with Juyce of deadly Poyson brew;
Th' Excrescence which on a Colt's Forehead grew,
And Love snatch'd from the Dam.
Dido with Leven in her purer Hands,
[8] One Foot being bare, before the Altar stands
In flowing Robes, and dying, invocates
The Gods and Planets, conscious of her Fates,
Imploring all that's Great and Just above,
And that consider ill-requited Love.
'Twas Night, when gentle Sleep weak Mortals blest,
The murmuring Groves and raging Sea at rest,
When half night's Starry Ensign up was furl'd,
And Silence held her Empire o're the World;
Beasts wild and tame, and gaudy Fowl, which take
In Wood-lands pleasure, or the Crystal Lake,
In Sleep, by quiet Night protected were,
Of Toyl forgetful, and Heart-eating Care.
But then no Rest unhappy *Dido* found,
Her Eyes ne're clos'd, her Sorrows more abound:

Rebellious

Rebellious Love now desperately engag'd,
And with a Deluge of mad Passion rag'd,
When to her self she said; What shall I do?
Shall I now scorn'd, my former Suiters woo?
Make Overtures some *Libyan* Prince to gain?
Lovers whom I so often did disdain:
Or shall I venture in the *Ilian* Fleet,
And to the *Trojans* proud Commands submit?
Since they for my Assistance prove so kind,
And my late Favors bear so well in mind.
Grant I were willing, who would give me leave,
And me, neglected, in proud Ships receive?
Ah! hast thou not sufficiently known
The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon*?
Shall I alone with churlish Seamen sail,
Or try if by my Power I may prevail?
And those who scarce I could perswade from *Tyre*,
To venture to the Sea again desire?
No, Wretch, as thou hast well deserved, die,
And with a Sword conclude thy Misery.
Won by my Tears, thou Sister, first with woe
Didst load the Furious, and let in the Foe.
And why like Wild Beasts, faultless, might not we
Live without Marriage, from such Troubles free?
But to *Sichæus* Dust I promise broke.
In such Complaints she her full Sorrow spoke.
But in the lofty Stern *Æneas* lay
At rest, yet ready, and resolv'd to weigh.
Again the God in the same likeness stands
Before him, new enjoyning old Commands;

Like *Hermes* voyc'd, ſuch Symmetry did grace
His Youthful Limbs, ſuch Golden Curls his Face.
Fair *Venus* Off-ſpring, are thy Slumbers ſound?
Nor ſeeſt what ready Dangers thee ſurround?
Nor hearſt fair Winds inviting thee to go?
Reſolv'd to die, ſhe plots thy Overthrow,
With boyling Anger deſperately inrag'd:
Fly'ſt thou not hence before thou art engag'd?
Thou ſhalt behold the Sea to foam with Oars,
And cruel Brands ſhall lighten all the Shores,
If here *Aurora* thee delaying find.
Fly: *Still inconſtant is a Womans Mind.*
Thus ſaying, he mingles with Night's gloomy ſhade.
Æneas at this Viſion much diſmay'd,
Starts from his ſleep, and haſtily did call;
Awake Sirs, take your Oars, up, quickly all
With ſpeed hoiſe Sail: from the Ætherial Sky
A God again bids Cables cut, and fly.
Whoe're thou art, Bleſt Power, we thee obey,
And joyfully once more Obedience pay:
O be our Convoy, and fair Winds afford.
Thus having ſaid, he drew his gliſtering Sword,
And cut the Hauſers with his ſharp-edg'd Steel;
All pull and hale, and the ſame ardor feel.
The Shore they leave, and cover all the Deep,
And Silver Foam from Azure Billows ſweep.
Aurora now had early Dawning ſpread,
And weary, left old *Tithon*'s Golden Bed.
The Queen from a high Tow'r, ſoon as the Day
Mix'd Eaſtern Darkneſs with a brighter Grey,

Saw

Saw *Trojans* with full Sail to th' Offine ſtand,
Nor one Ship left on the left on the forſaken Land.
Her inowie Boſom, trembling with Deſpair,
Enrag'd, ſhe beats, and rends her Golden Hair,
Crying aloud, O *Jove*, and ſhall he go?
And ſhall this Foreiner affront us ſo?
Shall not the City arm, and all purſue,
And from their Harbors lanch our Navy too?
Run, Fly, bring Fire, Sail, Row: What is't I ſay?
Or where am I? What Folly I betray!
Do Impious Facts now hapleſs *Dido* touch? (much.
Would, when thou gav'ſt a Crown, they'd done as
This is the Man of Truſt, this He, they ſay,
Did through the Foe his Country-Gods convey,
And on his Shoulders did his Father bear.
Why did not I the Traytor piece-meal tear,
And ſtrew 'mongſt ſwelling Waves? or did with ſteel
His deareſt Friends, and dearer Off-ſpring kill,
And diſh him, for his Father's Table, dreſt?
But, *Chance of War is doubtful*, 'tis confeſt.
Whom fear I dying? Brands I ſhould have thrown
Among their fleeting Towers, and floating Town;
Son, Father, Root and Branch deſtroy'd, and laſt
My ſelf o're all a ſad Triumpher caſt.
Bleſt Sun, whoſe Eye views all the Worlds Affairs,
And *Juno*, conſcious of wrong'd Lovers Cares;
And thou 12 Nocturnal *Hecate*, whoſe Cries,
Where three Ways meet in Cities, pierce the Skies;
Revenging Furies, and you Gods that are
Dying *Eliza*'s, hearken to my Pray'r,

And on his Head deſerved Vengeance caſt.
If *Jove* confirming what Heavens counſel paſt,
To Lands decreed the Impious Wretch muſt bear,
Let him be vex'd with a bold People [13] there;
By force of Arms drove from his Landing Place,
Driv'n to ſeek Aid, far from his Son's Embrace;
Then, ſlaughter'd, ſee his deareſt Friends deceaſe:
Nor when he ſigns to a diſhonour'd Peace,
May he deſired Life nor Kingdom ſave,
But make the Sand, by ſudden Death, his Grave.
This laſt Requeſt I with my Blood deſire.
Then practice Cruelty, you Men of *Tyre*,
And all your Race, and to our Duſt enact,
Ne're to make Leagues, nor Marriages contract:
Then from our Bones ſhall ſome Revenger riſe,
To perſecute the *Trojan* Colonies
With Fire and Sword, both now, and whenſoe're,
With ready Power, Occaſion ſhall appear;
Shores, Shores oppoſe; Seas, Seas; State againſt State,
Through Generations War, I imprecate.
This ſaid, her buſie Thoughts ſhe did imploy,
How beſt ſhe might her loathed Life deſtroy.
To *Barce* then, *Sichæus* Nurſe, ſhe ſaid,
(In Native Duſt her own long ſince was laid)
Hither, Dear Nurſe, quickly my Siſter bring,
Let her be ſprinkled with the Living Spring;
Lead thou the Offerings to the Place deſign'd,
And with a ſacred Wreath thy Temples bind:
Thoſe Rites which I to [14] *Stygian Jove* prepare,
I mean to finiſh, and conclude my Care:

Fire

Fire muſt the *Dardan* Monument deface.
This ſaid, away ſhe went an old Wives pace.
But *Dido*, haſtning her dire Enterprize,
Outragious growing, rolls her bloody Eyes,
Her trembling Cheeks ſpot, pale with Deaths preſage;
And to the inner Court, now wild with Rage,
Ruſh'd, and aſcends the lofty Pile, then draws
The *Dardan* Sword, not left for ſuch a Cauſe.
Here when the *Ilian* Garments ſhe ſurvey'd,
And ſaw the Bed, ah! too well known, ſhe made
Truce for a while; then down on it ſhe lay,
And, mix'd with Tears, theſe her laſt words did ſay.
Sweet Spoils, whilſt God and Deſtiny did pleaſe,
Receive this Soul, and me of Sorrow eaſe.
I liv'd, and my own Fortune did attend;
Now under Ground muſt my great Shade deſcend.
I ſaw my Walls, and a fair City built,
Reveng'd my Lord, puniſh'd Fraternal Guilt:
Happy, ah! I had been too happy, had
No *Trojan* Fleet e're touch'd our Shores; then ſaid,
Kiſſing the Bed, Die unreveng'd ſhall I?
But welcome Death; thus, thus 'tis ſweet to die.
The cruel *Trojan* by theſe Flames ſhall know
At Sea our Death, the *Omen* of his Woe.
Thus ſaying, her ſaln upon the Sword they ſpy'd,
Which bloody bluſh'd, her Hands in Crimſon dy'd.
Clamor diſtracts the Royal Palace, Fame
Furiouſly through th' affrighted City came;
The Roofs reſound with Shrieks, and Female Cries,
And Lamentations eccho through the Skies,

As *Carthage* had been took, or ancient *Tyre*,
The Seats of Men and Gods involv'd with Fire.
Her frighted Sister, hearing, to the Place,
Beating her Breast, disfiguring her Face,
Full of amaze and horror, breaks through all,
And to the Dying, by her Name did call.
Did I this Pile for this, O Sister, raise?
For this Design made I these Altars blaze?
On what shall I, forsaken, first complain?
Didst thou in Death my Company disdain?
Thou should'st invited me thy Fates t' attend,
Our Lives and Sorrows so at once to end.
With my own Hands this stately Pile I made,
And to indulging Gods devoutly pray'd.
That cruel I should leave thee thus alone!
Thy self, thy Senate, People, and thy Town,
And me, thou, Sister, ruin'st by thy death.
Water to bathe the VVound; if any [16] Breath
VVander, my Lips shall gather it the while.
Thus saying, she ascends the lofty Pile,
And laid her dying Sister in her Lap,
Striving her Purple Rivolet to stop.
To raise her heavy Eyes in vain she try'd,
The Crimson Fountain bubbling in her side.
To ease her self, three times she strove to rise,
And thrice sinks down; then seeks with dazling Eyes
Heaven's glorious Light, and at the finding groan'd.
But *Juno*, who her Misery bemoan'd,
And lingring Death, sent *Iris* from the Pole,
To lose Lifes Bonds, and free her strugling Soul.

Since

Since neither Death deserv'd, nor Doom of Fates,
But sudden rage her Time anticipates;
Nor [17] *Proserpine* her Golden Hair did take,
Dooming her Head down to the *Stygian* Lake.
From Heaven then dewie Rose-wing'd *Iris* flew,
And with Sun-beams a thousand Colours drew:
VVhen hovering neer, I bear this second Charge
To *Pluto*'s Court, and thee from Flesh inlarge.
VVith her Right Hand, thus saying, she cuts her Hair,
And Vital Breath mix'd with Ætherial Air.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Fourth BOOK* OF VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*.

THis Fourth Book is obſerv'd by *Macrobius* to have been taken from *Apollonius* his Deſcription of the Loves of *Jaſon* and *Medea*: But ſo happily imitated by our Poet, that his Fiction hath gotten more credit than the true Story.

Pygmalion, the eleventh King of *Tyre* from *Hiram*, murther'd *Sichæus*, the Husband of his Siſter *Eliſa*, or *Dido*, to be Maſter of his Wealth; which *Dido* privately ſhipt away, and carry'd with ſome Friends into *Africk*: There ſhe Purchas'd a Piece of Ground of *Iarbas* King of the *Mauri*, and built a Town which firſt they call'd *Byrſa*, (that was the name of the Fort) afterwards *Carthage*. That Voyage of *Dido* was made in the ſeventh Year of *Pygmalion*, as *Joſephus* teſtifies from the Records of the *Phænicians*. *Carthage* is ſaid to

to be built in the 144 Year after the Temple was begun, which is the 316 Year after the Deſtruction of *Troy*, and the 869 before *Chriſt*: Therefore *Dido* liv'd almoſt 300 Years after *Æneas*. For although *Carthage*, according to ſome of the Ancients, was built before the Deſtruction of *Troy*. yet they did not take *Dido*, the Siſter of *Pygmalion*, to be the Foundreſs thereof: Yet becauſe generally believ'd to be ſo, *Virgil* aſperſeth in her, obliquely *Carthage* it ſelf, an emulous troubleſom Enemy to the *Romans*.

[a] *She calls ſecond Marriage* (ſaith *Servius*) *a Crime, in reſpect to the old Rite, whereby ſuch were repell'd from the Prieſthood.* Idem. *Fortunam muliebrem non coronabant bis nuptæ.*

Valerius, lib. 2. *Of old thoſe Women who were content with once Marrying, were honour'd with a Crown of Chaſtity, as believing that they who had the experience of more Marriage-Beds, gave a teſtimony of a certain Legal Intemperance.* Mart.

Quæ nubit toties, non nubit, adultera lege eſt.

[b] *Iarbas* was King of the *Mauritanians*, and Son of *Jupiter*, by whoſe permiſſion *Dido* built her City: When he underſtood the worth of the Place, and of *Dido*, he ſent Ambaſſadors to treat with her of Marriage, and, if ſhe conſented not, to threaten. The *Carthaginians* underſtand this firſt, and are troubled, knowing that the Queen hated Marriage ſince the death of *Sichæus*: By degrees they diſcover to her the Intention of *Iarbas*:

bas: After some trouble and weeping, she answers, That she would go whither her own and her Cities Fates should call her. She desires three Months respite, wherein she builds a Pyre, as if she intended to appease her Husbands Ghost: When that time was expir'd, she takes a Sword, and gets up the Pyre, kills her self, and deludes *Iarbas*.

[c] Africk *was first* (saith *Salust in Jurguth.*) *inhabited by the* Getulians, *and rough unciviliz'd* Lybians, *whose Meat was Beasts Flesh, and Grass, as Cattel. They were rul'd neither by Civility, Law, nor King. Wandring and straggling, where the Night took them, they lay.*

[d] *Pygmalion* (as the Writers of the *Spanish History* affirm) upon the death of *Sichæus* came into *Spain*, and at that part of the *Turduli* where the Town *Almunecar* is seated, built *Axis*, or *Exis*. There having undertaken a Trade with those of the Province, and laden his Fleet with *Spanish* Goods, he return'd into his Country. Having made this Voyage thrice, he is said to have possess'd *Cales*. *Marian. l.* 1. 15.

[e] The Conjugal Deities are five; *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Venus*, *Pitho*, and *Diana*. Jupiter *and* Juno (saith *Dionys Halicarn.*) *are the first Conjunctive Deities: He is call'd the Father of all*; *she*, Zygia, *because she joyns Man and Woman.*

[f] They prov'd the Victime on this manner; which *La Cerda* affirms to be deriv'd from the Ancient Rites of the *Ægyptians*. *Herod. lib.* 2. That *Dido* here offers a Cow, *Nascimbergius* saith is in allusion to the Law of *Numa*, which (as *Plato* saith) forbade any VVoman

man to marry within ten Months after her Husbands death: But those that would marry within that time, should sacrifice a Cow with Calf; *White*, for the better *Omen*.

g It was a *Roman* Custom for Matrons, holding Torches in their Hands, to move before the Altars with a grave gesture, in the manner of a sober modest Dance. *Turneb.* 23. 2. *La Cerda* adds, That they did this in the Persons of several Goddesses.

h This agreeable to the *Roman* Custom, which was, to tear out the Bowels whilst the Beasts were yet alive and breathing, that they might be consulted before the Blood was cold. They thought there was some Power, in the Intrails, of declaring future things; and according to the Constitution and colour of them, judgment was made of Dangers or Successes.

i *Minæ, partes illæ murorum in quibus sunt propugnatores, hostibusque minantur; quæ ad emissionem telorum fenestratæ sunt.*

k *Servius* believes the Poet to allude to that kind of Marriage which was perform'd by Co-emption, whereby the Wife became so much subjected to the Husbands Power, that she was in the condition of a Servant to their own Children.

l *Dum trepidant alæ.*——

The *Formido* was a large Line, compos'd of many colourd Feathers, which frighted the Deer into the Toil by their quavering with the VVind: Of which this Verse is a Description, strangely mistaken by all the Interpreters. See the *Georg.*

m *Tyrian,*

[m] *Tyrian*, either as brought from *Tyre*, or in reſpect to the Colour; for amongſt the *Tyrians* the Uſe of Purple was firſt found. This Habit, which *Virgil* calls *Chlamydem*, is by *Pollux* deſcrib'd a Venatory Garment, the uſe thereof being, that upon occaſion it might be wrapt about the Left Hand, and ſerve for a Shield againſt the Aſſaults of the Beaſt.

[n] The Opinion was, That *Apollo* did many times make a Progreſs, and ſhift his Seats, as from the Iſland *Delos* to *Lycia* in *Aſia*. *Servius* ſaith, That he us'd the ſix Winter-months to give Oracles at *Patara*, a City in *Lycia*; and the other ſix Summer-months, at *Delos*.

[o] The *Dryopes*, according to the teſtimony of *Pauſanias*, inhabited *Parnaſſus*, *lib.* 5.

[p] *Apollo* was believ'd to delight in Gold more than any other God. See *Callimachus*, *Hymn.* 2. *Virgil* here alludes to the *Roman* Dreſs, who bound their Hair with Golden Rings. *Martial.*

Unius de toto peccaverat orbe comarum
Annulus, incerta non bene fixus acu.

[q] *Virgil* is by ſome reprehended for ſuppoſing Deer in *Africk*; but may be juſtified by the Authority of *Oppian*, *Cyneg.* 2. *Philoſtratus*, and others. Upon thoſe words of *Pliny*, 8. 33. Africk *is almoſt the onely Country that brings no Deer*, *Dalachamp* notes; *Though* Ariſtotle, *as well as* Pliny, *affirm the contrary, yet it is well known that there is ſtore of Deer in* Africk.

[r] The Criticks accuſe our Author for leaving the Queen

Queen without Attendant; but *Naſcimbænius* vindicates him by the command of *Juno*, and *Ariſtotle*'s *Poetica*.

[f] Why Earth gives the ſign, is not certain: She was believ'd to preſide over Marriage, to whom Virgins upon their Weddings ſacrific'd. Nor was any thing more ominous upon thoſe Occaſions than an Earthquake. That ſhe gives the firſt ſign here, is (according to *Germanus*) becauſe ſhe hath the priority amongſt all that give Signs or Oracles; thence call'd by *Æſchylus*, Πεφιλομάντις.

[t] Which *La Cerda* conceives to have been the Furies, whom the Lovers, deceiv'd by their Marriage-joys, thought Nymphs.

[u] With this Celebrious Deſcription may be conferr'd that of *Ovid*, *Met.* 12.

Amid the World, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
A Place there is, the Confines to all theſe;
Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appear,
And every Whiſper penetrates the Ear.
The Houſe of Fame; *who in the higheſt Tower*
Her Lodging takes. To this capacious Bower
Innumerable Ways conduct; no Way
Barr'd up; the Doors ſtand open Night and Day.
All built of ringing Braſs, throughout reſounds,
Things heard reports, and every Word rebounds.
No Reſt within, no Silence; yet the Noiſe
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a Voice:

Such

Such as from far by rolling Billows ſent,
Or as Jove's *fainting Thunder almoſt ſpent.*
Hither the Idle Vulgar come and go;
Millions of Rumors wander to and fro;
Lies mix'd with Truths, in Words that vary ſtill.
Of theſe, with News unknowing Ears ſome fill;
Some carry Tales: All in the telling grows,
And every Author adds to what he knows.
Here dwells raſh Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly-grounded Joy;
New rais'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful Things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame *ſurviews,*
And through the ample World enquires of News.

Mr. Sandys.

[x] *Iarbas* was Son of the Nymph *Garamantis*, by *Jupiter Hammon* taken away from her Father *Garamas* (Son of *Apollo*) and raviſh'd.

[y] Either an uncertain number for a certain, or with reſpect to the great Myſteries of the Centenary Number.

[z] Plutarch. de Defect. Or. *Having been lately at* Jupiter Hammon's *Temple, he ſaid, that he admir'd nothing ſo much as a Light perpetually burning, worth Obſervation.*

[aa] *Servius* and *Turnebus* think the Poet alludes to the *Epicureans*, who were of opinion, that *Jupiter* did not ſend Thunder. Likewiſe amongſt the Ancients, by Lightning without Thunder was ſignified vain fear. *Artemidor.* 2. 8

[bb] *Mitra*

bb *Mitra* is a bending Hat (as *Servius* deſcribes it) by which hung a Covering for the Cheeks. The *Lydian* and *Trojan* Women onely us'd that Faſhion, it being infamous for Men, as effeminate. Hence it is that *Paris* is deſcrib'd with a Hat here by *Virgil*, and by *Coluthus*; though at that time, as *Euſtathius* atteſts, Hats were not worn by the *Grecians*.

cc Once from *Diomedes*, another time from *Achilles*.

dd About his Rod, or *Caduceus*, (ſaith *Macrob. Sat. l.* 1. *c.* 19.) are wreath'd two Serpents, knit together in the midſt, from whence the upper Parts making a Circle, meet with a Kiſs at the upper end of the Rod. In like manner the Tails meet below with two Wings. Which Arguments of the *Caduce* the *Ægyptians* draw to the Nativity of Man, ſaying, Four Gods concur therein as Preſidents, The *Genius*, *Fortune*, *Love*, and *Neceſſity*. The two firſt are the *Sun* and *Moon*: For the *Sun*, Author of Breath, Heat, and Light, is the Author and Preſerver of Humane Life, and is therefore call'd the *Genius*, or God of him that is born. The *Moon* is *Fortune*; for ſhe is Preſident of Bodies, which are toſs'd with ſuch variety of Chances. *Love* is ſignified by the Kiſs, and *Neceſſity* by the Knot: Whereunto are added Wings, becauſe we believe *Mercury* hath the Power of the Mind.

ee Spoken from the *Roman* Cuſtom, which was, to open the Eyes of the Dead upon the Funeral Pyre, which were ſhut at home. *Pliny*, *l.* 11. *c.* 37.

ff *Mercury*, bred in *Cyllenius*, a Mountain of *Arcadia*. *Feſtus* derives the Name from Eloquence, which doth

all things without any force of Hands; for ſuch as do any thing without Hands, are call'd Κυλλόι.

gg Cic. Tuſc. 1. *There is not any ſwiftneſs which can compare with that of the Mind, which being incorrupt and like it ſelf, muſt neceſſarily be ſo tranſported, as to penetrate and divide Heaven.* This was firſt the Aſſertion of *Thales*. See *Plutarch* in his Banquet of the ſeven Wiſe Men.

hh Alluding to the Rites of *Bacchus* call'd *Nyctelia*, becauſe perform'd in the Night in the Mountain *Cytheron*: For the Mythologick Reaſon whereof, conſult *Anton. Clar. in leg.*

ii *Briſſonius* ſuppoſeth the Author to allude to the *Roman* Cuſtom, who, after the *Calends* of *November*, never put to Sea, as conceiving the Seaſon not fitting for Navigation, and the Sea to be ſhut up.

kk The *Nomades*, or *Numidæ*, a People of *Africk*, ſo call'd ἀπὸ τῦ νέμειν, *from feeding*; for they had no certain Place, but wandred along with their Flocks: their Houſes were Chariots and Tents.

ll Five Torches were carried before the married Couple; which Office amongſt the *Grecians* was perform'd by their Mothers. The Reaſon *Varro* gives, is, becauſe Marriages were celebrated in the Night; and afterwards when they chang'd the Time, they retain'd the Cuſtom.

mm *Antipater* the *Stoick* writes, That *Apollo* was call'd *Lycius* ἀπὸ τῦ λευκαίνεσθαι πάντα φωτίζονθος ἡλίου, *becauſe all things look white when the Sun ſhines.* This Appellation *Diodorus* refers to one *Lycus*, who when he

he came into *Lycia*, built a Temple to *Apollo* near the River *Xanthus*. Otherwise *Pausanias in Corinth.* Danaus *call'd* Apollo Lycius *for this Reason*; *When he was come to* Argos, *he strove for the Kingdom with* Gelanor *the Son of* Sthenelus, *and when both of them had spoken many probable things to the People, and such as were agreeable to Law, the Cause was deferr'd to the morrow, because what* Gelanor *said seem'd not less just. The next day, as soon as it was light, a Wolf* (*amongst a Herd of Cattel feeding without the Town*) *sets upon a Bull. The* Argives *compar'd* Gelanor *to the Bull, and the Wolf to* Danaus; *because as a Wolf is a Creature no way familiar with a Man, so neither had* Danaus *been with them: Wherefore when the Wolf had kill'd the Bull, the* Argives *adjudg'd the Rule from that Event to* Danaus. *Then he conceiving that the Wolf was sent by* Apollo, *built a Temple to* Apollo Lycius. Thus *Pausanias*. The Oracles of old were given by way of Lot. See *Alciati Parerg.* 5. 22.

nn The Stars are by the major part of Philosophers in *Diogenes Laertius* suppos'd to be of a Fiery Nature; whose temperate commistion gives Birth to all things upon the Earth, and thence they believ'd them fed with Exhalations out of the Earth, as the Sun by Vapors out of the Sea, the Moon by Springs and Rivers: In pursuit of this Opinion, some averring, That when this Moisture shall be consum'd, the whole World shall be set on fire: and in this respect is *Apollo*, *Deus maleficus*, *Agel. Vejovis*, *Apollo Tortor* (i.e *Gabalus*) worshipp'd at *Rome*, *Sueton.* 2. 70. *Paliphatus* saith the same of

him, *Quod Mundi hujus apparatum conſumet humorem auferendo, & denſitatem ac conſtipationem ſubſtantiæ extendendo ac diſſolvendo.*

oo *Jupiter* and *Mercury*: Others expound *Utrumque caput, meum & tuum.* Nor was it unuſual to ſwear by the Heads of Men. See *La Cerda.*

pp Here (ſaith *Servius*) is mention of the Ceremonies induc'd. It was a Cuſtom among the Ancients, that the Prieſt and Prieſteſs ſhould marry by Confarreation: They had two Chains link'd together, and cover'd with the Skin of the Sheep which was ſacrific'd; There they ſate with their Heads cover'd in Confarreation. This *Dido* alludes to, complaining that ſhe was forſaken by *Æneas*, contrary to the Law of Wedlock, *Regni demens in parte locavi*: For a Wife is ſaid to be *Locata* when ſhe ſits with her Husband at the Confarreation.

qq *Socrates* in *Plato*'s *Phædo* affirms, That impure polluted Souls, for ſome time after their parting with the Body, wander about it, and haunt the Sepulchre: The Reaſon perhaps of this Opinion is, becauſe they conceive it unwilling to leave the Body, to which it hath ſo particular an affection, all her Delights being Senſual and Corporeal: Whereas other Souls, that deſire in life nothing more than this Separation, and imitate it by Philoſophy, retire willingly to their place of reſt. Some ground from hence Natural Magick takes for Suffumigations, in which they conceive the Soul of a Man violently kill'd (for ſome time after) may be ſeen: But a better Reaſon *Ariſtophanes* gives *in Nub.*

Smoak

Smoak and Clouds are form'd into any ſhape the Beholder fancieth.

rr *Germanus* ingeniouſly obſerves, That as Bees reſemble, or rather are a Monarchical Eſtate, Piſmires are a Popular. *Ariſt. lib.* 1. *de Hiſt.* affirms they are ἄνευ ἡγεμόνος, *without a Leader.*

ſſ That they us'd to crown the Poop of their Ships before they put out to Sea, is evident from *Plato*'s Deſcription of the Solemnity of the Ship which went yearly with an Offering to *Delos*; till the return whereof, no condemn'd Perſon might be put to death: *In Phædone. La Cerda* obſerves, That they were crown'd both at going forth, and at their return home.

tt At *Aulis*, a City in *Boeotia*, the *Greeks*, upon their Expedition againſt *Troy*, *made a Solemn League and Conjuration* (ſaith *Pauſanias*) *That they would never give over the Quarrel, but either ruine the City, or loſe their Lives in the Action.* Hor. Od. 1. 15.

Quam multo repetet Græcia milite
Conjurata tuas rumpere Nuptias.

uu *Servius*, citing *Varro*, conjectures, That *Virgil* alludes to the injurious Act of *Diomedes*, who digg'd up the Bones of *Anchiſes* in *Phryzia*, and carried them along with him; yet ſoon after being warn'd by the Oracle, and many Calamities, reſtor'd them to *Æneas*: *La Cerda* interprets it onely verbally, it being eſteem'd the greateſt Impiety to violate Sepulchres; believing that the Manes or Ghoſts of the dead *Heroes*

reſted with the Bodies in the Tombs; and thoſe being taken out and torn, the Souls ſuffer'd the ſame.

xx *Nannius*, *Gifanius*, and others, take this Temple for a Sepulchre, upon the Authority of *Varro*, who affirms, That any Place was call'd a Temple: Which Sepulchre of her former Husband, *Dido* bedeck'd with white Fleeces and Boughs; that is, as *Nannius* tells us, *Miſcel. l. 7. Wooll wrapp'd about Boughs, wherewith they honor'd their Gods.* Others think he means a Chappel. *Turneb. l. 22. c. 12. & l. 24. c. 26.* I think (ſays he) *Virgil* here had reſpect to the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, who Deifi'd their *Cæſars*, and honour'd them with Prieſts and Flamens. They were wont to adorn the Doors of their Temples and Altars with Woollen Fillets; which *Virgil* touches, although *Servius* hath referr'd it to the Solemnity of their Marriages.

yy The Furies, ſo call'd by *Oreſtes* after he had appeas'd them by the advice of *Minerva*. See the Argument of that Tragedy of *Æſchylus*.

zz *Pentheus* (according to the relation of *Pauſanias*) ſpeaking many reproachful things againſt *Bacchus*, and committing other Inſolencies, the laſt whereof was to get up into a Tree, and overlook the Rites of the *Bacchæ*, being diſcover'd, was by them *torn in pieces*. By the *Greek* Tragedians he was ſuppos'd, before his death, to run mad; particularly by *Euripides*, who makes him ſpeak thus, (to which our Author alludes)

And now methinks two Suns I ſee,
I ſee two Thebes.———

[1] *Oreſtes* being tormented by Furies for killing his Mother *Clytemneſtra*, his onely Remedy was, to go to the Temples, into which they not daring to enter, ſtaid for him at the Porch, to ſeize upon him as ſoon as he ſhould come forth. *Germanus* and *Turnebus* add, That the Author alludes to the Tragedy of *Æſchylus* entitled *Eumenides*, wherein *Oreſtes* is ſuppos'd to be beſieg'd by the Furies in the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, to hinder him from going to the Temple of *Minerva*, whither (by *Apollo*'s direction) he was to go to expiate his Crime. *Alciat* ſaith, That this is an alluſion to the Cuſtom of Offenders, flying to Temples for Sanctuary.

[2] The *Heſperides* were Daughters of *Heſperus* Brother of *Atlas*. They had a Garden in which were Golden Apples, conſecrated to *Venus*, which *Hercules*, being ſent by *Euryſtheus*, having ſlain the watchful Dragon, took away.

[3] It was a Cuſtom amongſt the Ancients to keep the Bed wherein their Marriage was firſt confirm'd, with a Religious Care, as a Monument and Pledge of their Wedlock. They call'd it *Lectum jugalem*, from their Conjunction; *Genialem*, *à generando*; *Adverſum*, from the Poſition; for they plac'd it over againſt the Door. See *Lipſ. Elect.* 1. 17.

[4] Garlands of Flowers were us'd almoſt in all ſolemn Rites, eſpecially (which moſt concerns this place) about the Dead. *La Cerda* adds, That they us'd to crown the Bodies with Garlands when they brought them forth to Burial. So *Dido* here the Pyre prepar'd for her Funeral.

5 Not, as ſome would have it, out of love ſhe bore to *Æneas*, doth ſhe here bring his Picture to look on dying; but in a Religious Ceremony, to burn together upon the Pyre with her all that belong'd to him, Sword, Clothes, *&c.* *Scaliger* ſaith, It is in alluſion to the Cuſtom of Witches, who make certain Statues, and bind them with Fillets and Ribbands, when they go about to bewitch or curſe any one. See *Eclog* 8. Which is confirm'd by the Deſcription of the Prieſteſs with diſhevell'd Hair, according to the Habit of Witches in *Apollonius*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *&c.*

6 Triple *Hecate* (the ſame with *Diana* immediately following) becauſe ſhe us'd to be painted in three Shapes, and delighted in the Names of three kinds of Beaſts, a Bull, Dog, and Lion. Others ſay, from a triple Head; the right, of a Horſe; the left, of a Dog; the middle, Humane. *Alcamenes* was the firſt who amongſt the *Athenians* made ſuch an Image of her. Enough of this amongſt the *Mythologiſts*.

7 Not to deceive her Siſter, who knew the Water was not of *Avernus*; but to preſerve the Cuſtom of ſacred Solemnities, where if any thing could not be had that was neceſſary to the Ceremony, they us'd others, believing the Counterfeit to have the ſame vertue with the True.

8 Well enough known are thoſe ſacred Rites call'd *Nudipedalia*, becauſe perform'd barefoot. *La Cerda* proves, that they us'd to ſacrifice with one Foot naked (which was the left) believing the Gods commonly went ſo.

9 From

[9] From *Laomedon*, who perjuriously broke his word with *Apollo* and *Neptune*, she calls the whole Race of *Trojans* per ur'd.

[10] Interpreters suppose the Poet to allude to a certain kind of Wild Beast, which losing its Mate, never couples with any other. *Servius* (citing *Pliny*) affirms it to be a Lynx. *La Cerda* understands the words, of many Beasts, *Quæ horridæ ac separatæ à suorum consortio.*

[11] *Umbra* here seems to mean the Image or Apparition, which was not the Deity himself: Though *Nascimb.* ingeniously observes, That when any God appear'd in sleep, the Place shone extremely; which Light retiring with the Vision, the succeeding Darkness and Shade was the more terrible.

[12] For the Infernal Deities were suppos'd Presidents of Vengeance and Torments.

[13] These Prophetick Curses of *Dido* are most of them fulfill'd in this Poem: *Vex'd with War*, against *Turnus* and his Allies, *lib.* 7. *&c. Exil'd from his Sons Embrace*, when he went to *Evander* and *Tarchon* for aid, *lib.* 7, and 8. *A dishonorable Peace made*, *lib.* 12. That *Latinus* should give the Name and Language to both Nations; which Condition was beneath the Fortune of a Conqueror. *Nor did he enjoy it* past three years, then being lost in a Battel against *Mezentius*, drown'd in the River *Numitius*, where he lay a while uninterr'd, *the Sand his Grave*, his Body half above Water. The last Curse alluding to the Infidelity of the *Carthaginians*, who envying the *Roman* Greatness, always broke League with them, terminates in *Hannibal, the Revenger*

Revenger that purſued them with Fire and Sword.

[14] i. e. *Pluto.* Theſe Sacrifices were call'd *Stygialia* and *Cocytia.* She therefore ſacrifices to the *Inferi*, becauſe they were believ'd to diſſolve Cares and Loves. See *Turneb. l.* 21. *c.* 22. *& l.* 25. *c.* 6.

[15] See the ſixth Book, ver. 292.

——*Tenues ſine corpore vitas.*

[16] It was a Cuſtom, when any died, for the Kinſmen or Friends to ſit by, and embracing them, to joyn their Mouths to theirs, as to receive their laſt Breath. Of this amongſt *Latine* Authors Inſtances are frequent; amongſt the *Greek*, *Bion*, *Epitaph. Adon.*

——Adonis, *ſtay*;
Hapleſs Adonis, *ſtay but till I twine*
Thee in theſe Arms, and mix my Lips with thine:
Adonis, *wake ſo ſhort a while, to give*
A dying Kiſs, but whilſt a Kiſs may live:
Thy fleeting Spirit to my Breaſt bequeath,
And I will ſuck Love's Nectar *in thy Breath;*
Thy Love I'le drink, and in Adonis *ſtead*
Will keep that Kiſs, when thou unkind art fled.
Mr. Stanley.

And the *Greek* Epigrammatiſt cited by *Germanus*;

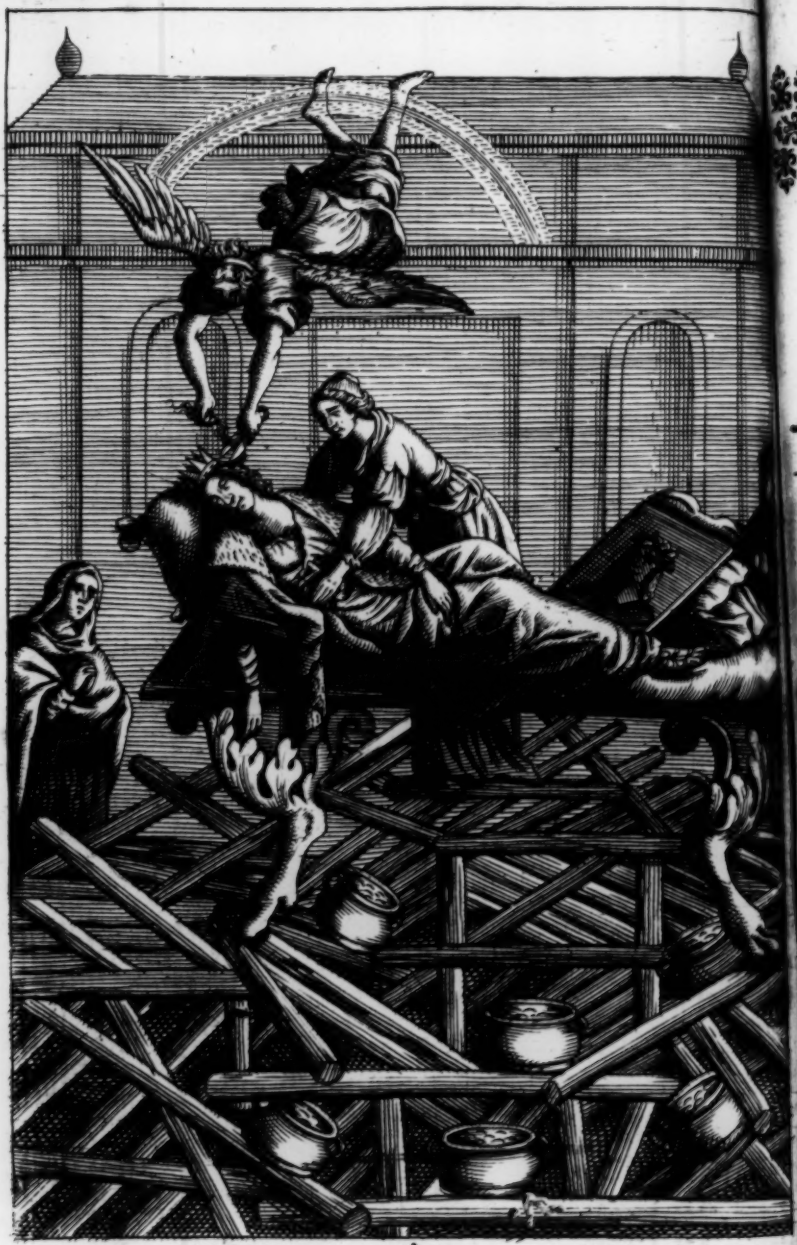
Thy Lips to mine apply, and at one Draught
Drink up my Soul.——

[17] The

17 The Belief of the Ancients was, That ſuch as were neer death had firſt their Hair cut by *Proſerpina*, as the Initiation into the lower World, and *Primitiæ* offer'd to *Orcus*; until which were done, they could not die. *Canterus* adds, That this Cuſtom depended upon another Opinion of theirs, That the Strength of every Man conſiſted in his Hair, which being cut, he became ſubject to the Power of another: Whence it is that Witches are thought unable to compaſs their ends, until they get ſome of the Hair of the Party. *Cornutus* is reprehended by *Macrobius* for accuſing *Virgil*, as if this were his Invention; in juſtification of the contrary, he alledgeth theſe Verſes of *Euripides*:

She to the Court of Pluto *muſt repair,*
Whom following with this Sword to Sacrifice,
I thus ſhall hallowed make (*her Strength*) *this Hair,*
Sacred to the Infernal Deities.

VIRGIL's



Æn. 3

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Fifth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido's *aſcending Flames the* Trojans *ſee.*
Storms drive Æneas *back to* Sicily.
Anchiſes *Rites renew'd. The Annual Games.*
Iris, *from* Juno, *ſtirs the* Trojan *Dames*
To burn the Fleet. Æneas *prays: A Showr*
Prevents the Miſchief, quenching all but four.
Trojans *ſet Sail.* Venus *of* Neptune *craves*
Safe Paſſage for their Navy through his Waves.
The God aſſents. Somnus *with* Stygian *Boughs*
Beſprinkles watchful Palinurus *Brows;*
O're Board he falls: The Loſs Æneas *ſpies,*
And weeping, at the Helm his Place ſupplies.

HIS Courſe reſolv'd, mean while *Æneas* ſails,
Cutting through dreadful Waves with Northern Gales; When,

When, looking back, he saw poor *Dido*'s Walls
Bright in the Flames of her own Funerals;
The Cause had kindled such a Fire, unknown:
But what a desperate Woman, carried on
With Rage, might do, whom raging Love oppress,
By this sad Sign the pitying *Trojans* guest.
When they had sail'd till Land appear'd no more,
When onely Sky and Billows were their Shore,
A black Cloud, big with Night and Tempest, rose,
And th' Ocean rough with horrid Darkness grows:
Then from the Stern loud *Palinurus* cries,
Ah! what a Tempest muffles all the Skies?
What meanst thou Father *Neptune?* Soon as spake,
He bids his Men stand stoutly to their Tack,
And ply their tough Oars with a lusty stroke;
So bearing to the Windward up, thus spoke.
[a] Great Prince, though *Jove* should promise, with this
I should despair *Italian* Shores to find; (Wind
Gusts rising shift, the black West grows more loud,
And the whole Air condens'd into one Cloud;
Our Labour is in vain, we make no way:
Therefore, since Fortune conquers, let's obey,
And where her pleasure will command us, steer:
Sicilian [b] *Eryx* friendly Shores are neer;
We may to the *Sicanian* Harbor sail,
If I not in my Computation fail.
Then spake *Æneas*; I observ'd long since
The Wind did shrink, and vain thy diligence:
Stand Roomer then: What Land is more desir'd,
Where would I rather rest our Navy air'd,

Than

Than in that Soil where kind *Aceſtes* Reigns,
Whoſe Lap my Father's ſacred Bones contains?
Thus having ſaid, ſtraight for the Port they ſail,
Spread Canvas ſwelling with a gentler Gale;
Their brazen Prows the foamie Waves divide,
Till they with joy in well-known Harbors ride.
When far off, from a Mountain's lofty Crown,
Wondring to ſee the *Trojan* Navy, down
Aceſtes comes, whoſe Arms moſt dreadful were,
Clad in rough Spoils of a huge [c] *Lybian* Bear;
Criniſus got him on a [d] *Trojan* Dame.
He, mindful of the Houſe from whence he came,
Congratulates their ſafe Return, and Feaſts
Kindly with Rural Cates, his weary Gueſts.
Soon as the bluſhing Dawn with Eaſtern Light
Had put Nights glittering Regiments to flight,
Æneas ſummon'd then from all Parts round
The *Trojans*, and thus ſpake from riſing Ground.
Bold *Dardans*, ſprung from the high Blood of Gods,
[e] A Year hath finiſh'd Monthly Periods,
Since here the Sacred Relicks we interr'd
Of my bleſt Father, and ſad Altars rear'd.
The Day draws nigh, which always muſt by me
(So Heaven hath order'd) mourn'd, and honor'd be;
Were I to drowthy [f] *Getule* baniſh'd, theſe
I would perform; or taken on the Seas,
A Captive were in *Greece*, due Rites I'de pay,
And heap'd up Offerings on his [g] Altars lay.
Now we are preſent at my Father's Duſt,
Nor without ſpecial Providence, I truſt,

Riding

Riding at Anchor on a friendly Shore,
Let us all ſacrifice, and Winds implore:
This he commanded, when our Walls were laid,
In Conſecrated Temples ſhould be paid.
Aceſtes, of the *Trojan* Off-ſpring, gives,
Of his own Bounty, every Ship two Beeves;
Call then the *Dardan* Gods unto your [h] Feaſts,
And thoſe *Aceſtes* worſhips make your Gueſts.
If the [i] Ninth Day produce a Glorious Morn,
Whoſe Beams ſhall Earth diſcover, and adorn,
I ſhall the ſwifteſt Ship with Prizes grace,
And thoſe on Foot who conquer in the Race,
And who preſume either in Strength or Art
To ſhoot ſwift Shafts, or throw the nimble Dart,
Or with a *Ceſtus* valiantly dares fight;
Come all, and Palms receive, the Conqueror's Right;
And [k] ſilent, veil with Leaves your Brows. This ſaid,
His Mothers [l] Myrtle did his Temples ſhade.
Thus *Helymus*, thus old *Aceſtes* did,
Aſcanius, and his youthful Troop with ſpeed.
Environ'd round, from thence *Æneas* went,
With many thouſands, to the Monument,
And [m] pours two Bowls of rich [n] Wine on the Floor,
Two of new Milk, and two of ſacred Gore,
Strewing the Place with Purple Flow'rs: Then ſaid,
Hail, bleſſed Father; Hail, Paternal Shade,
And Duſt preſerv'd in vain: Heaven would not grant
That I with thee the Promis'd Land ſhould plant,
Nor *Tyber* (whatſoe're it is) be ſought.
When a huge [o] Serpent from the dreadful Vault,

With

With ſeven vaſt Coyls, ſeven times infolded, glides,
And, the Tomb wreathing, by the Altar ſlides;
His checquer'd Back with Gold and Purple deck'd,
And burniſh'd Scales did ſparkling Beams reflect.
Such the great Bow *Sol* penſils with his Rayes,
And on't a thouſand various Colours lays.
Æneas wonders, whilſt the Serpent rowls
(Taſting the Banquets, and the ſtanding Bowls)
Long wreaths about the Cups, ſo harmleſs went,
Down from the Altars, to the Monument.
Here he his Father with freſh Gifts did grace,
Suppoſing this the [p] *Genius* of the Place,
Or elſe his Servant, ſlaughtering five fat Swine,
Five Sheep, five Steers, and turns full Bowls of wine;
And great *Anchiſes Manes* next implores,
With Ghoſts remitted from the *Stygian* ſhores.
Then all his Friends of their own Plenty paid
Peace-Offerings, and ſlain Steers the Altars lade;
Some Spit their Meat, huge [q] Kettles others place,
And broyl fat Inwards, ſitting on the Graſs.
Th' expected Day now came, and the ninth Dawn,
With *Phaeton*'s Steeds in all her Glory drawn;
Glad Troops from all Parts fill the ſhore, by Fame
Invited, and Renown'd *Acceſtes* Name.
Some came to ſee, others their Skill to try.
Amidſt the [r] Cirque the ſtately Prizes lye;
Palm for the Conquerors, ſacred [ſ] Tripods, Crowns,
With glorious Arms, rich Robes, and ſcarlet Gowns,
Gold, ſilver Talents; when th' appointed Games
A Trumpet from the Glorious Heap proclaims.

Firſt from the Fleet four Ships of equal ſize,
With ponderous Oars, contend to gain the Prize;
In the ſwift *Priſtis* ſtout-oard [t] *Mneſtheus* came,
Mneſtheus, who gave the *Memnian* Houſe a Name;
The vaſt *Chimæra* valiant *Gyas* row'd,
Whoſe mighty Veſſel like a City ſhew'd,
Which luſty *Trojans* carry'd in three Ranks,
Raiſing three tire of Oars, on triple Banks;
In the great *Centaur*, next *Sergeſtus* came,
From whom the *Sergian* Stock receiv'd the Name:
The well-pitch'd *Scylla*, bold *Cloantus* drives,
Whence *Rome*'s *Cluentius* thy fam'd Houſe derives.
Againſt the ſomy ſhores a high Rock ſtood,
Which oft was drown'd with the Tempeſtuous Flood,
When ſtorms involv'd the Stars; and ſeen again,
When a ſoft Calm doth over-ſpread the Main,
To Sea-fowl a moſt grateful Station now.
Here Prince *Æneas* fix'd an Oken Bough,
The Saylors Mark, the way directing where
They ſhould bear off, and in long Courſes ſteer.
They draw for place; on lofty Sterns, the bold
Captains far off in Scarlet ſhine and Gold:
The reſt, their ſhoulders bright with [u] Oyl, in Ranks
Thith [x] Poplar Crown'd, ſate firmly on their Banks:
Weir Arms and Oars ſtretch'd out, the Sign th' expect,
Whilſt their inſulting Hearts are counter-check'd
With trembling Fear, and rais'd with Love of Praiſe.
Thence, as the [y] Trumpet ſounds, without delaies
All ſtart, the Sea-mens Shouts the Skies aſcend,
Whilſt with long ſtrokes they ſomy Billows rend.

All

All plow the waves, the gaping Ocean feels
Their wounding Oars, and force of cruſhing Keels.
More furiouſly not ſwifteſt Chariots are
Drove through the Champain, thundring from the Bar;
Nor Charioteers bending their Bodies ſtrain
More at a looſe, ſhaking the flowing Rein.
Confu ed Cryes, of favoring Parties, round,
Mix'd with loud Clamors, make the Woods reſound.
The ſhores imprifoned Voices rowl about,
And the ſtruck Mountains eccho every ſhout.
Firſt *Gyas* ſwiftly through the Billows glides;
Cloanthus next, with better Oars, divides
The bounding waves, whoſe Ship loſt way, being ſlow;
And next to him *Priſtis* and *Centaur* row
Who ſhall get foremoſt with an equal Oar.
Now *Priſtis*, now great *Centaur* is before;
And now together they their Fore-decks joyn,
Whilſt their long Keels plow up the ſhallow Brine.
Now they drew near the Rock, the Goal they make;
When *Gyas*, who was foremoſt, then beſpake
Menætes at the Helm, Why doſt thou ſteer
Thus to the Star-board? Loof the ſhore, lye here;
Fan Lar-board Cliffs, let them ſtand off, he ſaid.
But ſtill *Menætes*, of hid Rocks afraid,
Bore to the Sea. Where goeſt thou? *Gyas* here
Cry'd out again; theſe Cliffs, *Menætes*, ſteer.
When cloſe behind him he *Cloanthus* ſpies
Shearing the Lar-board Rocks, and inward plyes
Betwixt the ſounding Tops, and *Gyas* Ship,
And ſuddenly the foremoſt did out-ſtrip,

And the Goals paſſing, to ſafe waters came.
Then Rage the Young Mans Boſom did inflame,
Nor Tears did want; whilſt he *Menætes* ſends
(Honor forgot, and ſafety of his Friends)
From the high Stern, Headlong into the Flood;
And at the Helm, Pilot and Maſter ſtood.
Then to the ſhore, cheering his Men, he ſteers:
When old *Menætes* buoying up appears
From the deep Seas, laden with Garments wet,
Laboring for Land, then on a dry Rock ſet.
The *Trojans* at his fall, and ſwimming, laugh,
And, at him vomiting Salt-water, ſcoff.
Mneſtheus, *Sergeſtus*, here freſh Hopes perſwade,
(Though the two laſt) to conquer *Gyas*, ſtaid;
Up to the Goal *Sergeſtus* foremoſt bore,
But gain'd not his Ships length a-head before;
A part was preſt by emulous *Priſtis* Beak;
When *Mneſtheus*, thus, chearing his Men, did ſpeak.
Bold *Trojans*, now your Oars try, you are thoſe
At *Troy*'s Deſtruction I Companions choſe;
Now let that Strength and Courage be apply'd,
Which you among *Ionian* Billows try'd,
And where *Getulian* Sand with Breaches raves,
Or cruel [22] *Malea*'s perſecuting Waves.
Mneſtheus not ſtrives that firſt he ſhould come in,
Nor Victory ſeeks, (O though!) but let them win
On whom, great *Neptune*, thou confer'ſt the place;
But to be laſt, ah wipe out that Diſgrace,
Abhor the ſhame. Their ſtrengths redouble now,
That with huge ſtrokes they ſhake the brazen Prow,
Dividing

Dividing waves, whilſt ſhort Breath ſhook their ſides,
Drowth clams their mouths,& ſweat in Rivers glides;
Fortune her ſelf the Man wiſh'd Honor brought:
For whilſt too near the Rock *Sergeſtus* ſought
An inner Courſe, a fatal ſpace betwixt,
Unhappy, on the Cliffs he running, fix'd;
The Crags being ſtruck, and Oars contending rung
On the ſharp Rock, and the ſtruck Fore-ſhip hung:
The Saylors riſe, and with a mighty Cry,
Their pointed Poles, and Steel-tipt Staves apply,
And gather in the Sea their broken Oars.
But *Mneſtheus*, joyful of Succeſs, implores
The Winds, and with his luſty Saylors ſtood
Through ſafe Seas, gliding to the open Flood.
So ſwiftly from her Seat a Pidgeon flyes,
Whoſe lov'd Aboads in hollow Pumice lyes,
Her dark Roofs flapping with reſounding Wings,
Amaz'd, into the Field at random ſprings;
Till with a ſlide, to calmer Air ſhe comes,
And cuts it, without moving of her Plumes:
So *Mneſtheus* carries *Priſtis*, ſo his Ship
Did utmoſt VVaves divide, and all out-ſtrip.
And firſt *Sergeſtus*, left 'mongſt Rocks, delay'd
On breaking Shoals, in vain imploring Ayd,
And practiſing their broken Oars to uſe.
Next *Gyas* in *Chimæra*, he purſues;
She having loſt her Maſter, falls a-ſtern.
Onely *Cloanthus* now he could diſcern:
To him he bears, and ſtrangely put him to't.
But then you might have heard a mighty Shout;

All the Spectators chearing him so nigh,
Whilst Cryes and Clamors thunder through the Sky.
These, their new Glory, and got Fame, despise,
Unless they keep it; and to gain the Prize,
Would sell their Lives; Success feeds them, they may,
Because they think they can, obtain the Day.
They for the Goal with equal Prows had stood,
But that *Cloanthus* pray'd unto the Flood, (Vow.
And made with [bb] stretch'd-out Hands, those Gods this
You Powers who rule the Sea, whose waves I plow;
A [cc] snow-white Bull I freely shall before
Your Altars sacrifice, upon this shore;
Casting the trembling Entrails in your Brine,
And Vows performing, pour out purest Wine.
This said, the Troops of the *Nereides*,
And [dd] *Phorcus* heard him from the deepest Seas:
And old [ee] *Portunus* with his mighty Hand
Shov'd him along: swifter he flies to Land
Than nimble Winds, or feather'd Arrows glides,
And in the Bosom of the Harbor, hides.
Æneas by the [ff] Herald, all being there,
Cloanthus did the Conqueror declare,
And with a verdant Laurel Crowns his Brows,
And to each Ship, three Steers, with Wine allows,
And a [gg] great silver Talent, then presents
Their Captains with especial Ornaments.
A Golden Vest he to *Cloanthus* gave,
Edg'd with rich Purple in a double wave:
There *Ganymed* was woven as he drove
The flying Deer through the *Idæan* Grove,

Seeming

Seeming to pant, whom *Jove*'s ſwift Eagle bears
Up to high Heaven, truſs'd in his hooked Sears.
In vain th' old Guardians raiſe to Heaven their Eyes,
And Loud-mouth'd Dogs inrage the troubled Skies.
To him whoſe Vertue got the ſecond place,
A Coat of Mail, which Gold did interlace,
(Took from *Demoleus*, by Victory due,
When him he under lofty *Ilium* ſlew,
Near *Simois* murmuring Streams) he did preſent,
Both for a Safety and an Ornament.
Phegeus and *Saguris*, which his Servants were,
Could ſcarce the Coat on their joyn'd Shoulders bear;
But, arm'd with theſe, *Demoleus* in times paſt,
With mighty ſpeed the ſtraggling *Trojans* chac'd.
Two brazen Caldrons to the Third they brought,
And two fair Cups, with ſilver richly wrought.
And now all proud with Honors thus aſſign'd,
Their Temples they with [hh] Roſie Garlands bind;
When from the cruel Rock, with much ado,
Hardly got off, *Sergeſtus* with a few
Rowers, his Oars being broke, and loſt, appear'd,
And his [ii] ſcorn'd Ship, in, without Honor, ſteer'd.
Like to a Serpent, over whom hath gone
A Chariot-wheel, or wounded with a ſtone,
Left by a Traveller in deadly Pain,
Crawling, with long contorted wreaths, in vain,
To ſcape away; part fierce, with fiery Eyes,
Advancing hiſſing Creſts unto the Skies:
Part, with the Maim arreſted, knits in Links,
Folding it ſelf upon its own Precincts.

With ſuch a Rowing his ſlow Ship made way,
Yet ſail'd, and with full Sayls poſſeſt the Bay.
The Prince the [kk] promis'd Gift *Sergeſtus* gave,
Glad he his Ship and Men ſo well did ſave:
Pholoe a *Cretan*, who great Skill profeſt
In *Pallas* Arts, Twins hanging at her Breſt.
This Sport being finiſh'd, Prince *Æneas* led
Where tendring Hills inclos'd a pleaſant Mead,
Amidſt a Vale, with ſhady Groves confin'd,
The Circle of a [ll] Theater deſign'd;
Hither the *Trojan* Heroe did repair,
And ſeats himſelf 'mongſt many Thouſands there;
Here he invites all thoſe could ſwifteſt run;
And with Encouragement of Prizes won;
From all Parts *Trojans* and [mm] *Sicanians* met,
But *Niſus* and *Euryalus* firſt;
Euryalus in his Flow'r, and wondrous fair,
To whom bold *Niſus* dear Affection bare;
After theſe follow'd *Priam*'s Royal Race,
Princely *Diores*; *Salius* next took place
With *Patron*; one, the *Acarnanian* Earth;
Arcadia boaſts to give the other Birth;
Next *Helymus*, and youthful *Panopes* ſtood,
Sicilians both, who love the ſhady wood;
Both old *Aceſtes* Friends; many beſide,
Which obſcure Fame, and Times long diſtance, hide.
Then thus to them the Prince *Æneas* ſaid;
Hear now, my frank Propoſals, and be glad;
Not one of you ſhall unpreſented go;
Two poliſht *Gnoſſian* Spears I ſhall beſtow,

And

And with a ſilver Hilt a two-edg'd Sword:
On every one this Honor I afford.
To the firſt three, theſe Prizes are deſign'd,
Who ſhall their Brows with yellow Olive bind.
I to the firſt, a brave Horſe furniſh'd, yield;
The next an [nn] *Amazonian* Quiver, fill'd
With *Thracian* Shafts, the Belt a Golden One,
Faſt with a Button of a poliſh'd Stone.
This [oo] *Grecian* Helmet ſhall the Third content.
Thus having ſaid, each to their Stations went.
The ſignal heard, ſtraight from the [pp] Bar they came,
Like a ſwift ſhow'r, and at the Goal they aim.
Firſt *Niſus* got the Start, and all out-flies,
Swifter than Winds, or Lightning through the Skies;
Salius, but at more diſtance, follows next,
And after him a handſom ſpace betwixt,
Euryalus third.
Euryalus, *Helymius* purſues, next whom
Diores haſts; now ſide by ſide they come,
Strike [qq] Foot by Foot, and had there been more ſpace,
He had or won, or doubtful left the Race.
Now near the end they drew with bated ſpeed,
When *Niſus* Foot unfortunately ſlid
On ſprinkled Gore that fell from Bullocks ſlain,
Which did the verdant Graſs with Purple ſtain.
For the brave Youth, as up he Victor came,
Could by no means his tripping ſtep reclaim;
But in foul Mud and Gore he falls. Who yet
Did not his dear *Euryalus* forget:

Riſing

Riſing, he trips up *Salius* in his way,
And tumbling on the Ground, together lay,
Euryalus, by his Friend aſſiſted, flies,
And out-ſtrips all, with joyful Shouts and Cryes;
Helymus after, and *Diores* next.
But here, with mighty Clamors, *Salius* vext
The whole Aſſembly to re-gain his Right,
And Honors loſt, defrauded by a ſlight.
Beauty, and comely Tears, *Euryalus*, ſave,
Good Parts, with lovely Looks, more value have.
Diores helps him, and aloud he cryes,
Who had in vain ſweat for the laſt rich Prize,
If the firſt Honor *Salius* ſhould obtain.
Then ſaid *Æneas*; Firm your Gifts remain;
None ſhall remove the Palm from what w' intend;
But I may pity my unhappy Friend.
A Lions Skin, on *Salius* he beſtow'd,
Which a thick Fur, and Golden Claws did load.
Then *Niſus* ſpake, If Gifts for Vanquiſh'd be,
And that thou pityeſt Fallers, what for me?
Who with Applauſe had the prime Honor got,
Had I not met with *Salius* ſpiteful Lot.
Thus ſaying, he his Limbs and Face defil'd
With foul Mud, ſhew'd. The beſt of Princes ſmil'd,
And bids them bring the Shield ſo rarely wrought
By *Didymaon*, and from *Grecia* brought,
Sacred to *Neptune*; this the Prince preſents,
And the bold Youth, with a rr brave Gift contents.
After this Race was done, and Gifts diſpos'd,
If any now there be that hath inclos'd

Within

Within his Breaſt a Soul that Valor warms,
Now let him try for Palms, victorious Arms;
This ſaid, two Honors for the Fight are plac'd;
A Bull, the Conquerors Prize, with Garlands grac'd,
A Sword and Helm, to chear him got the worſt.
Straight from the Throng, out boiſterous *Dares* burſt,
And his vaſt Limbs, with great Applauſe, were ſhewn;
He us'd with [ff] *Paris* to contend alone,
And mighty [tt] *Butes*; at great *Hector*'s Tomb,
Who did of old from King [uu] *Amycus* come,
He overthrew, and with his conquering Hand
Left ſtretch'd in Death's Convulſion on the ſand.
For the firſt fight out ſuch a *Dares* goes,
And his Head lifting, his broad ſhoulders ſhews,
Toſſing his ſtretch'd-out Arms alternatly,
Fencing with winds, and battering the Sky.
His Match is ſought, not one of all that Troop
Dares meet the Man, and take a [xx] *Cæſtus* up:
Therefore he confident to bear away
The Palm from all, impatient of delay,
Before the Prince *Æneas* ſtanding, laid
Hold on the Bulls Left-horn, and vaporing, ſaid;
Great Goddeſs Son, if no man dare reſiſt,
Why ſtand I here? command I be diſmiſt,
And grant the Prize; with a great Clamor all,
To give the Champion promis'd Preſents, call.
Here old *Aceſtes* chides *Entellus*, as
Next him he ſate one Beds of verdant Graſs.
In vain once valiant *Heroe* ſtil'd, if thou,
Untry'd, ſuch Gifts ſo patiently allow

Him

Him to enjoy; who hath of yy *Eryx* heard,
Our God and Maſter with a ſlight regard?
Where is thy Praiſe which through *Sicilia* rung,
And all thoſe Trophies in thy Pallace hung?
Then he reply'd; not the deſire of Fame,
Nor Glory, fails in me, by Fear o'recame;
But me cold Blood, with reſty Age detains,
And waſted Forces frozen in my veins.
Had I that Youth which with ſuch Inſolence
He triumphs in, from me long parted ſince,
Gifts ſhould not draw me, nor would I regard
A beauteous Prize, nor ſtand upon reward.
Then caſt he in two Batts of mighty weight,
With which the cruel *Eryx* us'd to fight,
Raiſing the heavy Arms above his Head,
Seven huge Bull-hides, ſew'd ſtiff with Iron and Lead.
All were amaz'd; *Dares* to fight denies;
The mighty weight great *Anchiſiades*,
And immenſe foldings here and there did rowl,
VVhilſt in ſuch words the old Man ſpoke his Soul;
If any great *Alcides* Club had ſeen,
And dreadful Battel on this very Green? (ſmear,
Theſe Arms thou ſeeſt, which Blood and Brains be-
Thy valiant Coſin *Eryx* once did bear;
VVith theſe he mighty *Hercules* withſtood;
VVith theſe I plaid, whilſt youth bred better Blood,
Ere ſpightful Age had ſilver'd o're my Brow.
If *Dares* ſhall refuſe our VVeapons now,
If ſo *Æneas*, and the King think fit,
VVe'l play on equal terms, theſe I'le remit;

Fear

Fear not, and lay thy *Trojan* VVeapons down;
Thus saying, off he throws his thick-lin'd Gown;
His Muscles, Bones, and brawny Arms are seen,
A mighty Champion standing on the Green.
Then Prince *Æneas* equal Clubs commands,
And puts match'd VVeapons into both their Hands;
Each on his Tip-to stands prepar'd, and high,
Their Arms advancing boldly to the Sky;
Far back they draw their tall Heads from the stroke,
And Blows, engag'd in Battel, Blows provoke.
This, trusting Youth, best traversed his Ground:
Th' other in strength and Size Advantage found;
But his slow Knees, those weak Supporters, slide;
And short-breath'd Pantings shake his Manly side.
Many Bouts past, which no Advantage bring,
Their hollow sides resound, their Bosoms ring;
About their Ears and Brows, a swift Hand goes,
And their Cheeks rattle under cruel Blows.
Unmov'd *Entellus* stands upon his Guards,
And with a watchful Eye his Body wards:
VVhilst *Dares* shews like one a City storms,
Or Mountain seat beleaguer'd round with Arms:
Now here, now there he scales, and strives in vain
The Fort, by strength, or stratagem, to gain.
But here *Entellus*, rising on his Toe,
Lais'd his Right-hand high for a mighty Blow:
He from above perceiv'd the coming VVound,
And voids, with nimble Traversing his Ground.
Upon the VVinds *Entellus* spends his strength,
And down his huge Bulk tumbles at full length.

So

So rooted up, from *Erymanthus* Crown,
Or lofty *Ide*, an old Pine tumbles down.
The *Trojans* from their ſeats began to riſe,
And the *Sicilian* ſhouts aſcends the Skies.
When firſt *Aceſtes*, pitying him, breaks forth,
And his Contemporary [zz] rais'd from the Earth:
But th' Heroe this retards not, nor affrights,
He fiercer grows, and rage freſh ſtrength excites;
Then ſhame and well-known Valor, Force revives,
And headlong *Dares* every were he drives;
Now did his Right, his Left-hand now aſſail,
And no Ceſſation made; as ſtorms of Hail
Rattle on Roofs, ſo thick he ſtrokes beſtows,
And falls on *Dares* with a ſhow'r of Blows.
Here Prince *Æneas* ſtops *Entellus* Rage,
Not ſuffering farther Fury ſhould engage,
But ends the Fight, and *Dares* thence convey'd,
And to the weary, comforting, thus ſaid:
Unhappy Man, what Folly made thee blind?
Didſt thou not more than Humane Forces find?
Yield to the God; thus he the Combat ends.
But *Dares* to the Fleet, his neareſt friends
Brought, trailing feeble Knees, toſſing his Head,
Caſting thick Blood, which ſtain'd his Teeth with red.
The promis'd [1] Sword and Helmet they receive,
And the Prize-Bull to bold *Entellus* leave.
Proud of the [2] Palm, the Conqueror rais'd with Joy,
Thus ſpake; Know, Goddeſs Son, and you of *Troy*,
What mighty Force I in my prime might have,
And from what Death you reſcu'd *Dares* ſave;

Thus

Thus saying, as he before the steer did stand,
Poysing his cruel *Cæstus* in his Hand,
Betwixt the Horns, a Blow he takes him full,
And beats into his batter'd Brain his Scull;
Dead he falls down, trembling on the Earth he lay.
And thus much adds, *Eryx* to thee I pay
This better Soul than *Dares*, and here part,
A Conqueror, both with my Arms and Art.
Æneas straight, all those would exercise
The nimble Shaft, invites, and plac'd the Prize;
Then from *Sereſtus* ship, with a great Troop,
A stately Mast he brings, and sets it up;
And on the Top, a Pigeon by the Foot
Tyes with a Cord, at which they were to shoot.
All met, a brazen Helm receives the Lot:
First place, with joyful shouts, *Hyppocoon* got;
Next *Mneſtheus* for his Naval Victory Crown'd
With Olive wreaths; third place *Eurition* found,
Thy Brother, Noble *Pandarus*, who first
Amongst the *Greeks*, provok'd by *Pallas*, durst
To break off hop'd-for Peace, his Javelin cast;
Aceſtes from the bottom drew the last,
And, bold, in youthful Games will yet contend.
Then with great strength their mighty Bows they bend,
And from their Quivers each his Arrow drew;
First, from *Hippocoon*'s sounding Bow-string flew
His nimble shaft, and through the clear Air past,
Until it fix'd in the oppoſed Mast.
The tall Fir shakes, the scar'd Dove shook her wings,
And every Part with loud Applauses rings.

After

After bold *Mneſtheus* ſtood, and took his Aim,
His Eye exactly with the Arrow came;
Though he was not ſo happy, with the ſhot
To hit the Pigeon, yet he broke the Knot
VVhich ty'd her Feet to the high Maſt: ſhe flies,
Before the VVind, and cuts the gloomy Skies.
Then ſtraight *Eurytion* did his Shaft prepare,
And to his Brother made a haſty Prayer;
As thence the Dove, on wings expanded, flew
Through Heavens broad Tracts, under a cloud he ſaw
Her ſoul ſhe leaves amongſt the [4] Stars, being ſlain,
And falling, the fix'd Shaft returns again.
Aceſtes left alone, although no Prize,
Yet he directs his Arrow throw the Skies,
Boaſting at once his skill, and ſounding Bow;
Here ſuddenly, what great things did foreſhew,
A wondrous ſight appear'd, the ſequel told,
VVhat Prophecies, and dreadful Signs unfold.
For, flying through moiſt Clouds, the Arrow fires,
And chalking out a way with Flame, expires:
So ſhoots a burning Meteor through the Air,
Or blazing Comet with a Buſh of Hair.
All are amaz'd, in Prayers both Nations joyn,
Nor Prince *Æneas* did diſlike the ſign,
But in his Arms did pleas'd *Aceſtes* take,
And loading him with wealthy Preſents, ſpake,
Since Heaven's Almighty Ruler thee enjoyns,
To take Gifts unallotted, by theſe Signs,
This Cup enchac'd with Figures, thou muſt have,
VVhich *Thracian* [5] *Ciſſeus*, old *Anchiſes* gave;

He

He to my Father did this Gift present,
Both of his Love, the Pledge and Monument.
This said he binds his Brows with verdant Baies,
And gives *Aceſtes*, before all, the praiſe.
Nor good *Eurytion* did ſuch Grace envy,
Though he the Bird brought from the lofty Sky.
Next he rewards him cut the Cord, and laſt,
Who fix'd his winged Arrow in the Maſt.
But Prince *Æneas*, ſcarce this Sport being done,
[6] Calls for *Epitides*, [7] Tutor to his Son,
And theſe words whiſper'd in his faithful Ear,
If that the Childrens Squadron ready were,
The Horſe well-train'd, bid ſtrait *Aſcanius* come,
And in Arms muſter at his Grandſires Tomb;
Then ſtraight commands the throng'd-in people clear
The Circk, that th' open Champaign may appear.
The Children march, and in their Parents view,
On manag'd Horſes make a gallant Shew;
To ſee their order'd Ranks and Files drawn out
Sicilians all admire, and *Trojans* ſhout.
They dazling Helmets on ſoft Treſſes wore,
And tipt with Steel, two Cornel Javelins bore;
Some Quivers had, and Chains of pureſt Gold
Hung on their Breaſts, and did their Necks infold.
[8] Three Troops of pretty Horſmen march about,
Led by as many Captains, in and out;
Twelve Children following each, in equal Bands,
Obey their little Officers Commands.
Young [9] *Priam* firſt, honor'd with's Grandſire's Name,
Up with a gallant Squadron bravely came;

Polytes, thy bleſt Progeny, whoſe Seed
Muſt *Latium* multiply; a *Thoacian* Steed
Dappled with white, and two white Feet before,
A [10] Star on's Creſt, in ſtately manner, bore.
Next [11] *Atys*, whence *Rome's Atyi* boaſt their Race,
Small *Atys*, whom *Aſcanius* much did grace.
Aſcanius, far before all others, fair,
On a *Sidonian* Steed, brought up the Rear;
Which beauteous *Dido* did to him preſent,
Of her dear Love, the Pledge and Monument.
The reſt were mounted on *Sicilian* Horſe
Of old *Aceſtes* Breed.
The *Trojans* ſhout as they th' ambitious view,
Who with much Joy their antient Parents knew.
After their Fancies they had ſatisfi'd,
And ſeen, with great delight, the Squadrons ride,
Epitides gave the Sign from diſtant Ground,
Making his [12] Switch, to them prepar'd, reſound.
They all at once disband, and thoſe that lead,
About the Cirque, their broken Squadrons ſpread;
And at the Word draw in again, and bear,
Each, in well-order'd Ranks, a cruel Spear:
They march, and countermarch, and to their place
Return, obſerving equal-diſtant ſpace;
Rings they in Rings infold, in ſeveral Forms,
And, as in Battel, bravely uſe their Arms;
And now they fly, now fiercely turn their Lance;
Now Peace being made, together they advance.
As in high *Crete* the [13] Labyrinth of old
Had thouſand ways, where Walls did Walls infold,

Which

Which did no ſign unto the Wanderer leave,
But with perpetual Error did deceive:
So they in Mazes wheel, wide, long and ſhort,
Mixing Retreats, and gallant Fights, with Sport.
As *Dolphyns*, who the ſwelling Waves divide
In *Libyan* Seas, and wanton with the Tide.
Aſcanius, when long *Alba* he did frame,
Did firſt renew theſe Cuſtoms, and this Game,
And taught the old *Latines* this to celebrate;
What he and *Trojan* Youth did, th' *Alban* ſtate
Their Off-ſpring ſhew'd, and greateſt *Rome* from thence
Receiv'd, and kept thoſe Honors ever ſince;
the Sports call'd *Troy*, the Boyes, now *Trojan* Knights:
Thus he perform'd his Father's Annual Rites.
Here firſt inconſtant Fortune chang'd her Face.
Whilſt they the Tomb with various Objects grace,
Juno ſent *Iris* to the *Ilian* Fleet,
Born on the Winds, her old Diſpleaſure yet
Unſatisfi'd; unſeen the Virgin flies
Through the great Bow, which thouſand Colours dyes.
She a great Concourſe ſaw, and did ſurvey
The Port and Fleet, as they neglected lay.
But *Trojan* Dames far off, and all alone
With plenteous Tears, *Anchiſes* loſs bemoan;
And deep Seas viewing, thus lament themſelves;
Ah! muſt we paſs ſo many Seas and Shelves,
Worn out with Toyl? they with one Voice complain;
A City grant, they loath the dangerous Main.
Inur'd to Miſchief, in 'mongſt theſe ſhe preſt,
Laying aſide her Goddeſs Form and Veſt;

And like old *Beroe*, *Dorycles* Wife ſhe came,
Beroe, who once had Children, and a Name.
Amongſt them thus, bearing her ſelf, ſhe ſaid;
Ah Wretches! whom no *Grecian* Hand convey'd
To Death at home; ah hapleſs Race! for what
Deſtruction are we yet preſerv'd by Fate?
Since *Troy*'s ſad Ruine, now ſeven Years are gone,
Whilſt we ſo many Sholes, and dire Rocks ſhun,
Guided by Stars, whilſt *Latium*'s flying Coaſt
Through troubled Waves we ſeek, 'mongſt Billows toſs'd
Our Kinſman *Eryx*, kind *Aceſtes* Land,
To plant, and build a Seat in, who'll withſtand?
O Country, and our Gods preſerv'd in vain,
Shall never we ſweet *Simois* ſee again?
Nor *Xanthus*? Shall no City be call'd *Troy*?
Come, and with Fire this curſed Fleet deſtroy.
For in my ſleep *Caſſandra* did appear,
Giving me Flames, and ſaid, Your *Troy* ſeek here,
Here you muſt dwell; now, now or never, act;
Nor for a better Omen, Time protract:
Neptune's four Altars ſee, who us inſpires
With Courage, and preſents his ſacred Fires.
Thus ſaying, ſhe fiercely ſnatch'd a flaming Brand,
And brandiſh'd, blazing in her ſtrong Right-hand,
Then caſts it forth; the Women this inflames,
And fills with Cruelty the *Ilian* Dames.
Here one, call'd *Pyrgo*, who by birth took place,
Nurſe to ſo many of King *Priam*'s Race,
Thus cryes aloud; This is not *Beroë*, this
Not *Dorycles* Wife, here Divine Beauty is:

Mark

Mark her bright Eyes, her odorous Hair, and Face,
Her Heavenly Voice, and her [16] Majeſtick pace.
I now left *Beroe* ſick, much griev'd that ſhe
Onely, at ſuch great Rites, ſhould abſent be,
Nor could due Offerings to *Anchiſes* pay.
Thus much ſhe ſaid.
But they with cruel Eyes the Fleet ſurvey,
Doubtful betwixt dire Love of preſent Lands,
And Realms invited to, by Fates Commands.
Then with ſpread wings to Heaven the Goddeſs glides,
And the great Bow beneath the Clouds divides.
But they diſtracted, with ſtrange Fury, cry;
Snatching thoſe Fire-brands which on th' Altars lye;
Some ranſack private Hearths, and raging, throw
Leaves, Branches, Boughs, and blazing Torches too;
Now Looſe-rein'd [17] *Vulcan* charging every where,
Through Banks, through Oars, and Sterns of painted (Fir:
When with ſad Tidings *Eumulus* did come
To the Spectators, at *Anchiſes* Tomb,
Crying, the Fleet's a-fire, and they could ſpy
Bright Sparks, in curled Clouds, aſcend the Sky.
Out firſt of all, *Aſcanius* boldly went,
As when he led them to the Monument,
So to the woful Camp he made his way,
Nor could his frighted Tutors force his ſtay.
What means this wondrous Fury? out he cries,
Ah hapleſs People, here's no Enemies,
No *Grecian* Fleet, but your own Hopes you burn;
Behold your dear *Aſcanius*, and return;

And down before them his bright Helmet caſt,
Which him in Martial Exerciſes grac'd.
Æneas gathers up the *Trojan* Bands:
But they, ſurpriz'd with Fear, through all the Strands,
To ſheltring Groves, and gloomy Caverns run,
And their Crime loathing, dare not ſee the Sun.
At laſt their Friends they knew, and diſpoſſeſt,
Diſtemper'd *Juno* leaves their troubled Breſt.
But not the cruel Fires could be aſſwag'd,
Far more their un-oppoſed Fury rag'd;
Tow, ſmothering lives under the ſappy Oke,
And the fir'd Veſſels vomit gloomy Smoke.
The cruel Plague ſeiz'd the whole Fleet at length,
'Gainſt Rivers power and all the Heroes ſtrength,
Pious *Æneas* then his [18] Garments rends,
And to the Gods for Aid, his Hands extends.
Great *Jove* look down, if all the *Trojans* be
Not in thy Hate, if antient Piety
Humane Affairs regards; theſe Flames deſtroy;
O Father, ſave the poor Remains of *Troy*;
Or, if deſerv'd, with Thunder ſtrike me dead,
And flaming Vengeance dart upon my Head.
Scarce ſaid, when ſuddenly a hideous Shower
From broken Clouds did with ſtrange Fury pour;
The Battlements, and Baſis of the World,
Loud Thunder ſhakes, from all Heav'ns quarters hurl'd
With roaring Wind, fell Deluges of Rain,
Which fills the Ships, burnt Oke grows moiſt again,
Until the Flames were quench'd, and all but four
Eſcape Deſtruction, by a ſaving ſhower.

But

But Prince *Æneas*, by this Chance diſmay'd,
Now here, now there, his urgent Cares perſuade;
Whether he ſhould, forgetting Fates Commands,
Plant *Sicily*, or take *Italian* Lands.
Then ſpake old [19] *Nautes*, one whom *Pallas* had,
For Noble Arts and Virtue, Famous made;
Both the great wrath of Gods we muſt endure,
And what the Deſtinies Decrees procure.
Thus comforting *Æneas*, he begun;
What Fate forbids, or bids, great Goddeſs Son,
With patience let's obey; whatever Chance,
All Fortunes conquer'd are by ſufferance.
Trojan Aceſtes, of a Race Divine,
Unto thy Counſels an Aſſociate joyn;
Let him receive thy loſt Ships companies,
And thoſe now tir'd with thy great Enterprize.
The weary Matrons, and old Men ſelect,
The weak, and thoſe whom Dangers do deject;
Here let them plant, and here a City frame,
And let them give it to [20] *Aceſtes* Name.
He from his old Friends Words did Comfort find;
Yet many Cares did ſtill perplex his mind.
When Night's black Chariot had poſſeſs'd the Pole,
From Heaven he did behold *Anchiſes* Soul
Deſcending, which to him in theſe words ſaid.
Dear Son, more dear than Life, whilſt Life I had;
Dear Son, buſied in *Trojan* Fates, I came
Hither by *Jove*'s Command, who from the Flame
Preſerv'd thy Ships, and pitied from the Skies:
Do as old *Nautes* lately did adviſe;

To *Italy* choice Men, and Valiant, bear;
For a fierce People, us'd to War, are there.
But first to *Pluto*'s dismal Courts repair,
And dark *Avernus*, where my Dwellings are.
I am not with sad shades of impious Hell,
But with the blest in glad *Elysium* dwell;
Hither shall [21] chast *Sybilla* thee convey,
Opening, with slaughter of black Sheep, the way:
What Seats to thee are given, then I'le tell,
And all thy Off-spring shew, but now farewell.
Down from her Vertick Point the moist Night speeds,
And me the Sun drives hence with panting Steeds.
Thus having said, like smoke through Crystal Skies,
He vanish'd thence, when thus *Æneas* cries: (place?
Whom fly'st thou? whither goest thou? to what
Or who thus drives thee from our dear Imbrace?
This said, he th' Ashes stirs, and cover'd Fire,
And *Troy*'s Lar worships in [22] old *Vesta*'s Quire,
Offering full Bowls, and consecrated Bread:
Then calls *Acestes*, and his Friends, from Bed;
Jove's Will, and his dear Father's, he declares,
And his Resolves in carrying his Affairs;
Which at the first the good *Acestes* grants.
There, Women, he, and willing People, plants,
Poor Spirits, not affecting Noble Fame;
The rest, their Banks and Oars consum'd with Flame,
And Tackle, mend, though few their Numbers, yet
They all were Persons for bold Actions fit.
Mean while *Æneas* [23] plows their City Walls,
And Seats alots; this *Troy*, that *Ilium*, calls:

Acestes

Acestes joys in his new Realms, and draws
Their *Forum* out, gives Conscript Fathers Laws.
On lofty *Eryx* Shoulders then he rears
Idalian Venus Temple to the Stars;
And to *Anchises* Tomb a [24] Priest did grant,
Then round about a sacred Grove did plant.
The Nation now nine Days a Feast had made,
Whilst ample Offerings did the Altars lade;
When gentle Winds had smooth'd the rugged Main,
And whispering Gales invite to Sea again;
Along the trending Shores a Cry they raise,
And in Imbraces spend whole Nights and Days;
Those Women now, to whom before the Sea
Seem'd rough, nor could endure the Deity,
Would sayl, and all the Toyls of Flight contemn.
With kind words, good *Æneas* comforts them,
And weeping, leaves to King *Acestes* Care.
Three Heifers offering up to *Eryx* there;
Then kills a Lamb t' appease the [25] angry Winds,
And straight in order Cables he unbinds;
His Brows an Olive-branch with Leaves infolds,
And standing on the Prow, a Goblet holds,
Casting warm Entrails in the flowing Brine,
And bitter Waves commix'd with sweetest Wine:
Fair Gales attend his Stern; the Saylors sweep
The Azure Pavement of the curled Deep.
But mean time *Venus*, with great Cares oppress't,
Thus spake to *Neptune* from her troubled Breast.
Juno's insatiate Spleen enforceth me
Thus to descend with all Requests to thee:

Her,

Her, neither Time, nor Piety can move,
Nor Fates can quiet, nor commanding *Jove*.
'Tis not enough that her inveterate Hate
O'rethrew the Glory of the *Phrygian* State,
Torturing their poor remains; but Bones and Duſt
She perſecutes; can ſuch a Rage be juſt?
Thou know'ſt what Storms made *Libyck* Seas to riſe
By her Commands, commixing Waves and Skies,
And with *Æolian* Tempeſts Mountains rais'd,
Thus daring in thy Realms.
The *Trojan* Dames, woes me! by her Commands,
Did fire the Navy, forc'd in Forein Lands,
Their Ships being loſt, their deareſt Friends to leave.
Grant through thy Waves they may ſafe paſſage have,
And on *Laurentian Tyber*'s Margins Land,
If Walls, which Fates have granted, I demand.
Then the deep Ocean's Tamer thus began:
What e're, great Queen, I in theſe Kingdoms can,
Whence thou didſt ſpring, Command; I did appeaſe
So oft ſuch Fury both of Skies and Seas;
Xanthus and *Simois* we witneſs bear,
No leſs at Land I for thy Son took Care,
When ſtern *Achilles* did at *Troy* purſue
Th' affrighted Bands, and many Thouſands ſlew
Under the Walls; full Rivers groan'd, nor way
Could *Xanthus* find to rowl into the Sea;
I, thy *Æneas*, in a hollow Cloud,
Too weak in ſtrength and Gods, preſerv'd from proud
Pelides Sword, then wiſhing to deſtroy
Walls, which my own Hands built, of perjur'd *Troy*.

My

My mind is ſtill the ſame; then fear not, they,
Whom thou deſir'ſt, ſhall reach the *Avernian* Bay,
One onely muſt be in the Ocean loſt;
[27] One for ſo many lives it now muſt coſt.
When thus her troubled Breſt he had aſſwag'd,
He joyns his Chariot-horſe, and curbs th' inrag'd
With ſomy Bits, then gives them liberal Rein,
With blue Wheels flying o're the Azure Main.
Under his thundring Axe ſwoln Billows lie,
And ſtormy Clouds forſake the clearing Skye;
Then various ſhapes of Monſters did appear,
Old [28] *Glaucus* Train, *Palæmon* too was there;
With them ſwift *Trytons*, and all [29] *Phorcus* Band,
Thetis and *Melite*, on the Left-hand,
With *Panopæa* and *Niſæe* be,
Spio, *Thalia*, and *Cymodoce*.
Here Prince *Æneas* flattering Joys did find,
Which ſomething rais'd his long dejected Mind;
Who chearful, gave the Saylors ſtraight Command
To raiſe their Maſts, and to their Tackle ſtand;
All work at once, Lar-board and Star-board hale,
And Sheets unfurl'd, ſwell with a favoring Gale:
The gallant Squadron *Palinurus* lead,
And all obſerve to keep him ſtill a-head.
And now almoſt the humid Night had reach'd
Heaven's middle ſtage, 'mongſt oars the ſailors ſtretch'd
On their hard Banks, in quiet ſlumber lye.
When [30] *Somnus* gliding from th' ætherial Sky,
Through Darkneſs breaking, and the gloomy ſhade,
To thee (poor *Palinurus*) ſtraight convey'd

A fatal

A fatal Dream; the God his ſeat did take
On the high Stern, and thus, like *Phorbas* ſpake.
The Sea, dear *Palinure*, will ſteer thy Ship,
Winds gently breath, there is a time to ſleep;
Lay down thy Head, ſteal weary Eyes from Toyl,
And I ſhall undertake thy Charge a while.
To whom he ſaid, ſcarce lifting up his Eyes;
To truſt a quiet Sea wouldſt thou adviſe?
And to this flattering Monſter, Credit give?
Should I *Æneas* to falſe *Auſter* leave,
And ſerene Skies that oft hath me betraid?
And to the Helm he faſter clings, this ſaid,
And ſteering, ſtill his Eyes on Heaven did fix.
Steep'd in *Lethæan* Dew, and dipp'd in *Styx*:
A Branch, behold, the God ſhakes o're his Brows,
And did, his heavy Eyes reſiſting, cloſe.
Scarce were his Limbs relax'd in quiet ſleep,
And leaning back, when that part of the Ship,
Being weak before, ſinks down, and with the Helm
The Maſter falls, whom briny Waves o'rewhelm;
Yet oft in vain, he call'd aloud for Aid;
Whilſt *Somnus* mounts to Heav'n on Wings diſplayd.
The Ship no ſlower, nor with leſs ſafety ſayls,
Nor in his Promiſe mighty *Neptune* fails.
Now near the [31] *Syrens* Rocks they drew, which once
So dangerous were, and white with dead Mens Bones;
Then murmuring Cliffs far off with waves reſound.
But when *Æneas* from her Courſe had found
The wandring Ship, ſtraight to the Helm he leap'd,
And for his loſt Friend's ſad Misfortune wept.
O *Palinure*,

O *Palinure*, truſting fair Seas, and Sky,
Thou naked on ſome unknown Coaſt muſt lye.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Fifth BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS.*

[a] IN theſe words (ſaith *Scaliger*) *Palinurus* preſag'd his own death, which hapned before their Arrival into *Italy*. *Servius* obſerves, that like a good Pilot he had firſt made tryal of all means (in the precedent Diſtick) before he declar'd the danger they were in.

[b] He calls *Sicily* the ſhores of *Eryx*, becauſe he had reign'd there. He was Son of *Venus* and *Butes*: *Butes* was Son of *Amycus* King of the *Bebrycians*, who was overcome by *Pollux* at Whirl-bats, in the Expedition of the *Argonauts*. Therefore *Butes*, when his Father was ſlain, fled into *Sicily*, where for the Lovelineſs of his Perſon being belov'd of a Noble Harlot, he begot his Son *Eryx*. This *Lycaſte* is ſaid for her excellent Beauty, to have been afterwards call'd *Venus*. Thus the Interpreters, eſpecially *Hortenſius*.

[c] *Libya*, abounding in wild Beaſts, affords the richeſt Skins.

Skins. *Heſychius* δέρμα λέοντος ὡς κάλλιστον, *Pliny* affirms, that there are not any Bears in all the Country, 8. 35. 58. *Lipſius* confirms his aſſertion, and in defence of *Virgil* ſaith, that it is not to be underſtood of a Bear, but a Lyon; it being common with the *Romans* to give to Forein Things, improper Names.

[d] *Hippotes* fearing leaſt his Daughter ſhould be devour'd by the Sea-monſter which *Neptune* ſent for the Deſtruction of *Troy*, in revenge of perjur'd *Laomedon*'s fraud, whoſe rage could not any other way be appeas'd, but by a *Trojan* Virgin offer'd daily to his devouring Jaws, put his Daughter into a Bark, and commended her to the Mercy of Sea and Winds; whom the Gods ſo favor'd, that ſhe arriv'd ſafe in *Sicily*, where *Criniſus* was taken with her Beauty, and on her begat *Aceſtes*.

[e] The Solemnities of the Dead were Anniverſary. *Tibull.*

Annua conſtructo ſerta dabit tumulo.

See *Homer*'s Celebration of the death of *Patroclus* by Games; and *Papinius Statius*, 6. *Theb.* of *Archemorus*.

[f] There are two *Syrtes*, the greater and leſſer, near *Africk*, in the *Mediterranean* Sea. The *Getulians* were the moſt antient Inhabitants of *Africk*, eminent for Cruelty and Fierceneſs. *Saluſt. in Jugurth.*

[g] Which, according to the Cuſtom, were two; See *Eclog.* 6. Some expound this of the Tomb, but leſs properly.

[h] Thoſe

[h] Thoſe Suppers which they us'd to make in memory of the Dead, were commonly call'd *Silicernia*, *Cœnæ ferales*. Of a higher ſort were thoſe which were thoſe which were made in Remembrance of ſuch as were Deifi'd (as *Anchiſes* here was) nam'd *Lectiſternia*.

[i] Alluding to the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, who kept the dead Body ſeven days, during which they prepar'd all Neceſſaries for the Funeral; the eighth they burn it; the ninth they inſtituted ceremonious ſolemn Rites, call'd *Novedialia ſacra*.

[k] *Ore favere*, is no more, properly, than to be ſilent, which was uſually proclaim'd before any religious Ceremonies we begun. *Seneca, de Vita beata, c. 26. It is not deriv'd from favor, as moſt conceive, but it commands ſilence, that the Solemnity may be duely perform'd.*

[l] There is no cauſe for any one to think that the Myrtle was unbeſeemingly attributed to *Auguſtus* by *Virgil*, as a Venerean, weak Tree, and not enough Imperial; Which, as you may ſee in *Pliny*, *l.* 15. was conſecrated to *Venus*, Mother of *Æneas*: For the Myrtle hath inſinuated into warlike affairs. Whence *Pliny* tells us, that *Poſthumius Tubertus* in his Conſulſhip, who firſt of all entred the City triumphing, becauſe he had manag'd his buſineſs mildly without blood, went crown'd with the Myrtle of victorious *Venus*, and made his Enemies ambitious of the Tree. Hence afterwards it was the Victor's Crown. He call'd it his Mother's Myrtle, in favor of the *Julian* family, which took its Original from *Venus*, that it might alſo favorably preſage *Auguſtus* to be *Venuſtus*, ἐπαφρόδιτος. Thus *Germanus*.

[m] Two

[m] Two Goblets, to ſignifie the two Parts of Man, Soul and Body. *Carcheſia*, kinds of Cups that are tall, about the middle preſs'd cloſe in, and having Ears that deſcend from the Top to the Foot.

[n] They ſacrific'd *Diis inferis* with Milk and Blood; the Milk ſignifying the Purity of the Heavenly Soul; Blood, the Mortality of Man.

[o] Alluding to the Natural Obſervation, That Serpents are bred out of the Back-bone of a Dead Man. *Ovid. Met.* 15. In this manner a Serpent glided out of the Tomb of *Charlemain* King of *France*.

[p] The God that was Preſident of the Place; for they aſſign'd not *Genii* onely to Men, but to Cities, and all other Places.

[q] Not to boyl Meat; but for Water to waſh, and to drink, if *Lipſius* be not miſtaken (*Elect.* 1. 4.) as *La Cerda* endeavors to prove.

[r] *Cirque*, a Shew-place, ſo nam'd in after-times in *Rome*, where they exhibited Games and Plays to the People.

[s] So *Heſiod. in Scuto Herculis*, makes a *Tripod* the Victor's Reward; and *Athenæus*, *l.* 5. *&* 6. *Horat. Od.* 8. 4.

Donarem Tripodas præmia fortium.

A long Story there is of a Golden *Tripod* taken up by the *Mileſian* Fiſhermen, for which ſome *Ionian* Youths, who bought the Draught of them before it was drawn up, contended: Referring the Buſineſs to the Oracle, they were anſwer'd thus.

Com'ſt thou, Mileſian, *to conſult thy Shrine?*
The Tripod to the Wiſeſt I aſſign.

Whereupon they preſented it to *Thales*, from him it paſt to another of the Seven, and ſo round about, till it came to *Thales* again, who ſent it to the Oracle, acknowledging the God the Wiſeſt: *D. Laert.* Thus we ſee, that *Tripods* were much us'd of old as Rewards and Preſents.

[t] Who ſeated himſelf in *Italy*; and theſe are brought in, with Antiquity to honour the Families of the *Memmii*, the *Sergii*, and *Cluentii*.

[u] To ſtrengthen and make pliant their Arms. *Auguſtus* asking a Man that was 100 Years old, by what means he had preſerv'd the Strength and Vigor of his Body; he anſwer'd, *Intus Mulſo, foris Oleo*; Anointing my ſelf, *within with Wine, without with Oyl.*

[x] As ſacred to *Hercules*, the never-wearied Victor. See *Eclog* 7.

[y] Us'd in the *Circus* as the Signal for the Horſes to ſtart, to which *Virgil* alludes; as afterwards to the loud Cries of the *Cirque*: Of which ſee *La Cerda*.

[z] *Scalig. Poet.* 3. 16. upon theſe words takes occaſion to commend the Art which *Virgil* uſeth in deſcribing the Manners of ſeveral People, obſerving of Seamen, That they are the worſt of People, laughing at God in a Calm, curſing him in a Storm; ſtubborn and pertinacious as *Menætes*.

[aa] A Promontory of *Laconia*, where the Seas are very dangerous.

[bb] *Eu-*

[bb] *Eustathius* observes, *Il.* 7. That the *Heroes* us'd, when they pray'd to *Jupiter* and Cœlestial Deities, to hold up their Hands; when to Sea-gods, to stretch them out; when to Infernal, to strike the Ground with their Hands. See *Brissonius*.

[cc] A Bull, as a proper Sacrifice to *Neptune*; on the Shore, *in honorem Dei littoralis*; White, in token of Victory.

[dd] *Phorcus* was Son of *Neptune* and *Thesea*, a Sea-Nymph, King of *Corsica* and *Sardinia*, overcome and overwhelm'd in a Sea-fight by *Atlas*; wherefore his Men gave out that he was a Sea-god. He was Father of the *Gorgons*.

[ee] The same with *Palæmon*, a Sea-god; but *La Cerda* here understands *Neptune* himself, who sometimes was call'd by that Name.

[ff] Alluding to the Custom of the *Olympick* Games, where the Victor was declar'd by a Herald; for some have observ'd, That Heralds were us'd onely by the *Grecians* in their Wars, not by the *Romans*.

[gg] *Talentum* singly is understood of the lesser *Attick* Talent, in value 60 *Minæ*, 600 *Ducati aurei*, 6000 *Drachmæ*. *Magnum Talentum* implies the great *Attick* Talent, a third part more, *viz.* 80 *Minæ*, 800 *Ducati aurei*, 8000 *Drachmæ*, which *Virgil* here means.

[hh] *Puniceæ taniæ*, *vittæ roseæ*; *Servius* expounds *Coronæ lemniscatæ*, Crowns with Labels, made of Flowers and divers-colour'd Ribbands.

[ii] The Poet is suppos'd the rather to cast all the disgrace upon *Sergestus*, in relation to *Catiline*, who was

deſcended from *Sergeſtus*, whoſe Actions were freſh in the memory of *Virgil.*

kk Such as *Æneas* is here ſuppos'd, was *Beliſarius*; whom an uncertain Author in *Suidas* commends, That *he was of all Men moſt munificent towards his Soldiers; for, thoſe who had fought unſucceſsfully, he requited with Money, and paid them the Price of their Wounds; the Victorious Party he rewarded with Bracelets and Chains.*

ll The *Circenſian* Games, which in the height of the *Roman* Empire were celebrated with much Pomp, ſeem to have begun with Running, which was one of the (*Pentathlis*) the five *Olympick* and *Iſthmian* Games; the other four being the *Cæſtus*, the *Diſcus*, *Leaping*, and *Wreſtling.* For the Race they made choice of a Circular Place, in the middle whereof was the *Meta*, which, with other Circumſtances, *La Cerda* proves imply'd by our Poet. This kind of Running, as *Pauſanias* atteſts, was firſt inſtituted by the *Eleans.* See upon this Subject *Petri Fabri Agoniſtica*, and *Hieron. Mercur. de Gymnaſt.*

mm *Sicilians*; which Name, with her firſt Inhabitants, *Sicily* receiv'd from *Spain.* Conſult *La Cerda*, who to honor his Nation alledgeth many Teſtimonies hereof.

nn The Gift of *Pentheſilea*, or ſome of her *Amazons*, who came to the aid of *Troy* againſt the *Greeks.*

oo Either ſuppos'd to be taken in fight from the Enemy, or in reſpect to the diſtinctive Marks of Helmets, which were different betwixt the *Grecians* and *Trojans*, as

ars by the Story of *Choræbus*, *lib.* 2. *La Cerda* ;, That *Æneas* and his Followers brought ms into *Italy*, taken from the Foe as Spoils.

ich *Servius* deſcribes, *Regulam aut ſignum de ctum*, a Strake or Mark made with Chalk, *a Cerda* proves conſonant to the *Circus*.

dig. upon theſe words: *In Running* (ſaith he) *e direct Line was ſo even betwixt both, that their ch'd one another. And indeed, when we run a never follow any one; for we could not out-run s before, if we ſhould tread in his Steps: but we our Courſe by the ſide, as we ſtood at the ſtarting Neither if both be of the ſame ſwiftneſs, would one take the Line of the others Courſe; for ſo by a Line he muſt run more Ground, to his great hazard.*

ot as of due, but by favor.

is was a ſtrong Man at Arms, as well as a wanter: In the *Trojan* ſolemn Games he fought *ctor* himſelf, and foil'd him; wherefore *Hector* ng to be overcome by a Shepherd, as *Paris* then himſelf on Mount *Ida*, where he was brought ſhepherds, would have ſlain him; to prevent miſchief, *Paris* diſcover'd himſelf to *Hector*, that his Brother.

t the ſame *Butes* before-mention'd, King of ut one of the ſame Name and Race.

micus was King of the *Bebrycians*, Son of *Neptu*ous for Buffeting, with whom *Pollux* cotend- him. An excellent Deſcription of him *Theo*s in *Dioſ.*

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qq *Scalig.* upon theſe words: *In Running* (ſaith he) *equally, the direct Line was ſo even betwixt both, that their Heels touch'd one another. And indeed, when we run a Race, we never follow any one; for we could not out-run one that is before, if we ſhould tread in his Steps: but we continue our Courſe by the ſide, as we ſtood at the ſtarting place. Neither if both be of the ſame ſwiftneſs, would one dare to take the Line of the others Courſe; for ſo by a crooked Line he muſt run more Ground, to his great hazard.*

rr Not as of due, but by favor.

ſſ *Paris* was a ſtrong Man at Arms, as well as a wanton Lover: In the *Trojan* ſolemn Games he fought with *Hector* himſelf, and foil'd him; wherefore *Hector* diſdaining to be overcome by a Shepherd, as *Paris* then profeſt himſelf on Mount *Ida*, where he was brought up by Shepherds, would have ſlain him; to prevent which miſchief, *Paris* diſcover'd himſelf to *Hector*, that he was his Brother.

tt Not the ſame *Butes* before-mention'd, King of *Sicily*; but one of the ſame Name and Race.

uu *Amicus* was King of the *Bebrycians*, Son of *Neptune*, famous for Buffeting, with whom *Pollux* cotending, ſlew him. An excellent Deſcription of him *Theocritus* gives in *Dioſ.*

xx In this Sport of the *Cæſtus* they firſt us'd onely their Fiſts bare; afterwards, for guard of the Hand, they had a Leather Thong made faſt to the Elbow and Shoulder, to which was ſew'd a weighty piece of Iron or Lead. *Scaliger* derides thoſe who ſuppoſe this *Cæſtus* a Staff bound about with the *Lora*, and Plummets at the end: *Poet. lib.* 1.

yy *Eryx* was King of *Sicily*, to whom this Sport was Hereditary, as being Son of *Butes*, *Butes* of *Amycus*. *Entellus* learnt it of *Eryx*.

zz *Germanus* obſerves, That according to the Laws of this Sport, the thrown Perſon might be, by the aſſiſtance of others, rais'd from the ground: otherwiſe, by the fall of *Entellus*, the Victory ſhould have been to *Dares*. This is confirm'd by the Authority of *Theocritus*, in his Deſcription of this kind of Fight.

1 *Dares*, though vanquiſh'd, receives a Prize of more Value than *Entellus* the Victor; to ſhew (ſaith *Franciſc. Modius*, *Ep.* 56.) that Virtue is a Reward to it ſelf: Therefore the Laws puniſh Vice, but aſſign no Reward to Vertue.

2 *Turnebus* 26. 17. underſtands *Palm* here, not onely of the Victory, but literally of the Tree, which *Plutarch* ſaith was a Reward common to all Games, though there were others particular beſide.

3 The Story is *Iliad* 3. & 4. *It was agreed by the* Greeks *and* Trojans, *That* Paris *and* Menelaus *ſhould fight a Duel, the Victor ſhould have* Helena, *and put an end to the War. But the* Greeks *having decreed the Ruine of* Troy, *nullified this Agreement. Wherefore* Pallas *interpoſing*,

terposing, perſuaded Pandarus *to ſtrike* Menelaus *with a Dart, which broke the Agreement, and all return'd again to their Arms.*

[4] *Higinus de Proprietatibus Deorum,* ſpeaking of Stars and Conſtellations, ſaith, *That Birds ought to be ſacrific'd to them: Learnedly therefore* Virgil *ſaith, That the Soul of the Bird remain'd with thoſe Deities to whom ſhe was ordain'd a Sacrifice.* Macrob. lib. 3. Sat. cap. 8.

[5] King of *Thrace,* Father of *Hecuba,* Wife of *Priamus.*

[6] A Preparation for the laſt Games, which are, *Hippomachia, Ludus Militaris,* a counterfeit Fight on Horſeback. *Aſcanius* firſt inſtituted it, and, in memory of his Native City *Troy,* call'd it *Ludus Trojæ,* and the Tilters *Agmen Trojanum.*

[7] From the Cuſtom of the *Roman Militia,* amongſt whom every young Soldier was appointed his Guardian.

[8] According to *Servius,* theſe three Troops allude to thoſe three Centuries of *Roman* Horſemen under *Romulus,* the *Ramnenſes, Tatienſes,* and *Luceri,* of whom *Livy, lib.* 1.

[9] Who is ſaid to have built *Politorium* in *Italy,* in memory of his Father, ſlain by *Pyrrhus*; which City was burnt by *Tullus Hoſtilius.*

[10] So the beſt Interpreters render *frontem albam.*

[11] He is nam'd to honor *Auguſtus* his Mothers Family with Antiquity, whom by *Actia* or *Attia* he would have deſcend from a *Trojan* Anceſtor.

[12] *Flagello,* i. *Virga, quæ ſonat in morem flagelli.* This

Turnebus obſerves to have relation to the *Roman* Cuſtom; amongſt whom, the Magiſtrate that was Preſident of the Games, gave the Signal from a high place, when they ſhould begin.

[13] See *Lib. 6.*

[14] *In ſola acta.* The *Latin* Word deriv'd from ἀκτὴ, properly underſtood of a craggy rough place, and (by conſequence) ſolitary: So interpret we thoſe Verſes of *Poſidippus*, cited by *Dicæarchus*, where he implies, that *Platæa* is neither a great City, nor Populous, but τὸ πολὺ μὴ ἀκτὴ, *ut plurimum deſerta*, as *Cicero* of his Brother's ſilence; *Non homo ſed littus atque aer, & ſolitudo mera.*

[15] *Mare Magnum*, we interpret with *Servius*, *procelloſum*, rather than with *La Cerda*, *immenſum*, *vaſt*. In which ſenſe, νῆμα μακρὰ, *Muſæus*; and (as happily ſupply'd) by *Vulcanius*, *Moſchus*, *Catullus*.

——*veluti minuta magno*
Deprenſa navis in Mari veſaniente vento.

[16] So *Lib.* 1. *Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea*: No greater Mark of Divinity, ſaith *Heliodorus*, than this manner of going, βάδισμα: Which, according to his deſcription, *was not by ſetting one Foot afore another, but by a ſmooth violence cutting the Air more ſwiftly; for which reaſon the* Ægyptians *figure their Gods with both their Feet together.* Thus *Heliodorus*. Something in this kind *Callimachus* implies in his Deſcription of *Pallas* (*Hymn.* 5.) returning from conquering the Giants:

----καὶ

-----καὶ ἁ θεὸς εὐλυχὲς ἔρπει.

Triumphantly the Goddeſs paſt along.

Ovid. ——*Inceſſit vel Jove digna ſoror.*

17 The burning of the *Trojan* Navy is related thus by *Plutarch*: That it was done in the River *Tyber*, by the *Trojan* Women, who believ'd that any ſetled Condition on Land, was better than ſo much uncertainty on the Sea. The Women that were chief of the Action, *Æthulla*, *Aſtuocha*, and *Medeſicaſta*, Siſters of *Priam*, Daughters of *Laomedon*; that part of the River hence nam'd *Navæthus*.

18 A known Cuſtom in extremity of Grief: *La Cerda* conceives the reaſon of it to be this, That by baring their Bodies, they made themſelves more capable of the Blows which in theſe Paſſions they us'd to beſtow upon themſelves.

19 *Diomedes* having with *Ulyſſes* help taken away the *Palladium* out of *Troy*, and kept it a great while, was follow'd by the rage and vengeance of *Minerva*; to appeaſe whom, he was told by an Oracle, that he muſt reſtore it: which he brought and gave to this *Nautes*, who ſtill had the keeping thereof. Whence the Family of the *Nautii* was ever after ſacred to *Minerva*, and had the Charge of the *Palladium*. *Varro, in Frag. p.* 72. To this the Poet alludes, and to that Story, where *Sp. Nautius*, of this Man's Family, with *Meneſius Agrippa*, appeas'd

appeas'd the Tumult of the People in their retirement unto the Hill *Aventinus*.

[20] This City *Servius* ſaith was the ſame which was afterwards call'd *Segeſta*.

[21] According to the *Ethnicks*, all Women that gave Oracles were chaſte, and ignorant of the Embraces of Men. So the Scoliaſt of *Ariſtophanes* affirms of her that gave anſwers on the *Tripod*: Then relates a Story of one of them raviſh'd by *Echecrates* a *Theban*; whereupon it was order'd, That from thence forward they ſhould not take any to that Office under fifty years of age.

[22] Old, becauſe the ſame with the Earth. See *Lilius Girald.* 4. *Synt.*

[23] Sets out the Circuit with a Plough, which we call *Lock-ſpitting*. This *Cato in Origin.* ſaith was the Cuſtom. For being about to build Cities, they yok'd a Bull on the Right hand, and a Cow on the Left. And being clad after the *Sabine* faſhion, that is, having their Heads cover'd with part of their Gowns, and the other part tuck'd up, they held the Plough-ſhare ſo ſlanting, that all the Mold fell inward; and ſo by drawing of a Furrow, they deſign'd the Place of the Walls, and hang'd up the Plough about the Gates.

[24] Alluding to the *Roman* Cuſtom, who Deifying their Emperors, gave them Flamens, Sacrifices, Groves.

[25] Cicero, lib. 3. Nat. *If we reckon the Clouds among the Gods, we may well reckon Tempeſts, which are conſecrated by the Rites of the* Roman *People: Therefore Show'rs, Storms,*

Storms, Tempeſts, Whirlwinds, are to be accounted Gods. We putting to Sea, uſe to offer a Sacrifice to the Waves.

[26] Becauſe of *Laomedon.*

[27] Alluding to the Cuſtom of killing one Citizen for preſervation of the whole City. *Lactant. in Stat. To luſtrate the City with an Humane Offering, is a Cuſtom of the* Gauls; *for ſome of the moſt infamous amongſt them they entic'd with Rewards to ſell himſelf to this uſe; who all the year was maintain'd at the Publick Charge, very highly, and at laſt on a Solemn Day carry'd through the City in State, and in the Suburbs ſton'd to death by the People.*

[28] *Glaucus* was a Fiſherman, who when he had flung the Fiſh he took upon the Graſs, and had ſeen them recover the Life they had loſt, underſtanding the power of the Herbs, he pluck'd up one, taſted it, caſt himſelf into the Sea, and was turn'd into a Sea-god; whoſe Troop *Virgil* calls Aged, becauſe he himſelf was old; or in reſpect of the whiteneſs of the Waves; as almoſt all the Gods of the Sea are feign'd to be. Thus *Servius.*

[29] *Phorcus* was Son of *Neptune* and the Nymph *Thooſa:* But, according to *Varro,* he was King of *Corſica* and *Sardinia*; who when he was ſunk with a great part of his Army, in a Sea-fight, by King *Atlas,* was feign'd by his Companions to be chang'd into a Sea-god.

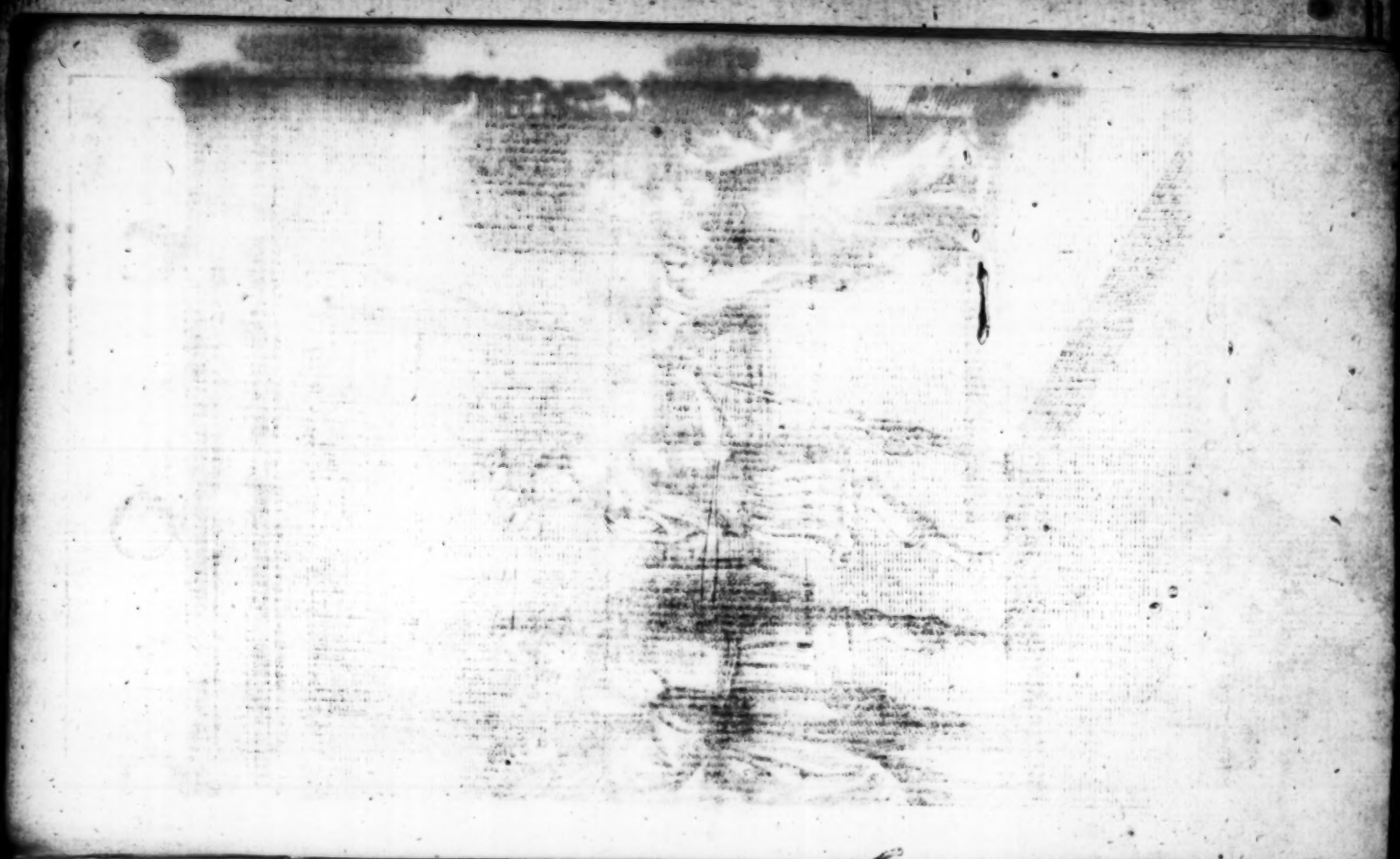
[30] *Virgil* (ſaith *La Cerda*) reforms the Error of *Homer,* who makes Sleep to awake ſleeping *Agamemnon.*

[31] The *Syrens,* according to the Fable, were partly Virgins, and partly Birds, Daughters of the River *Achelous,*

Achelous, and the Muſe *Calliope*. One of theſe Sung, the ſecond Piped, the third Play'd upon the Harp. Their Names, *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, *Leucoſia*. Firſt they liv'd near *Pelorus*; after, in the *Capharean* Iſlands, and drew Men with their Muſick into Shipwrack, which none eſcap'd but *Orpheus*, who overcame them with his Lute; and *Ulyſſes*, who caus'd his Men to bind him to the Maſt, and ſtopp'd their Ears with Wax. Upon them *Claudian* hath this Epigram.

Syrens, *th' allective Miſchief of the Waves,*
Wing'd Virgins, 'twixt Charybdis *greedy Caves,*
And Scylla's *barking Rocks, inhabited;*
Seas flattering Perils, and Waves pleaſing Dread.
Ships 'fore a Fore-wind running, when their Sails
Swell'd with the forcive Breath of fav'ring Gales,
Their Voice alone did fix; who now no more
Think of returning to the wiſhed Shore,
But hate the Thought; no Senſe of Pain perceive,
But Life in the exceſs of Pleaſure leave.

Mr. Sherburn.





Æn. 6

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Sixth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

At Sibyl's *Cave* Æneas *asks his Fates*;
Inſpir'd, ſhe anſwers through an hundred Gates.
Miſenus *Rites. The Golden Bough is found.*
Hells diſmal Paſſage, and the Stygian *Sound.*
Rude Charon *pleas'd: A Sop loud* Cerberus *takes.*
Sad Souls hemm'd in with nine Infernal Lakes.
Dido *is ſeen:* Deiphobus *appears.*
Hell and Elyſium. *Every thouſand Years*
Souls Lethe *drink, and Bodies re-aſſume.*
Anchiſes *ſhews his Son thoſe Lords of* Rome
Muſt ſpring from him; their Characters relates;
And after lets him forth at Ivory Gates.

WEeping, [a] he ſaid [b] at laſt, with Sails a-trip,
To the [c] *Euboick* Confines ſteers his Ship:

Then

Then ſharp ſtook'd Anchors they caſt out before,
And the tall Navy fring'd the edging Shore.
To *Latian* Shores the youthful *Trojans* leap'd:
Some ſeek the [d] hidden Seeds of Fire that ſlept
In Veins of Flint; Beaſts ſhadie Holds, the Woods
Others cut down, and find concealed [e] Floods:
But thoſe high Tow'rs pious *Æneas* ſought,
Where *Phœbus* reign'd, dread [f] *Sybils* ſpacious Vault,
Whom *Delius* had inſpir'd with future Fates.
They enter *Trivia*'s Grove, and Golden Gates.
[g] *Dædalus* leaving *Crete* (as Stories ſay)
Truſting ſwift Wings, through Skies, no uſual way,
Made to the colder North a deſperate Flight,
And did at laſt on *Chalcis* Tow'r alight;
There he his [h] Wings to thee, O *Phœbus*, paid,
And wide Foundations of a Temple laid.
The ſtately Porch [i] *Androgeus* Death adorn'd,
Then the *Athenians* puniſh'd, yearly mourn'd
For ſeven ſlain Children; there the Lotrery ſtood;
High *Crete* againſt it overlook'd the Flood.
The rough Addreſſes of a furious Beaſt,
The Bull, which fair *Paſiphae* compreſt,
And bi-form'd *Minotaur* their Monſtrous Son,
Foul Brood of their unnatural Luſt, were done.
Here the inextricable Houſe diſplay'd.
But pitying *Dædalus*, [k] th' inamor'd Maid,
Diſcovering all th' ambiguous Mazes, led
Through the dark [l] Labyrinth with a Clew of Thred.
Thou *Icarus* of this great Work hadſt ſhar'd
No little part, had Sorrow not debarr'd:

Twice

Twice he to draw thy Chance in Gold aſſay'd,
Twice the Paternal Pencil diſobey'd.
They had perus'd the ſtately Work all o're,
But that *Achates*, who was ſent before,
Did *Phœbus* and *Apollo*'s Prieſteſs bring,
Deiphobe, who thus beſpake the King.
[m] Your Eyes not now with Fancies entertain;
Of the wild Herd ſeven Bullocks muſt be ſlain,
As many choſen Sheep on Altars paid,
As is the Cuſtom; theſe, the Prieſteſs ſaid,
And *Trojans* to the lofty Fane invites,
Nor they neglect to pay commanded Rites.
A Cave is hewn from a Rocks vaſter ſide,
Where through a hundred Doors, and Portals wide,
As many Voyces iſſue to the Skies,
When the inſpired *Sibyl* propheſies.
As he drew near, the Virgin calls, Be bold
To ask thy Fate, the God, the God behold!
This ſaid, her Colour ſtraight did change, her Face,
And flowing Treſſes loſt their former Grace;
A growing Paſſion ſwells her troubled Breaſt,
And Fury her diſtracted Soul poſſeſt;
Greater ſhe ſeems, nor like a Mortal ſpake,
As the God nearer did Approaches make.
Trojan Æneas, then aloud ſhe ſaid,
Haſt thou not made thy Vows? haſt thou not pray'd?
Th' amazing Houſe till then will not diſplay
Inchanted Gates: This ſaid, ſhe ſilent lay.
The *Trojans* tremble, ſtruck with chilling Fear,
When from his Soul the King pour'd forth this Pray'r.

Great

Great *Phœbus*, always pittying hapleſs *Troy*,
By *Paris* Hand and [n] Shaft thou didſt deſtroy
Cruel *Æacides*; I mighty Lands,
Aud many Seas have paſs'd by thy Commands:
I long-conceal'd [o] *Maſſylian* Nations found,
And ſpacious Realms which * drowthy Sands ſurround:
Now we have ſeiz'd *Auſonia*'s flying Shore,
Let *Trojan* Fortune follow us no more;
But all you Gods and Goddeſſes which were
Foes to *Troys* Glory, now that Nation ſpare.
And thou, bleſt Virgin, humbly I entreat,
(Since Realms I ſeek conſign'd to me by Fate)
That we in *Latium* may plant new Aboads,
And Habitations for our wand'ring Gods.
Then I to [p] *Phœbus* and *Diana* ſhall
Build a fair Chappel, and a Feſtival
Yearly appoint to Great *Apollo*'s Name,
And there for thee a ſtately Chappel frame;
Where thy myſterious Oracles, and deep
Secrets of Fate, I'le for my Off-ſpring keep,
And [q] Pious Men preſerve the Sacred Writ.
Bleſt Virgin, not to Leaves thy Verſe commit,
Leſt they to wanton Winds a ſport be made,
But Sing thy ſelf, my Suit is: Theſe he ſaid:
When ſhe not able to endure the Load
Of ſuch a Pow'r, ſtrives to ſhake off the God:
The more ſhe chaf'd, the more he curbs her in,
Tames her wild Breaſt, and calms her ſwelling Spleen.
Vntouch'd, a hundred Portals open fly,
Whence iſſued forth the Propheteſs Reply.

Thou

Thou that at Sea haſt ſcap'd ſuch Perils, more
And greater Dangers wait for thee on Shore.
Trojans ſhall footing find on *Latian* Ground,
(That Fear ſhake off) and wiſh they had not found.
[r] War, War, a horrid War, and [f] *Tyber*'s Flood
Foaming I ſee, with Deluges of Blood:
Nor ſhalt thou *Xanthus*, nor *Greek* Leaguers want;
There ſhall another ſtern *Achilles* vant
Himſelf a Goddeſs Son; there ſhall Heav'ns Queen
Revive the Rancour of her ancient Spleen.
Which of th' *Italian* Cities, being poor,
Or People, wilt thou not for Aid implore?
Again, a Woman cauſe of all thy Woe,
And Foreign Beds.
Yet fear no Danger, but on boldly go
As Fortune leads: what ſcarce thou wilt believe,
A *Grecian* Prince ſhall thee firſt ſuccor give.
Theſe horrid Circumſtances, from her Cell,
Cumæan Sibyl, bellowing, did foretell,
With dark Phraſe clouding Truth. Then *Phœbus* ſlakes
His curbing Reins, and from her Boſom takes
His cruel Spurs, granting a little reſt.
Soon as her Fit and high Diſtraction ceas'd;
The *Trojan Heroe* Prince *Æneas* ſaid,
Not any dreadful Form, Renowned Maid,
Of unexpected Dangers me affright;
I [t] foreſaw all, nor fear the worſt may light:
But ſince the way to the Infernal Courts,
And *Stygian* Floods, lies here (as Fame reports)

I crave, my deareſt Father to behold:
Ah! guide me, and th' inchanted Gates unfold.
I from a thouſand Weapons, through the Flame,
Him on my Shoulders bore; with me he came,
Suffering the threatning Waves, and Tempeſts rage,
Above the ſtrength and fortune of his Age.
By his Commands here my Addreſs I make;
Then of the Son and Father pity take,
Since thou haſt Power; nor *Hecate* in vain,
To rule *Avernian* Groves did thee ordain.
Could *Orpheus* make his Bride from Shades retire,
With pleaſant Notes of his inchanting Lyre?
If " *Pollux* could by an alternate Death
His Brother eaſe, and tread ſo oft one Path,
Why ſhould I *Theſeus* or *Alcides* Name,
And my Progenitors from great *Jove* came?
Holding the Altars, ſuch Requeſts he made;
When thus to him th' inſpired Prieſteſs ſaid:
Trojan Æneas, of Cœleſtial Blood,
The way is eaſie to th' *Avernian* Flood,
Black *Pluto*'s Gates ſtand open Day and Night:
But to return, and view Ætherial Light,
That is a Work, a Labor, which a few,
Gracious in juſt *Jove*'s Eyes, could ever do;
Or ſuch whoſe Virtue carries to the Skies,
And were deſcended from the Deities.
For all the midſt is dark with horrid Woods,
Which round *Cocytus* motes with Sable Floods.
If ſuch deſires thou haſt, and thou think'ſt well,
Twice to ſail *Styx*, and twice to viſit Hell;

If

If ſuch unpleaſing Labors be delight,
What muſt be done firſt, briefly I'le recite.
Sacred to *Proſerpine*, * a Golden Bough,
With ſoft and ſhining Twigs, lies ſhaded now
In a dark Tree; this the whole Wood conceals,
And gloomie Shadows hide in duskie Vales.
To viſit Parts below, all are reſtrain'd,
Until the Bough with Golden Leaves is gain'd.
This the fair Queen of Everlaſting Night
Expects to be preſented as her Right.
Where this is pluck'd, another ſtraight will ſhine,
And a Bough flouriſh with a Golden Mine.
Then ſearch with care, and when the Branch you find,
Take gently down: If Fate hath thee deſign'd
As ſoon as touch'd, 'twill ſlip into thy Hand;
Elſe all your Strength, and ſharpeſt Steel withſtand.
Beſides. ah! thou not know'ſt it, all this while
Thy Friend's pale Corps the Navy doth defile,
Whilſt thou ſtay'ſt here, inquiring Fates to come.
Firſt him remove, and with due Rites Intomb;
Then with † Black Sheep prime Expiations pay,
So thou at laſt may'ſt *Stygian* Groves ſurvey,
And Kingdoms to the Living ne're reveal'd.
Thus having ſaid, her Lips deep Silence ſeal'd.
From thence, with ſad Looks, and a heavy Heart,
Revolving Fates, *Æneas* did depart:
With him his truſty Friend *Achates* goes,
With equal Steps dividing equal Woes.
In various Talk, many Conjectures come,
What Friend lay dead, what Corps they muſt intomb:

But as they went, on the dry Shore they found
Miſenus, moſt unfortunately drown'd.
None like *Miſenus*, in the Bloody Fight,
Sounded a Trumpet, Courage to incite.
This *Hector*'s Friend in Battel would advance,
Uſing his cheering Braſs and dreadful Lance;
But after *Hector* by *Achilles* fell,
This *Heroe*, that in Valour did excel,
Himſelf Companion to *Æneas* joyn'd,
Who nothing was in Feats of War behind:
But whilſt he ſounded Levits near the Floods,
And a fond Mortal challeng'd Demi-gods,
Him emulous *Triton*, if the Fame be true,
Amongſt the Rocks in foamie Billows threw.
Therefore all round about lamenting ſtand,
But moſt the Prince: Then *Sibyls* laſt Command
Weeping they haſte, and with heap'd Wood they toil,
Above the Stars to raiſe his Funeral Pile.
They cut down ancient Woods, Wild Beaſts Aboads;
Elms ring with Axes, Fir-trees fall in Loads,
Aſh, and hard Oke they cleave, and from the tall
Mountains, whole Woods of ſtately Cedars fall;
Haſting the Work, *Æneas* leads the way,
And, his Friends cheering, us'd ſuch Arms as they;
And as the ſhadie Coverts he ſurvay'd,
Thus to himſelf, brimful of ſorrow, ſaid:
Ah! could I in this ſpacious Foreſt now
The Tree diſcover with the Golden Bough!
Since what the Propheteſs concerning thee,
Miſenus, ſaid, alas! too true I ſee.

Scarce

Scarce ſaid, two [aa] Doves from Heav'ns etherial Round
Stooping, light gently on the verdant Ground,
Cloſe by *Æneas*: He his Mothers Birds
Knew, and, rejoycing, courted in theſe Words;
Oh! be my Guide, if there be any Tract,
And to the Grove through Heav'n my Courſe direct,
Where Golden Branches ſhade a fertile Vale:
Nor in this exigence, bleſt Mother, fail.
This ſaid, they roſe; he with a piercing Eye
Watch'd for a Sign, and whither they would fly:
But [bb] feeding, on the Birds no farther flew,
Than a quick-ſighted Follower may view.
Thence when they reacht *Avernus* noiſom Lake,
A higher and a ſwifter Flight they make,
Where on [cc] deſired Boughs they perch, whence Rays
Through Branches of diſcolour'd Gold diſplays.
As in the Woods oft-times a Tree will grow
Freſh in cold Winter, green with Miſletoe,
And a new Leaf, not from her own Sap, ſhoots,
Embracing the ſmooth Bole with bluſhing Fruits;
So, from the ſhady Elm, the Branches ſhin'd,
The Spangles gingling with the gentle Wind.
The unwilling Branch ſtraight down *Æneas* tore,
And to the Propheteſs *Sibylla* bore.

No leſs, mean while, *Trojans Miſenus* mourn,
And his ſad Duſt with Funeral Rites adorn;
Firſt a huge Pile of ſappy Pine th' erect,
And cloven Oke, with ſable Branches deckt;
About the ſides they mournful Cypreſs place,
And with his ſhining Arms the Structure grace.

Some [ee] Water warm, the boyling Caldron ſwims,
They groan, then [ff] bathe, & [gg] 'noint his frigid Limbs;
Lamenting, on the Bier they lay the Dead,
And over him his [hh] Purple Garment ſpread:
Some, a ſad Office, raiſe the ponderous [ii] Hearſe,
And, as the ancient Uſe, Faces reverſe,
Hold to the [kk] Torch; full [ll] Bowls of Oil they turn,
And [mm] Gifts of Frankincenſe congeſted burn:
After the Aſhes fell, and Flames decline,
The [nn] Relicks, and dry Sparks, they quench in Wine;
Corineus did his [oo] Bones in Braſs incloſe,
And [pp] thrice about with Holy Water goes,
[qq] Purging his Friends, which ſprinklingly he caſt
From happy Olive-boughs, then ſaid his laſt.
But Prince *Æneas* [rr] a huge Tomb did raiſe,
On which his Arms, his Oar, and Trumpet lays,
Under a [ff] mighty Hill, which now they call
From him *Miſenus*, and for ever ſhall.
This done, he did *Sibyl*'s Commands diſpatch.
There was a deep Cave with a wond'rous breach,
Which a foul Lake, and horrid Groves immure,
O're which not ſwifteſt Fowl could fly ſecure,
Such noiſom Vapors from foul Jaws exhale;
From whence the *Greeks* the Place [tt] *Avernus* call.
Here four black Steers the Prieſteſs firſt prepares,
[uu] Wine pouring on their Brows, then [xx] plucking Hairs
Which ranker grew betwixt their Horns, ſhe laid
On ſacred Flames, and the firſt Offering paid,
Hecate calling, great in Heaven and Hell.
Some ſave in [yy] Bowls warm [zz] Blood, that ſtreaming (fell;

A black-fleec'd Lamb [1] Pious *Æneas* ſlew,
The Furies Mother, and great Siſters Due;
A [2] barren Cow, thee, *Proſerpine*, he paid,
And for Hells King [3] Nocturnal Altars made;
Then did on tow'ry Flames whole [4] Oxen broyl,
Pouring on ſcorched Entrails pureſt Oyl.
But here behold! juſt at the Riſing Sun
The Earth did groan, and gloomy Groves begun
To move from lofty Seats, Dogs howl in Shade,
As the [5] pale Goddeſs her Approaches made.
[6] Far, O far off from hence be all prophane,
The Prieſteſs cries, and from the Grove abſtain;
And thou, *Æneas*, [7] draw thy Sword, and go,
Now uſe thy Courage, and great Valour ſhew.
This ſaid, down in the Cave ſhe boldly leaps,
As faſt he follows with undaunted ſteps.
You Gods, that Souls and ſilent Shades command,
Hell, *Chaos*, and that miſerable Land,
Grant that I may diſcover under Ground,
Wonders, in deep and utter Darkneſs drown'd.
Through ſolitary Night, through [8] Shades they go,
Through *Pluto's* [9] empty Courts, and ſeats of Woe.
Like one in Woods, that glimmering Beams receives,
The [10] New Moon ſprinkles through diſturbed Leaves,
When *Jove* hides Heav'n in Clouds, and ſullen Night
Makes no diſtinction betwixt Black and White.
Juſt in the Gates and horrid Jaws of Hell,
Sorrow, and Fear, and pale Diſeaſes dwell,
Revenging Cares, and diſcontented Age,
Invincible Neceſſity, and Rage;

Labor, and Death, and Sleep, to Death a-kin,
Then all the falſe Delights of deadly Sin,
Terrible Forms, Diſcord, and bloody Wars
On th' other ſide lay, broaching ſtill new Jars;
The Furies there their Iron [11] Couches found,
Their Viperous Hair with bloody Ribbands bound.
Juſt in the midſt an ancient Elm diſplay'd
Extended Branches, with a gloomie ſhade,
Where idle Dreams repoſe (as Stories tell)
And under every Leaf in Cluſters dwell:
Then ſeveral kinds of monſtrous Shapes appear;
There *Scylla* ſtood, the [12] *Centaurs* ſtabled there;
[13] *Briareus* fencing with a hundred Hands,
By [14] *Lernian Hydra*, fiercely hiſſing, ſtands;
Gorgons, and *Harpies*, belching dreadful Flame,
[15] *Chimæra* up, with triple [16] *Geryon* came.
Æneas draws, ſurpriz'd with ſudden fear,
Offering the dreadful Point to them drew neer;
But that his Learn'd Aſſociate him perſuades,
They were but [17] fleetiug and fantaſtick Shades,
In vain he had attempted Ghoſts to wound.
Hence led the Way to th' [18] *Acherontick* Sound:
With a vaſt Gulph here Whirl-pits vext with Mud
Caſt boyling Sands up from the *Stygian* Flood.
The Ferry-man of Hell, foul *Charon*, keeps
Theſe horrid Waters, and Infernal Deeps;
His untrimm'd Cheeks are rough with hoarie Hair,
Elf-lock'd his Beard, his fiery Eyes do ſtare;
Ti'd o're his Shoulders, hangs a ſordid Coat;
Whoſe Pole, and Sails, drive on his crazie Boat,

Laden

Laden with Paſſengers; though old, the God
Is youthful ſtill, his Veins ſtill full of Blood.
To theſe ſad Banks, Old, Young, both Rich and Poor,
Haſte in confuſed Throngs; upon this Shore,
Matrons and Men, lamenting Babes remain,
'Mongſt valiant Kings, in bloody Battel ſlain,
With beauteous Virgins, and brave Youth, that were
Laid, in their Parents preſence, on the Bier.
No thicker Leaves in Woods thou maiſt behold
Fall from their Trees, nipt with Autumnal Cold;
No thicker Fowl from th' Ocean flock, whom Froſts
From Winter-quarters drive to warmer Coaſts.
With [19] rear'd-up Hands, they earneſtly implore
For Tranſportation to the farther Shore:
But churliſh *Charon* culls his Freight, then beats
The reſt, lamenting, to remoter Seats.
Here Prince *Æneas*, much admiring, ſpake;
What means this Concourſe, Virgin, to the Lake?
What would theſe Souls? Why leave they thus theſe ſhores
Why thoſe roll ſable waves with yielding oars?
Then thus the long-liv'd Prieſteſs ſtraight replies:
Anchiſes Son, and ſprung from Deities,
Thou *Styx* behold'ſt, and deep *Cocytus* now,
By whom Gods [20] ſwearing, dare not break their Vow.
Thoſe woful Souls [21] thou ſeeſt, are not interr'd;
That's *Charon*, thoſe he wafts are Sepulcher'd.
None are tranſported o're theſe horrid Waves,
Until their Bones find quiet in their Graves.
[22] A hundred Years they on theſe Shores remain,
At laſt their long-expected Paſſage gain.

The

The Prince at this no further did advance,
And full of Thoughts, pittying their ſad Miſchance,
Leucaſpes and *Orontes* there he ſpies,
The *Lycian* Captain, wanting Obſequies;
Drown'd by a Tempeſt, as from *Troy* they ſtood,
Both Men and Veſſels ſwallow'd in the Flood.
Behold! ſad *Palinurus* then appear'd,
Who, whilſt by Stars he *Lybick* Courſes ſteer'd,
Tumbled 'mongſt Billows, from the lofty Stern.
Him, when he could in ſo much ſhade diſcern,
He thus beſpake; Ah! which of all the Gods
Snatch'd thee from us, & ſwallow'd 'midſt the Floods?
Say; for Great *Phœbus* ne're deluded me,
But onely in my Hopes concerning thee.
He ſung, Thou ſafe ſhould'ſt on *Auſonia* land:
What! muſt we thus his Promiſe underſtand?
When he reply'd; Great *Trojan* Prince, the God
Not thee deceiv'd, nor drown'd me in the Flood;
For the torn Rudder graſping with much force,
As to my Charge I ſtuck, and ſteer'd my Courſe,
With it I fell: By the rough Seas I ſwear,
Not for my ſelf conceiv'd I ſo much fear,
But that the Maſter wanting at the Helm,
Such threatning Waves thy Ship might overwhelm.
Three tedious Nights on ſwelling Billows born
By furious Winds, I *Italy* next Morn
Saw from an o're-grown Sea; thither I ſwam,
And by degrees to ſuppos'd ſafety came:
When cruel People me with Arms beſet,
Laden with dropping Weeds, lab'ring to get

Up

Up by the Cliffs, and ſlew, in hope of Prey:
Winds roll my Body now to Shore from Sea.
By Heavens more joyful Light, thee I require,
And by thy hopeful Son, and happy Sire,
Take me from hence, or [24] Earth upon me lay;
Soon thou maiſt find my Corps in [25] *Velin*'s Bay.
Or if to thee thy Heavenly Mother give
Aſſiſtance, (Neither com'ſt thou, I believe,
To paſs ſuch dreadful Streams, and *Stygian* Floods,
Without Commiſſion from Immortal Gods.)
Pitty a Wretch, and leave me not behind,
That I in Death at laſt may quiet find.
This ſaid, the Prieſteſs thus replies again:
Why, *Palinurus*, mak'ſt thou Sutes ſo vain?
Would'ſt thou, unburied, paſs the *Stygian* Lake,
And without Licenſe theſe ſad Shores forſake?
Never believe the Fates will hear ſuch Pray'rs:
But let this Comfort mitigate thy Cares;
The neigh'bring Cities ſhall thy Bones interr,
And, mov'd by *Omens*, build thy Sepulcher;
Then at thy Tomb pay yearly Rites, and ſhall
The Place for ever *Palinurus* call.
Theſe Words infeſting Sorrow overcame,
Proud that a Country now ſhould bear his Name.
Then on they went, and to the Stream drew nigh.
As *Charon* theſe from *Stygian* VVaves did ſpie
Through ſad Groves bending to the diſmal Flood,
Thus rudely he begins, and threatning ſtood. (Streams,
[26] Whoe're thou art that arm'd draw'ſt near our
Thy Buſineſs tell: This is the Place of Dreams,

Of

Of [27] Shades, and drowſie Night: depart; nor can
My *Stygian* Boat tranſport a Living Man;
Nor was I proud to carry o're theſe Seas
Theſeus, *Perithous*, nor bold *Hercules*,
Though ſprung from Gods, and ſtill with Conqueſt
In Chains [28] *Alcides* our great Porter bound, (crown'd;
And, trembling, him from the King's Palace led:
Theſe Hell's fair Queen pull'd from black *Pluto*'s Bed.
Then briefly thus th' *Amphryſian* Prieſteſs ſaid:
This Prince hath no ſuch Plot, be not diſmay'd,
The Arms he bears are not to hurt, but ſave.
Let Hell's huge Porter, kennell'd in his Cave,
Barking, pale Souls eternally affright;
Let *Proſerpine* her Uncles Court delight.
This Prince, for Arms and Piety renown'd,
Would to his Father paſs the *Stygian* Sound.
If no Example of ſuch Duty thou
Regard at all, take notice of this Bough,
(Shewing the Branch conceal'd within her Breaſt.)
Then ſwelling Paſſion leaves his troubled Breaſt:
Nor more he ſaid, admiring what excell'd,
That fatal Bough, after long time beheld;
Then turns his Barque, and to the Shores drew nigh:
Thence driving other Souls, which ſate cloſe by,
His Hatches open'd, he receives his Freight.
Th' old [29] Veſſel groans with great *Æneas* weight,
And leakie, freely drinks the *Stygian* Flood.
The Prince and Propheteſs, from ſlimie Mud,
And ſable Ruſhes clear'd, at laſt he bore,
Setting in ſafety on the other Shore.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd in his Kennel, monſtrous *Cerberus*, round
From triple Jaws makes all theſe Realms reſound.
But when the Prieſteſs on his Neck eſpy'd
The Serpents bruſſle, ſhe a Morſel, fry'd
VVith Drugs and Honey, caſt; he ſwallows ſtraight,
VVith three devouring Mouths, the drowſie Bait:
Then on the Ground at his whole length he lies,
Meaſuring his Kennel with his mighty ſize.
Æneas paſs'd, whilſt *Cerberus* ſlept, and leaves
The Shores of irrenavigable VVaves.
VVhen ſtraight they heard the Souls of Infants cry,
VVhich, loud complaining, in Hell's entrance lie,
VVhom a [30] ſad Day depriv'd of Vital Breath,
And wean'd from ſweeteſt Teats with bitter Death.
Next, thoſe that dy'd falſly condemned, dwell.
Nor without [31] order take they place in Hell;
A ſilent Council cruel *Minos* calls,
And Lives examines of the Criminals.
Next after theſe, thoſe wretched Ghoſts remain,
VVho, weary of the VVorld, themſelves had ſlain,
Caſting away their Souls; Life to procure,
They Poverty and Labor would endure:
But Fate denies, and the moſt dreadful Sound
Binds in, and [32] *Styx* nine times incircles round.
Not far from this, open'd a ſpacious VVild,
VVhoſe diſmal Plains were [33] *Fields of Sorrow* ſtil'd:
Here thoſe whom Love's dire Cruelty had ſlain,
In VValks, [34] conceal'd with Myrtle Groves, remain;
Nor quiet Death concludes their torturing Care.
Here jealous [35] *Procris*, and ſad [36] *Phædra* were;

[37] *Eriphyle*

[37] *Eriphyle* mourning, here *Æneas* found,
Shewing her cruel Off-ſprings deadly VVound;
'Mongſt theſe *Paſiphae* and [38] *Evadne* goes,
With [39] *Laodamia*, reck'ning up their VVoes;
[40] *Cæneus*, now a Woman, once a Man,
Reſtor'd by Fate to her firſt Sex again.
Dido amongſt theſe Lovers wandred round
The ſpacious Grove, with a freſh bleeding Wound;
As ſoon as near the *Trojan Heroe* drew,
Her through the dark obſcuring Shade he knew;
(As one who ſees, or thinks he ſaw the Moon,
VVhich Clouds diſcover, and conceal as ſoon)
Then from his Eyes a Briny Torrent breaks,
And, in ſweet Language courting her, thus ſpeaks.
That News, ah hapleſs *Dido*! is too true,
Thou didſt thy Hands with thy own Blood imbrue.
I was the Cauſe, the Cauſe of thy ſad Death.
Both by the Gods and Stars I vow, and Faith,
If any is below, I did depart
From thee, beſt Princeſs, with a bleeding Heart:
But me the Gods inforc'd (who now compell
To ſee theſe Shades, ſad Seats, and diſmal Hell)
To leave thy Realm: Nor did I e're ſuppoſe
My abſence could have wrought ſo many VVoes.
O ſtay, O turn: VVhom fly'ſt thou? Here to thee
I utter my laſt VVords by Fates Decree.
Thus did *Æneas* eaſe his burthened Soul,
Whilſt down his Cheeks the briny Billows roul.
She, diſcontented, caſting down her Eyes,
Did not his moving Oratory prize,

But

But like [41] *Marpeſian* Rock or Pillar ſtood,
Then flies to ſhelter in the ſhadie VVood:
There to her former Husband ſhe repairs,
VVho meets her Love, and comforts her in Cares.
Æneas no leſs ſtrucken with theſe VVoes,
Follows with Tears, lamenting as he goes.
Then [42] bord'ring Confines of thoſe Plains they found,
Poſſeſs'd by Valiant Souls, in VVar renown'd;
Tydeus and bold [43] *Parthenopeus* here,
VVith pale [44] *Adraſtus* Shade, did firſt appear;
Then many *Trojans*, in that long VVar ſlain,
So much above lamented, in a Train;
[45] *Glaucus*, [46] *Medon*, *Therſilochus* he ſpies,
And th' [47] *Antenorides*, with weeping Eyes;
Then *Polybetes*, *Ceres* Prieſt, and there
[48] *Idæus* in his Chariot bore a Spear.
Now from all Quarters Souls about him drew;
'Tis not ſufficient once their Friend to view;
They ſtay, and talk, inquiſitive to know
VVhat Buſineſs brought him to theſe Shades below.
But *Greek* Commanders, and the *Grecian* Band,
A Man in bright Arms viewing, frighted, ſtand
Trembling with Fear; but ſome, as in times paſt,
To their Fleet, routed, in diſorder haſte;
VVhilſt others, gaping, raiſe a feeble Cry,
Aud in the Birth th' abortive Voices die.
Here *Priam*'s Son, [49] *Deiphobus*, he found,
Mangled all o're, his Face one entire VVound;
His Face, and Hands, his Ears cut off, and Noſe,
A lamentable Apparition ſhews.

Soon

Soon as he knew him, crouching, and diſmay'd,
Covering dire Puniſhments, he pittying, ſaid;
Deiphobus, Great *Teucer*'s Royal Seed,
VVhat barbarous Monſter could ſo vile a Deed?
Could Men in ſuch Immanity delight?
It was reported, thou that diſmal Night,
VVith mighty Slaughter of the *Grecians* tir'd,
On a confuſed heap of Corps expir'd:
I rear'd thy Tomb upon the *Rhætian* Shore,
And did thy *Manes* [50] thrice aloud implore;
[51] There are thy Arms and Name; thee, not being found,
I could not lay, dear Friend, in Native Ground.
Then he reply'd; Thou didſt, my neareſt Friend,
My Funeral Rites and Obſequies attend:
But my own Fate, and falſe [52] VVife, ſent me here;
I, as Love-tokens, theſe her Favors wear.
For, as thou know'ſt, we paſs'd with fond Delight,
Never to be forgot, that laſt [53] ſad Night,
VVhen through high *Troy* that fatal Horſe did come,
Bearing an Army in his pregnant Womb:
Then ſhe, pretending Piety, advanc'd
VVith *Phrygian* Dames, and [54] *Bacchanalia*'s Danc'd,
Bearing a blazing Torch amidſt the Rites,
The *Grecians* from a lofty Tower invites.
Drowſie with Sleep, and wearied out with VVoes,
In my unhappy Bed I took Repoſe;
VVhen deep and pleaſant Sleep my Soul poſſeſt,
Like the ſweet Quiet of Eternal Reſt.
Out of my Chamber then all Arms ſhe laid,
And from my Head my [55] truſty Sword convey'd;

Open

Opens the Gates, lets *Menelaus* in,
Expecting thus his long-loſt Love to win;
And, by ſo great a piece of Service, gain
An Expiation from all former ſtain.
Brief, they broke in, with whom *Ulyſſes* joyns,
That curſt Contriver of all dire Deſigns.
Ah! may the Gods ſuch Cruelty repay,
If for the *Greeks* with Pious Lips I pray.
But what ſtrange Fortune brought thee here alive?
Did ſome Miſtake in Navigation drive?
What was the Cauſe? Or by the Gods Commands
Com'ſt thou to dark and miſerable Lands?
By this the [56] Golden Chariot of the Sun
Cœleſtial Stages to High-noon had run;
Their whole time thus there they had talking ſtaid,
When briefly *Sibyl*, thus adviſing, ſaid:
Night haſtes, Great Prince, & Hours in weeping glide;
This is the Place where the two Ways divide:
The right, which to great *Pluto*'s Palace bends,
Leads to *Elyſium*; but the left deſcends
Unto the Land of Torments, impious Hell,
Where tortur'd Souls in utter Darkneſs dwell.
Great Prieſteſs, be not mov'd, *Deiphobus* ſaid,
I ſtraight ſhall fill the number of the Dead.
Go on, our Glory, go with better Fates:
And whilſt he ſpake, to ſhadie Groves retreats.
Under a left-hand [57] Rock the Prince now ſpy'd
Vaſt Walls, with triple Trenches fortifi'd,
Which *Phlegeton* with flaming Waves ſurrounds,
Whoſe furious ſtream 'gainſt thund'ring cliffs reſounds.

Th' inchanted Gates were wndrous large, and ſtrong,
Which on huge [58] Adamantine Pillars hung;
No ſtrength of Men, nor Steel, nor Gods, hath power
This to deſtroy; high ſtands the Brazen Tower.
Girt in a bloody Robe, *Tiſiphon* keeps
The Paſſage Night and Day, and never ſleeps:
Here cruel Stripes reſound, and groaning Pains,
Claſhing of Steel, and ratling mighty Chains.
Much troubled at the Noiſe, *Æneas* ſaid,
What lamentable Shrieks my Ears invade?
How are they tortur'd? whence thoſe hideous Cries?
Virgin, relate, he ſaid. Then ſhe replies;
Great *Trojan* Prince, no Soul that's innocent
Over theſe [59] impious Threſholds ever went:
When *Hecate* on me this Place beſtow'd,
She all theſe Parts, and Seats of Torture ſhew'd.
O're theſe ſad Realms ſtern [60] *Rhadamanthus* Reigns;
He hears, then judging, Criminals conſtrains
Their ſecreteſt Offences to declare,
Crimes at their laſt Hour unrepented were.
Cruel *Tiſiphone* inſulting, ſhakes
Her dreadful Whip, and arm'd with twiſted Snakes
In her left Hand, ſtraight on the Guilty falls,
And Troops of unrelenting Furies calls.
On groaning Hinges then th' inchanted Gates
Wide open fly. Seeſt thou that Porter waits
In th' Entrance there? what Monſter keeps the Door?
Hydra, with fifty ugly Jaws: One more
Cruel than this by far, within doth dwell,
Whence two ſteep ways lead headlong down to Hell.

So

So far it doth beneath Earth's Surface lie,
As tall *Olympus* thrusts into the Skie.
Here young [61] *Titanians* be, Earth's ancient Race,
With Thunder sunk down to the lowest place;
Here I the two [62] *Aloides* beheld,
Whose mighty Size all Fictions far excell'd:
These, though but Mortals, storm'd high Heav'n, and strove
To drive from his Cœlestial Kingdoms *Jove*.
I saw [63] *Salmoneus* as he tortur'd sate,
Who Lightning could, and Thunder imitate;
Brandishing Flames, he in a Chariot rode
Through *Greece* in Triumph, honor'd like a God,
And did inimitable Fire and Rain,
With Brass, and speed of Horn-hooft Horses, feign:
But through the Clouds at him great *Jove* did aim
A Thunder-bolt, pointed with piercing Flame;
Not with slight Squibs or Crackers on him fell,
But with a Whirlwind tumbled him to Hell.
Th' All-parent Earths huge Off-spring I beheld,
[64] *Tityus*, whose Body nine whole Acres fill'd;
Where a huge Vulture, with a crooked Bill,
Lies tearing his immortal Liver still,
And, Dainties searching, dwells upon his Breast,
Nor grants to his renewing Bowels rest.
Should I the *Lapithes* dire Seats make known,
[65] *Ixion*, and *Pirithous*? A huge Stone,
Ready to drop, hangs o're their frighted Heads:
On [66] Golden Feet stand high and [67] Genial Beds,
And Boards before them, fill'd with Princely Cates;
But neer the greatest of the Furies waits,

Who brandiſhing a Torch, ſtarts from her Seat,
And thund'ring in their Face, forbids to eat.
Here Brother-haters are with Pains repaid,
Who ſlew their Parents, or their [68] Friends betray'd,
Or brooding lay on Golden Heaps alone,
Theſe thouſands are, which did impart to none;
Thoſe in Adultery ſlain, or thoſe [69] rebell,
And did their *Native Prince to Traytors ſell*,
Here meet their Dooms: Seek not theſe woes to ſound,
Nor by what way Fate did their Souls confound.
Theſe roll huge Stones,& ſtretch'd on [70] Wheels do lie;
There [71] *Theſeus* ſits, and ſhall eternally;
Aloud through Shades ſad [72] *Phlegyas* mourning, cries,
Admoniſh'd, [73] Juſtice learn, nor Gods deſpiſe.
This to a Potent Prince his Country [74] ſold,
And [75] Laws enacted, and repeal'd, for Gold;
That Beds his Daughter, and no Inceſt ſpar'd:
All dar'd bold Crimes, and thriv'd in what they dar'd.
Had I a hundred Mouths, as many Tongues,
A Voice of Iron, inſpir'd with Brazen Lungs,
I could not all their ſeveral Crimes declare,
Nor the variety of Tortures there.
When *Phœbus* long-liv'd Prieſteſs thus had ſaid,
Go on, ſhe bids, no time ſhould be delay'd,
And now our promis'd Gift we muſt preſent;
I ſee *Cyclopean* Walls of vaſt extent,
And mighty Gates, with ſtately Arches, where
We are commanded the rich Bough to bear.
Then through dark Ways they went with equal pace,
The mid-path taking, and approach the Place.

Æneas,

Æneas, purg'd with [76] Water, enters now,
And fix'd on gloomy Gates the Golden Bough.
This done, they came to Seats of Joy and Reſt,
Groves, happy Manſions of the Ever-bleſt,
Which larger Skies clothe with a Purple Grey,
New Stars attending their [77] own God of Day.
Some, in green Meads, their time in wreſtling ſpend,
And gallantly on Golden Sand contend:
Some graceful Footing with a Song preſent.
In a [78] long Robe the *Thracian* Poet went,
On [79] ſeven ſweet Strings deſcanting ſacred Lays,
His Hand now ſtrikes, his [80] Ivory Quill now plays.
Here *Teucer*'s ancient and fair Race appears,
Magnanimous *Heroes*, born in better Years,
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, and who built *Troy*'s Spires;
Their Arms, and empty Chariots he admires;
Their ſpears ſtuck down, their Steeds about the ground
At pleaſure fed; what happineſs they found
In Arms, or Chariots, or brave Horſe, alive,
That Pleaſure under Earth did ſtill ſurvive.
Others he ſaw on each ſide Banquetting,
Then in a ſolemn Dance glad [81] *Pæans* ſing,
Shaded with ſweeteſt Laurel, through whoſe Woods,
[82] *Eridanus* riſing, rolls his ſwelling Floods.
Here thoſe that fighting for their Gountry dy'd,
And Prieſts, that whilſt they liv'd were chaſt, reſide,
With Divine Poets who lov'd *Phœbus* beſt,
Or did b' invented Arts Man's Life aſſiſt,
And others in their Memory renown'd,
Their Temples all with ſnow-white Garlands crown'd.

When *Sibyl* thus to thoſe about her ſpake,
Addreſſing to *Muſæus*, who did take
Place in the midſt, and taller than the reſt:
Say, bleſſed Souls, and thou of Poets beſt,
Where is *Anchiſes* Seat? To him we come,
And o're *Cocytus* diſmal Billows ſwum.
To whom the *Heroe* thus in brief reply'd;
We have no certain Places, but reſide
On Beds of Graſs, and walk in 83 ſhadie Woods,
And Meadows ever green with Cryſtal Floods:
But if you pleaſe to ſcale this riſing Brow,
I ſhall the neareſt way and certain'ſt ſhew.
This ſaid, he leading, they the Bank aſcend,
Where glorious Fields they view, to which they bend.
But old *Anchiſes* ſought with ſpecial care
Souls which in pleaſant Vales confined were,
Ready to view once more Ætherial Skies,
Where he by chance his own dear Off-ſpring ſpies,
Then takes recogniſance of their numerous ſwarms,
Their Fates, their Fortunes, Manners, Wealth, & Arms.
As towards him he ſaw *Æneas* bend,
He both his Hands did earneſtly extend;
Then bathing of his Cheeks with Tears, he ſaid,
Ah! art thou come? Thy Piety hath made
Eaſie the way: Son, have I leave to ſee
Thy Face, and freely to diſcourſe with thee?
So I did, calculating Seaſons, look
Juſt for thee now; nor hath my Care miſtook.
From what ſtrange Lands, through vaſt Seas, haſt thou run,
That I enjoy thee now once more, dear Son?

What

What Perils haſt thou paſt? How did I fear
Danger in *Libya*, whilſt thou linger'dſt there?
Then he reply'd; Bleſt Father, thy pale Shade,
To ſeek thee here, oft ſtrict Injunctions laid.
On *Tyrrhen* Shores the Navy rides: Oh, grace
Me with thy Hand, nor fly from my Embrace.
Then down his Cheeks a briny Deluge roll'd:
His Neck three times he labor'd to infold,
And thrice the Shadow ſwift evaſion finds,
Like flying Viſions, or more nimble Winds.
When in a winding Vale *Æneas* ſees
A ſecret Grove, Woods, and reſounding Trees,
And pleaſant Seats, which *Lethe* water'd: Here
A World of various Nations did appear
As thick as Bees, when they in Meadows cling
To various Flow'rs, and rifle all the Spring,
And ſilver Lilies are beleaguer'd round,
Whilſt with mixt Murmurs all the Plains reſound.
Æneas at the Wonder ſtruck with Fear,
Inquires the Cauſe, and what thoſe Waters were,
Or why ſo many Perſons on each ſide
Did fill the Banks? *Anchiſes* then reply'd;
Souls that muſt take new ſhapes, at *Lethe*'s Brink,
Quaff ſecure Draughts, and long Oblivion drink:
Secrets of Fate now I deſire to ſhew,
That thou our numerous Progeny maiſt know,
By which thou maiſt build greater Hopes, and more,
Landing at laſt on *Latium*'s fertile Shore.
Sir, muſt pure Souls review Ætherial Air,
And to ſlow Bodies once again repair?

Why have the Wretches ſuch a dire delight?
Then thus *Anchiſes* ſaid; I ſhall recite
(Nor will I hold thee in ſuſpenſe, dear Son)
Each Circumſtance; ſo went in order on.
From firſt, Earth, Seas, & Heav'ns all-ſpangled Robe,
The golden Stars, and *Phœbes* ſilver Globe,
A Spirit fed, and to Maſs conjoyn'd,
Inſpiring the vaſt Body with a Mind.
Hence Men, and Beaſts, and Birds derive their ſtrain,
And Monſters floating in the Marble Main:
Theſe Seeds have fiery vigour, and a Birth
Of Heavenly Race, but clogg'd with heavy Earth,
Our dying Bodies, and dull Limbs annoy;
From hence they fear, deſire, they grieve, and joy;
Nor more they mind their high Deſcent, when they
Impriſon'd lie in a dark Houſe of Clay:
But when an end of pleaſant Life they make,
Not all Corporeal Puniſhments forſake
The Wretches; for 'tis juſt to cleanſe, with Pains,
Their wondrous and their long-contracted Stains:
There, for old Crimes, they ſeveral Tortures find;
Some hang a ſport to every idle Wind,
Others vaſt Billows purge, ſome fry in Fire;
All [84] puniſh'd for themſelves: ſome few retire
To great *Elyſium* then, and happy Plains,
Till ancient time obliterate their Stains,
Leaving a Fire cleans'd from all Earthly ſenſe,
A pure Ætherial Intelligence.
All theſe, a thouſand Years being finiſh'd, God
Calls in great Troops to the *Lethæan* Flood,

That

That they forgetting, may Heavens Convex view,
And act Old Parts again in Bodies New.
Anchiſes then, his Son and Her, this ſaid,
'Mongſt buſie Troops and noiſeful Troops convay'd;
Then takes a Hill, from whence they might diſcern
Their March, their Order, and their Perſons learn.
I'll ſhew thee now our glorious *Dardan* Strain,
Whoſe mighty Off-ſpring muſt o're *Latium* Reign,
Illuſtrious Souls, that will our Sir-name bear;
In brief, I ſhall thy Deſtiny declare.
Seeſt thou that Youth, that leans upon his Lance?
He firſt muſt to Ætherial Air advance;
Sylvius, an *Alban* Name, thy [85] Poſthume Race,
Sprung from *Italian* Blood, next takes his place;
To thee, then old, him thy *Lavinia* brings
Forth in the Woods, a King, and Sire of Kings;
From whom our Race ſhall long in *Alba* Reign.
Next, [86] *Procas*, th' Honor of the *Dardan* Strain,
Capys, and *Numitor*, then *Sylvius*, he
Sylvius Æneas ſhall be ſtil'd from thee;
Like Piety and Arms ſhall him renown,
When he in *Alba* ſhall enjoy the Crown.
What mighty ſtrength theſe young Men ſhew, behold!
But Civil [87] Wreaths their Temples muſt enfold.
Theſe [88] *Gabii* ſhall, [89] *Noment*, and [90] *Fiden* found,
And [91] *Collatine* Tow'rs erect on riſing Ground,
[92] *Pometia*, [93] *Inui*, [94] *Bola*, [95] *Cora* plant,
Such ſhall their Names be, though now Names they want.
And next great [96] *Romulus* to his Grandſire joyns,
Whoſe Mother *Ilia* ſprung from *Teucer*'s Loyns:

Seeſt

Seeſt thou two Creſts ſhine on his ſtately Crown?
This *Jove* himſelf ſhall honour as his own;
By this Man's *Auſpice*, Son, great *Rome* ſhall riſe,
Queen of the World, and Rival of the Skies;
He ſhall ſeven Hills with one huge Wall ſurround,
Happy with Men in Peace and War renown'd.
As *Berecynthia*, crown'd with Turrets, rides
In ſtate through *Phrygian* Cities, by her ſides
A hundred Nephews, Off-ſprings of the Gods,
All Heav'nſ Inhabitants, all in high Aboads.
But hither turn thy Eyes, this Nation ſee,
Here *Cæſar* comes, and theſe thy *Romans* be;
Now all *Aſcanius* Progeny ariſe,
Under the mighty Axe ſupports the Skies.
There, there's the Prince, oft promis'd us before,
Divine *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who once more
Shall Golden Days bring to th' *Auſonian* Land,
Kingdoms of old King *Saturn* did command,
And ſhall his Power to *India* extend,
Beyond the Annual Circle, and beyond
The Sun's long Progreſs, where great *Atlas* bears,
Laden with Golden Stars, the glittering Spheres:
At his Approach Heaven's Oracles will ſhake
The *Caſpian* Realms, and the *Mæotick* Lake;
Nile in ſeven Channels ſhall amazed ſtand:
Nor did *Alcides* progreſs ſo much Land,
Though he the [97] Hart and [98] Boar did overthrow,
And *Lernian Hydra* trembled at his Bow;
Nor *Bacchus*, who with Vinie Reins came down,
Driving fierce Tygers from tall [99] *Nyſa*'s Crown.

Doubt

Doubt we to raiſe our Glory then? Shall we
Deſpair to plant our ſelves in *Italy*?
What's he, with Olive crown'd, does Offerings bring?
The [100] Silver Treſſes of the *Roman* King,
And hoary Chin, I know; he firſt ſhall come,
From a mean People, to eſtabliſh *Rome*,
With Rites and Laws, and, from a barren Land
Invited, muſt receive a great Command;
[101] *Tullus* ſucceeds, who ſhall from ſlothful Farms
Rouſe idle Men, and exerciſe in Arms (Arch,
Troops, knowing no Triumphs yet. To Heav'ns bright
Next him, behold vain-glorious [102] *Ancus* march,
Now alſo, now too much with Popular Grace
Delighted. Wilt thou ſee the [103] *Tarquin* Race?
And the revenging [104] *Brutus* haughty Soul?
His [105] *Faſces* born before him to the Pole:
He firſt the *Conſul*'s Dignity ſhall take,
And o're his Sons the cruel *Axes* ſhake,
For ſpecious Liberty, and to Judgment bring,
Becauſe they rais'd new War for their old King:
Although Poſterity the Fact may blame,
It was thy Country's love, and thirſt of Fame.
The [106] *Decii*, [107] *Druſi*, ſtern [108] *Torquatus* ſee,
[109] *Camillus* bringing Gold and Victory.
But thoſe behold, which ſhine in equal Arms,
Concording Souls, whilſt Night their Spirits charms:
Ah! when they live, what Wars ſhall they maintain,
Oppoſing each! what Fights! what Numbers ſlain!
From the ſteep [110] *Alps*, and the [111] *Monœcick* Tow'rs,
The Father comes, the Son leads Eaſtern Pow'rs;

Your

Your Hearts to harden with dire VVar forbear,
Nor with ſuch force your Countries Bowels tear.
But thou, my Blood, who from the Gods deriv'ſt,
Firſt pity take, and Arms lay down.
Fam'd with *Greek* Slaughters, This in [112] Triumph ſhall
From *Corinth* ride, to the high Capitol;
He [113] *Argos* and *Mycenæ* ſhall deſtroy,
Revenging Anceſtors of ancient *Troy*,
And *Pallas* Temple, which they did deface,
On great *Æacides*, *Achilles* Race.
Who thee, Renowned [114] *Cato*, can forget?
Nor [115] *Coſſus*, nor the [116] *Gracchi*'s Deeds repeat?
Or the [117] two *Scipio*'s, Thunderbolts of War,
Libya's Deſtruction; or *Fabricius* ſpare,
Powerful with little; or [118] *Serranus*, thee,
Turning thy Glebe? Where will the *Fabii* me
Tranſport! Thou, [119] *Maximus*, the onely Man
That by delays *Rome*'s Fortune muſt regain.
Others, I grant, ſhall mold reſpiring Braſs,
And grave on Marble a more lively Face;
Some better plead; and ſome Aſtronomers
Better deſcribe Heavens Motion, and the Stars:
Be thou ambitious how to Govern beſt,
In theſe Arts, *Roman*, thou muſt be profeſt,
That we a Peace well-grounded may enjoy,
Subjects to ſpare, and Rebels to deſtroy.
Anchiſes ſaid, they wondring all the while,
Marcellus view, glorious in wealthy [120] Spoil;
This Conqueror muſt in Virtue all o'recome,
And ſhall in mightieſt Tumults ſettle *Rome*,

The

The *Pæni* waſte, and *Gauls* rebellious ſwarms,
And to *Quirinus* offer thrice their Arms.
Æneas here (for he a Youth beheld
March in bright Arms, whoſe Perſonage excell'd,
But with ſad Looks, and a dejected Face)
Said, Who is this with him keeps equal pace?
Is he his Son, or one of his great Stock?
How like to him! What Noiſe! What Suiters flock!
But Night with gloomie Clouds involves his Head.
Then, with abortive Tears, *Anchiſes* ſaid,
Know not, dear Son, the Sorrows of thy own,
This Wonder to the World muſt be but ſhewn;
The *Roman* Progeny too great had ſeem'd,
Had Heaven beſtow'd this Jewel ſo eſteem'd!
VVhat Groans, from *Mars* his Field, afflict ſad *Rome*!
Tyber, when thou glid'ſt by his recent [121] Tomb,
VVhat Funerals wilt thou ſee! Nor any ſhall,
Like him, who ſprung from *Troy*'s Original,
Raiſe *Latium*'s Hope; and never *Roman* Earth
Shall boaſt that ſhe had foſter'd ſuch a Birth.
Ah Piety, ancient Faith, th' unvanquiſh'd Hand!
None ſhall him arm'd, though ne're ſo ſtrong, with-ſtand,
Whether on Foot he charge the Hoſtile Rank,
Or ſpur his Steed from Shoulder to the Flank.
Ah pittied Youth! If thy hard Deſtiny
Thou overcom'ſt, thou ſhalt [122] *Marcellus* be.
[123] Handfuls of Lilies bring, and Purple Flow'rs,
That I may ſtrew this Noble Soul of ours.
Let me in Heaps ſuch Preſents on him lay,
And, though the Gifts are vain, an Offering pay.

Then

Then through thoſe Regions they a Progreſs made,
And all thoſe wide Aerial Plains ſurvey'd.
Walking aſide, *Anchiſes* did enflame
Æneas Soul with love of future Fame;
After to him enſuing Wars relates,
Deſcribes *Laurentum*, and *Laurentian* States,
Directing him a Courſe how to oppoſe,
Or wave the Fury of his greateſt Foes.
There are two Gates of Sleep; one made of Horn,
Through which true Viſions to the Skies are born:
The other Ivory, poliſh'd purely bright,
Whence falſe Dreams ſally to Ætherial Light.
Theſe, when *Anchiſes* had to 's Son declar'd,
And *Sibyl*, he the Ivory Gates unbarr'd;
The Prince *Cajeta* finds the neareſt way,
Where both his Friends and Fleet in ſafety lay.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Sixth BOOK* OF VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS.*

a THeſe two Lines are ſaid to have been remov'd by *Tucca* and *Varus* from the end of the laſt Book, where they were plac'd by *Virgil*, to the beginning of this, which as well the Interpreters as Manuſcripts affirm.

b Either alluding to the ordinary Cuſtom of Navigators, who think all Voyages long; or to the deſire of *Æneas*, or to the beginning of the ſeven Years Voyage: for from *Capreæ* to *Cumæ* is but a little Voyage. But Hiſtorians affirm, That *Æneas* came into *Italy* the third Year after the Deſtruction of *Troy*, with *Anchiſes*, *Cajeta*, *Aſcanius*, a Navy of 22 Ships, in which 3400 Men.

c *Cumæ* call'd *Eubœan*, becauſe from *Chalcis*, a City in the Iſland *Eubœa*, came thoſe that built *Cumæ*; guided thither (according to *Paterculus*) by a Pidgeon. The ſituation is thus deſcrib'd by *Agathias*, *Hiſt. l.* 1. *Cumæ*, ſaith he, *is a very ſtrongly Fortified Town in* Italy, *not eaſily*

eaſily taken; *ſeated in arduo quodam, & difficilem aditum habente colle, & veluti ſpecula Maris* Tyrrheni. *Imminet enim littori collis, ita ut ad ejus pedem fluctus Maris illiſi frangantur. Editiore loco vallo cinctum eſt, turribuſque & propugnaculis validiſſimæ ſtructuræ.*

[d] According to the Opinion of thoſe who think, that truly the Seed of Fire lies hid in the Flint. *Sympoſius.*

Semper ineſt intus, ſed raro cernitur ignis,
Intus enim latitat; *ſed ſolos prodit ad ictus,*
Nec lignis ut vivat eget, nec ut occidat undis.

[e] For *Æneas*, ſaith *Servius*, to purge himſelf for the Death of *Palinure*. *Naſcimbergius* ſaith, it is according to the ordinary Cuſtom of Soldiers, who ſeek, and rejoyce in finding Freſh Water.

[f] This is not a Poetical Fiction. *Agath. lib.* 1. ſpeaking of the Siege of *Cumæ* by *Narſes* the Eunuch; *At the Eaſt bending of a Hill there was a great Cave, cover'd on all ſides, and very hollow, ſo that it had ſome natural Paſſages, and a huge depth, like Hell. They ſay that the great* Italian Sibyl *liv'd herein, and by inſpiration foretold future things to thoſe that ask'd her. They ſay likewiſe, That* Æneas, *the Son of* Anchiſes, *when he came thither, was told by her all that afterwards hapned unto him.*

[g] An admirable Artiſt; for the murther of his Rival in his Skill, *Perdix*, or *Talaus*, Son of his Siſter *Perdix*, fled from *Athens* into *Crete*, where among many other excellent Piles of Buildings, he built the fam'd Labyrinth for *Minos*: but at length deſiring to return to his Native Soil, perhaps encourag'd by *Theſeus*, whom he aided in the overthrow of the *Minotaur*, he was

was detain'd by the King: He therefore betook himſelf to his known Art, and made himſelf and his Son *Icarus* Wings, as the Fable ſaith; or rather invented Sails, which he fitted to two little Boats, and put himſelf in one, and his Son ſteer'd the other: but himſelf kept the Shores; his preſuming Son ſail'd into the Deep, and periſh'd.

[h] *Dædalus* conſecrated the Wings to *Apollo* by which he had flown; according to the Cuſtom of the Ancients, who were wont to offer thoſe things to the Gods which either had been of Uſe to them, or of Ornament.

[i] Son of *Minos* and *Paſiphae*, ſent to *Athens* to better himſelf in Knowledge and the Arts; Victor ſtill in the Games there, and envy'd for his Worth, was ſlain by the *Athenians* and *Megarenſes*; in revenge whereof, *Minos* ſlew *Minos* King of *Megara*, and deſtroy'd his City, and impos'd on the *Athenians* the yearly Tribute of ſeven of their Sons, and ſeven of their Daughters, to be ſent into *Crete*, that they might fight with the *Minotaur*.

[k] *Ariadne*, Daughter of *Minos*, who fell in love with *Theſeus*; for the Title of Queen was common to all the Royal Stock: So *Euripides* calls *Polyxena*, Ἀνάσσαν.

[l] Of Labyrinths there were four very eminent; one in *Ægypt*, another in *Lemnos*, a third in *Italy*, and this in *Crete*, built after the Model of the *Ægyptian*, which was all of ſquare poliſh'd Stone, every ſide 300 Foot broad, 50 Foot high, upon a ſquare Baſe. It had five Pyramids, one at each Corner, and one in the middle,

of a hundred and fifty Foot, with ſuch a Top as hath a Brazen Orb upon it, and one Covering laid over them all, from which hung down Bells in Chains, which ſtirr'd by the Winds, made a ſound afar off. Upon which Orbs there were other four Pyramids 100 Foot high, and other things, which *Pliny*, *l.* 36. *c.* 13. delivers from *Varro*.

[m] Alluding to that kind of Day which is call'd *Fiſſus*, but one part whereof is kept holy, which *Æneas* is here adviſ'd not to loſe, and with it his Oracle.

[n] Into that part of the Body of *Achilles*, the Grandchild of *Æacus*, which was vulnerable, which they ſay was his Heel onely: which Deed being done in *Apollo*'s Temple at *Thymbra*, *Æneas* aſcribes the Patronage of the Fact to him.

[o] For *Libyans*: For *Æneas* never went ſo far into the Country.

[*] The Plains of *Carthage*, which butt upon the *Syrtes*.

[p] This, in after-times, *Auguſtus*, of the Poſterity of *Æneas*, made good; who having vow'd a Temple of Marble to *Apollo* in the *Actian* War, againſt *M. Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, at his return perform'd his Vow, and reſtor'd the *Ludos Apollinares*.

[q] The Oracles which *Tarquinius Superbus* bought of the *Cuman Sibyl* were a long time kept in the Capitol; which to preſerve, ſtudy, and expound, there were choſen firſt two of the Nobility, call'd *Duumviri*; then five of the Nobles, and five of the Commons, call'd *Decem-viri*; then five more were added, call'd *Quindecim-viri*; laſtly, the number was made up

up forty; yet ſtill they retain'd the laſt Name. But all the Oracles of the *Cuman Sibyl* were burn'd with the Capitol; to repair which Loſs, Ambaſſadors were ſent into all Countries where the *Sibyls* had reſided; and among many other Remains of Antiquity, certain Propheſies of this *Cumæan Sibyl* were gotten and kept with the reſt in the Capitol.

[r] Deſcrib'd in the four laſt Books.

[s] *Tyber* and *Numicius* before their new-built Town, ſhall anſwer *Xanthus* and *Simois* before *Troy*; and the *Latin* Tents, the *Dorick*; and *Turnus*, *Achilles*: and as the *Greek* was born of the Goddeſs *Thetis*, the *Rutilian* alſo of the Goddeſs *Venilia*, Siſter of *Amata*, Wife of King *Latinus*, a Sea-Nymph, the ſame with *Salacia*.

[t] Some Interpreters will have the Poet mean this in relation to the *Stoicks*, who affirm, That a Wiſe Man muſt ſo reſolve all things, that nothing may happen unto him unforeſeen. So *Æſchylus* in the Perſon of *Prometheus*, perhaps alluding to his Name:

——————*I foreſee*
All things to come; *nought can arrive to me*
Unlook'd for.——————

But *La Cerda* refers theſe words to the advice of *Helenus*, *l.* 3.

[u] *Caſtor* and *Pollux* were Sons of *Jove* and *Leda*, Wife of *Tyndarus*, begot they ſay by him in the ſhape of a Swan. *Pollux* was immortal, who, *Caſtor* being dead, prevail'd ſo with his Father, that by his own Death he might redeem his Brother from Death: after which they liv'd and died by turns. The Fiction

was occaſion'd by the Conſtellation *Gemini*, call'd Διὸς κόροι, Sons of *Jove*, the one ſetting always when the other ariſeth.

x Interpreters ſay, That the Tree here celebrated by *Maro*, grew in the Wood *Aricinus*, Conſecrated to *Diana*, which Temple and Grove had a Prieſt ſtil'd *Rex Nemorenſis*, by condition a Fugitive. Every Fugitive had leave to fight a Duel with the aforeſaid King and Prieſt: If he could but carry a Bough away, he commanded the Grove and Temple, as if he had vanquiſh'd the King, till by the like Succeſs he was dethron'd.

y The greater part of Interpreters underſtand this of an Expiatory Sacrifice, by reaſon of *Miſenus* his Death; but *La Cerda* of the Necromantick Sacrifice, preparatory to his Deſcent into Hell.

z It was a Cuſtom at Funerals to raiſe a general loud Cry; the Reaſon whereof *Servius* affirms to be, that they might fully awake the Soul of the Dead, leſt any part thereof ſhould remain in the Body. *Keckerman* ſaith, That they might delay the departure of the Soul.

aa Proper to *Æneas*, both as Son of *Venus*, and a King. *Pier. l.* 22. They were fortunate alſo unto *Cæſar*, when they built their Neſts in that Palm near unto which he had encamped. The ſame day that *Diadumenus*, the Son of *Macrinus*, was born, an Eagle brought him a young Stock-Dove, laid it in the Cradle whilſt the Child ſlept, and went away without doing any harm; which ſignified that he ſhould be Emperor. The *Auruſpices* ſaid, That *Alexander Severus* ſaid he ſhould be

be Emperor, becauſe that day he was born, an old Woman brought his Mother a Preſent of Pigeons.

[bb] Not without reſpect to the *Roman Augury* by Chickens, ſaith *La Cerda*, which were kept up for that purpoſe; if when Meat was offer'd, they came not forth to take it, or came ſlowly, or went back, or flew away, or the like, it was an ill Sign.

[cc] The Ancients thought that neer the *Inferi* and *Elyſian* Fields there was a Wood for pure and pious Birds, from which all Ravenous and Obſcene ones were driven away. The Poet inſinuates ſomething here, who brings in Doves flying in this Wood near *Avernus*, that they may ſeem to be in the number of them which were in the *Elyſian* Grove. *La Cerda* conceives *Virgil* to allude unto the *Dodonæan* Oracles, of which *Herodotus*, *l.* 2. *The* Dodonæan *Prieſts ſay thus: Two black Doves flew from* Ægyptian Thebes, *one to* Libya, *the other to them, which ſitting upon a Beech, ſaid aloud with a Humane Voice, That* Jove's *Oracle ought to be built there.*

[dd] Cypreſs Trees are here ſet before the Pyre, with alluſion to the *Roman* Cuſtom: They plac'd this Tree at the Threſhold of the Door of him that was dead (becauſe, being once cut, it never recovers) to prevent the entry of any Man, who might thereby be defil'd. It is ſacred to *Dis*.

[ee] *Pliny*, *Nat. Hiſt.* brings this Reaſon why the Dead were waſh'd with warm Water, and intermiſſively call'd aloud upon, or conclam'd, becauſe often the Vital Spirits were conceiv'd to be ſtifled and repreſs'd

within, and thereby Men thought to be dead when they were not.

ff *Athenæus*, *lib. 9.* ſaith, That the *Athenians* call'd that waſhing of the Body ἀπονίμμα, which was done in honor of the dead Perſon: The Verſe of *Ennius*, imitated by our Author, is trite;

Tarquinl *corpus bona fœmina lavit & unxit.*

gg That both *Grecians* and *Romans* us'd to anoint the Bodies of the Dead, is well known: *La Cerda* reckons up ſeveral kinds of Oyntments; *Aromatick*, mention'd by *Apuleius* to this purpoſe; *Hyacinthine*, by *Propertius*; *Amomum*, by *Juvenal* and *Perſius*; and Ointment of Roſes, by *Homer* (if his Interpreters may be believ'd.) He likewiſe proves that they anointed eſpecially the Mouth and Entrails of the Body.

hh Purple is not, as ſome contend, induc'd for the Magnificence of the Colour, but as proper to Funerals, as being a Colour of ill Omen, and to this day us'd by Princes in Mourning.

ii Reſpecting the Cuſtom of carrying the Bodies of the Dead to the Pyre upon Shoulders. *Sueton. Aug. Senatorum humeris delatus in campum crematuſque.* The Office of the neareſt a-kin to the Dead; when *Sophocles in Ajace*, makes *Ajax* his Son, and his Brother *Teucer*, carry him to the Sepulchre.

kk *Servius* draws hither the Cuſtom of bearing Torches before the Dead; but *La Cerda* interprets the Poet ſimply, as meaning onely the applying a Torch to the Pyre, to ſet it on Fire.

ll Every thing was accounted the more fortunate in Funerals,

Funerals, the ſooner the Fire burnt: They choſe Trees moſt proper for that purpoſe; and for the ſame end (if we believe *La Cerda*) pour Oyl on the Fire. Thence *Homer*, *Il.* 23. brings in *Achilles* at the Funeral of *Patroclus* imploring the Winds to increaſe the Fire.

mm Hiſtories inform us, that they burnt all ſorts of Precious Odours with the dead Corps. *Plutarch* writes, That at the Funeral of *Sylla* ſo much Frankincenſe and Odours were brought, as, beſides what was carried in 210 Chariots, the Statue of *Sylla* was made in full proportion, and the Body of the Lictor, of precious Frankincenſe and Cinnamon. Frankincenſe was therefore offer'd, becauſe Sepulchres, and the Rites of them, were ſacred among the Ancients.

nn It was the chiefeſt care amongſt the Ancients to preſerve the Aſhes of their Dead diſtinct from thoſe of the Pyre, and ſuch things as were burnt with them.

oo The Body of the Dead was folded in a Sheet made of *Linum aſbeſtinum*, an incombuſtible kind of Flax, in which being burnt, the Aſhes were not mix'd with thoſe of the Horſes, Slaves, and other things burnt with them.

pp In theſe three Verſes is expreſt that kind of Luſtration which was perform'd after Funerals; without which they could not ſacrifice, nor exerciſe any Religious Rites.

qq Luſtration was neceſſary to Sacrifice. Thoſe were eſpecially ſaid to be *Luſtrati*, who were polluted by being at Funerals, or the like. So *Ovid. Met.* 4. *Juno* returning from Hell, was purg'd by *Iris* before ſhe went to Heaven.

rr The greater the Tomb was, the more honorable, as *La Cerda* obſerves; and the ſame before of a Pyre.

ſſ *Monte ſub aerio:* Yet Mr. *Sandys* in his Journal obſerves, That this *Miſenus* (for it ſtill bears the Name) was call'd *Aerius* before, or had the Epithet in reſpect that it is hollow, partly by Nature, partly by Art: *It ſurveys* (ſaith he) *all the Coaſts unto the Promontory of* Minerva, *which ſpace, for* 54 *Miles, in the time of the* Roman *Monarchy, ſeem'd one entire City; whereof now, except* Naples, *little remains. Here* Caius Marius *had a* Villa, *and Sumptuous Palace.*

tt *It is of Circular form, and environ'd with Mountains, ſave there where it ſeems to have joyn'd with the Lake* Lucrinus: *Shadow'd heretofore with over-grown Woods, a main occaſion of thoſe peſtilent Vapors; for they being cut down by* Agrippa, *the Place became frequently inhabited on every ſide, as approv'd both healthful and delightful: at which time, when the Woods were cut down, an Image, ſuppos'd* Calypſo's, *was found, which did ſweat as endu'd with Life. Mr.* Sandys.

uu This was (ſay the Interpreters) *ad probationem victimæ, lib.* 4.

——*media inter cornua fundit.*

Fundere is *ſupina manu libare*; here the word is *invergere*, which is, *converſa in ſiniſtram partem manu, ita fundere ut patera converteretur.* The firſt us'd in ſacrifice to Cœleſtials, the latter to Infernals: If the Victim was not ſtartled at this Infuſion, it was approv'd.

xx This is that which the *Greeks* call καταρχεσθαι, after Immolation to begin the Sacrifice: They pluck'd off

off ſome of the Hair of the Beaſt, and threw it into the Fire immediately before they kill'd it.

yy The Ceremony in this particular was various; ſometimes (*in ſacris feralibus*) they receiv'd the Blood (*in pateris*) as here, and in *Statius*, *Theb.* 4. wherewith they either beſprinkled the *Foſſa*, or (which is more uſual) fill'd it. *Prudentius*, *Hymn.* 10. deſcribes the Prieſt taking Blood from every part of the Beaſt.

Quin os ſupinat, obvias offert genas,
Supponit aures, labra, nares objicit,
Oculos & ipſos perluit liquoribus,
Nec jam palato parcit, & linguam ripat,
Donec cruorem totus atrum combibat.

zz There was never by the Ancients any Invocation of the Infernal Deities perform'd without Blood: St. *Auguſtine* gives this Reaſon, (*De Civ. Dei*) Becauſe Devils are thought to delight in Blood: The Interpreter of *Statius*, another; Becauſe Blood is the proper Seat of the Soul, whence the Dead are call'd *Exſangues*.

1 *La Cerda* obſerves, That the Killing of the Sacrifice was not always perform'd by the Hand of the Prieſt, or expreſs Miniſter; but frequently by the Prince. So *Athenæus*, *lib.* 14. takes notice, that *Agamemnon* in *Homer* ſacrificeth.

2 Properly to *Proſerpine*, who never had Iſſue.

3 For they ſacrific'd to *Pluto* at mid-night, φθίνοντος τοῦ μηνός, *at the end of the Month. Philoſtrat. de vita Apollon.* 7. 10.

4 The *Holocauſt*, as *Servius* and *Macrobius* interpret: *Viſcera*

Viſcera (ſaith the firſt) ſignifies not onely Entrails, but whatſoever is betwixt the Bones and Skin.

5 *Proſerpina.*

6 *Proſerpina* and her Dogs being call'd out of Hell by theſe Necromantick Rites, *La Cerda* ſuppoſeth that other Infernal Monſters coming along with them, are here meant by the *Sibyl*, and driven back, as prophane, not to be initiated into theſe Ceremonies. The Cuſtom of driving away prophane Perſons by a Proclamation, in theſe or the like words, is every where known: *Servius* cites theſe words of *Callimachus*, as imitated by our Author;

———ἐκὰς ἐκὰς ἔσε βέβηλοι.

Amongſt that little of him extant, there is no ſuch *Hemiſtich:* this onely comes near it, *Hymn.* 2. and is the ſame form;

———ἐκὰς ἐκὰς ὅσις ἀλιτέρης.

Another there is in the ſame kind, *Hymn.* 6.

———χαμαὶ Δαισσεῖδε βέβηλοι.

which perhaps *Servius* might confound with the other, and ſo make up what he cites. *Pollux*, *lib.* 8. obſerves, That they us'd to put a Rope croſs their Gates at theſe times, to keep out ſuch Perſons: whence the Proverb, Ὧδε σχοινίται πὰ ἱερά.

7 Againſt the Ghoſts, and the Monſters at the Entrance. *Cælius Rhodiginus* affirms, That the Poet ſaith this from the Doctrine of the *Platoniſts*, who believe that Devils fear Swords; which *Hortenſius* ſaith hath been confirm'd by experience. *Delrius Diſquiſit. l.* 6. *c.* 2. *ſect.* 1. *quæſt.* 1. proves this to have been the opinion of the *Jews* likewiſe.

8 Some

[8] Som take this for an alluſion to the *Cymmerians*, whom *Homer* ſituates near the *Inferi*.

[9] Hell, ſo ſuppos'd either in reſpect to the largeneſs and capacity, or becauſe onely poſſeſs'd by Souls depriv'd of their Bodies.

[10] Some interpret this of the New Moon; others, of the Moon in Eclipſe; *La Cerda*, onely under a Cloud; *Lux incerta*.

[11] Beds, improperly put for Dwellings. He adviſedly mentions the Dwellings of the Furies, not themſelves, becauſe they are ſent to ſeveral Places; and if perchance they make any abode in Hell, it is not ordinarily in the Porch, though they have Seats there; but within, to whip the Wicked.

[12] The *Centaurs* were a People of *Theſſaly*, the firſt Tamers of Horſes, ſuppos'd therefore to have both ſhapes of Men and Horſes; the Sons of *Ixion*, who, taken up into Heaven by *Jove*, fell in love with *Juno*, who ſeem'd to yield to his Sollicits, and deceiv'd him with a Cloud faſhion'd in her ſhape, in Embraces wherewith he begot theſe Monſters. The hint of the Fiction is from *Nephele* (a Cloud) the Name of a Hill inhabited by them.

[13] A Giant, firſt in War againſt the Gods; but afterwards, when *Juno*, *Minerva*, and *Neptune* conſpir'd againſt *Jove*, boaſting his Power and Strength, and would have thrown him into Chains; by the perſuaſion of *Thetis*, *Briargus* came to the reſcue of *Jove*, and prevented the Miſchief. Wherefore, whereas other *Titans* were caſt into the Hell of Torments, he was honor'd

nor'd here with a Place of Truſt, to be of the Guard of Hell. *Heſiod* ſaith, he was Son of *Cælum* and *Terra*, Brother of *Cottus* and *Giges*, had a hundred Hands, and fifty Heads.

[14] The *Hydra*, a Serpent which had many Heads, whereof one cut off, another ſprung in the room: it lurk'd in the Lake of *Lerma*.

[15] *Chimæra* had the ſame Parents as the *Hydra*, a Monſter that had three Heads, and breath'd Flame. It is believ'd a Mountain in *Lycia*, out of which iſſued fire, on the tops whereof Lions haunted, Goats frequented the middle parts, beneath Serpents lurk'd. *Belerophon* ſlew the Monſter, when by his Valour and Induſtry he made the Hill habitable.

[16] *Geryon*, a King of *Spain*, whom *Hercules* ſlew. He was feign'd to have three Bodies, either becauſe of his mighty Stature, or becauſe he had two Brothers alſo ſo nam'd, who liv'd in perpetual concord. *Geryon*, *q.* γυρίων, *going in a Round*; meant perhaps of the Sun, as *Hyperion*, becauſe he paſſeth over us: Triple, becauſe the Sun is Author of all Vegetation: Whence likewiſe the ſame with *Hercules*, whoſe Twelve Labors relate to his twelve Months Journey through the Zodiack.

[17] The *Ethnicks* divided Man into three parts, Soul, Body, Image; which laſt they call'd alſo *Umbra*; *Homer* εἴδωλον. The Soul and Image they ſometimes ſuppos'd together *apud inferos*; ſometimes ſeparate, the Soul in Heaven, the Image in Hell, or the *Elyſian* Fields. This Learning the *Sibyl* opens, ſaying, That Life is thin, bodileſs, fleeting under the Shadow or Image of the Form.

[18] The

[18] The firſt Regions of Hell are ſurrounded with four Rivers.

[19] Some will have the Poet allude to the manner of Orators, who ſtood whilſt they pleaded; and ſo that following, *tendebantque manus.*

[20] This Honor, according to the Poets, was given to *Styx*, either in requital to his Son's Victory, Force, Strength, and Fervor, who aided *Jove* againſt the *Titans*, or becauſe *Styx* diſcover'd unto *Jove* the Conſpiracy of the Gods againſt him, and their Plot to bind him.

[21] Tertull. de Anima. *It is believ'd* (ſaith he) *that ſuch as were not buried went not to the* Inferi *before their Rites were perform'd; according to* Homer's Patroclus, *who requires* Achilles *in ſleep to diſpatch his Funeral, becauſe that otherwiſe he could not approach the Infernal Gates, being kept off and driven back by the Souls of the Buried.*

[22] According to the *Platoniſts* (ſaith *Hortenſius*) Ten, the moſt perfect Number, being multiplied in it ſelf, produceth a Hundred, the Term of Years deſtin'd for the purging of Souls, after which they ſhould enjoy *Elyſium.*

[23] Who were drown'd, *lib.* 1.

[24] This *Germanus* refers to the ancient Rite of the *Greeks*; for it was a high Crime to paſs by one unburied, without flinging Duſt upon the Body, after that *Buziges* had firſt curs'd ſuch a one. The Expiation was a Sow kill'd in Sacrifice *before Reaping of Corn.*

[25] *Hyginus* (*in Agellius*; 10. 16.) reprehends *Virgil* for making *Palinurus* name *Portus Velinus*, whereas *Velia*,

lia, a Town in *Lucania*, whence the Haven was call'd, was built by *Servius Tullius*, 600 years after the coming of *Æneas* into *Italy*: But *Turnebus* defends our Author, by deriving *Velia* from Ἕλος, as if he meant no more than *require portus paluſtres*. *Alciat*, by interpreting him not of the Town, but of the Fields and River, which always were in being: And that *Velia* had its Name from the River, is affirm'd by *Stephanus*, *de Urbib*. *Cælius Rhodiginus* (with whom agree *Jul. Scaliger* and *Delrius*) allows *Virgil* to ſpeak Prophetically, or by anticipation; not without Examples of the like in *Sophocles* and others.

26 Of this form, ſee *Briſſonius*. *La Cerda* ſuppoſeth the Poet to allude to an Inſcription and Edict upon the Bridge of *Rubicon*, which forbad *Cæſar* to paſs over that River arm'd. *Quiſquis es* is a Form much us'd in Inſcriptions concerning the Dead.

27 The Souls of the Dead are call'd Shades, becauſe (as *Plutarch* ſaith) they caſt no ſhadow. Thus *La Cerda*.

28 *Hippodame*, the Wife of *Perithous*, being dead, *Perithous* and his Friend *Theſeus* reſolv'd to marry none, unleſs born of *Jove*. *Perithous* therefore firſt aided *Theſeus* to ſteal the fair *Helen*, Daughter of *Jove* and *Leda*: In requital, *Theſeus* aided *Perithous* to ſteal *Proſerpine*, Daughter of *Jove* and *Ceres*, Wife to *Pluto* King of Hell: but they both fail'd in the Enterpriſe. *Perithous* at the very entrance of Hell was devour'd by the Dog *Cerberus*; and *Theſeus* was taken and caſt into Priſon. To redeem whom, being his Kinſman, *Hercules* deſcended into Hell, & deliver'd *Theſeus*, bringing up with him the Dog in Chains.

29 We

29 We follow the ordinary reading, *Futilis*; but *Turnebus* will have it *Sutilis*, becauſe *Pliny* affirms that the *Britains* had ſuch Boats; and therefore he conceives the Epithet given here for the novelty.

30 *Abſtulit atra Dies.* *Pontanus* conceives the Poet to allude to the Cuſtom of carrying forth thoſe that died young, before the Sun roſe, becauſe they thought it unfitting the Sun ſhould behold ſuch a Misfortune; for this reaſon *the Day* was ſaid *to take them away*, becauſe they were carry'd out as ſoon as that appear'd: *Black*, becauſe unfortunate. *Macrob. Saturn*, 1. 15. perhaps reſpecting the marking of Lucky Days with VVhite Stones, and Unlucky with Black.

31 Alluding (in opinion of Interpreters) to the manner of drawing Lots in the *Roman Forum* by the Judges: According to the firſt Lot the firſt Cauſe was try'd, and ſo for the reſt.

32 *Styx* was ſuppos'd to run nine times about the Infernal Regions, (*Novem circumflua campis*, Sat. 2. Theb.) in reſpect, as *Germanus* conceives, to the *Novemdialia ſacra*.

33 In alluſion to the Belief of the Ancients, that *Cocytus* was encreas'd by the Tears of the Damned: whence it hath its Name, παρὰ τὸ κωκύω.

34 Some think alluding *ad cellulas meretricum*, which were in narrow Lanes, and private places. See *La Cerda*.

35 *Cephalus* had a Dog of that ſwiftneſs, that he took all Game; and a Dart of that happineſs, that it never fail'd the aim: wherefore he beſtow'd himſelf immoderately on Hunting. *Procris*, jealous that ſome other Nymph

Nymph was the cauſe of his long ſtay abroad, watch'd him one day, and lay neer him in a Thicket, where he refreſh'd himſelf in the Shade, and courted the Air. She ſuppoſing he had courted ſome Nymph, drew nearer to him; but he hearing the Buſhes ruſtle, thinking that ſome Wild Beaſt had lurk'd there, threw his unerring Dart, and kill'd the fair Deer his Wife. *Ovid. Met. l.* 7.

36 Daughter of *Minos*, and Wife of *Theſeus*, fell in love with her Husband's Son *Hippolytus*, whoſe Sollicits when he refus'd, ſhe turn'd the Crime on him. *Hippolytus* therefore fled his Country; but bearing with himſelf the Curſe of his Father, was torn in pieces by his Horſes, after which *Phædra* hang'd her ſelf.

37 *Euriphyle*, corrupted by *Polynices* with a Chain of Gold, betray'd her Husband, the Prophet *Amphiaraus*, to *Adraſtus*, who forc'd him to the *Theban* War, where he foreknew he ſhould periſh. Therefore at his departure he left a charge with his Son *Alcmæon*, that as ſoon as he heard of his death, he ſhould kill his Mother; which he perform'd.

38 *Evadne* the Wife of *Capaneus* (who in the War between *Polynices* and *Eteocles*, ſcaling the *Theban* Walls, was overwhelm'd with Stones, and ſlain) at her Husband's Funeral threw her ſelf into the burning Pyre.

39 Daughter of *Acaſtus*, Wife to *Proteſilaus* Son of *Iphiclus*, one of the *Grecian* Princes, the firſt ſlain in the *Trojan* War by *Hector*, who was ſo foretold by the Oracle, yet went on in that Expedition the foremoſt.

Laodamia

Laodamia took the news of his death with exceſſive ſorrow, not to be ſatisfied without the ſight of his Ghoſt, who appearing by Night unto her (upon her extraordinary Complaints) ſhe expir'd in his Embraces.

40 *Cænis* was a fair Virgin, deflowr'd by *Neptune*, who granted her the choice of a Wiſh; ſhe choſe to be a Man, ſtrong, and invulnerable, to the end that ſhe might never more be ſubject to the like violence. With her Sex, ſhe chang'd her Name for *Cæneus*; ſlain by the *Centaurs*, overwhelm'd with Trees; after death chang'd (according to *Ovid*) into a *Swan*.

41 *Marpeſus*, according to *Servius*, is a Mountain in the Iſland *Parus*; but *Jordanus*, *de Rebus Gothicis*, ſpeaking of the *Amazons*, and particularly of *Marpeſia* their Queen, addeth, That ſhe came to *Caucaſus*, and ſtaying there ſome time, the Place was after her nam'd *Saxum Marpeſiæ*.

42 *Virgil* divides the Infernal Places into five Regions, for Infants, Falſly-condemn'd, Self-murtherers, Lovers, Warriers; alluding to thoſe Subterraneous Places deſcrib'd by *Plato*, lying circular.

43 Son of *Atlas*, famous for Swiftneſs in Running. See *Ovid. Met.*

44 Some underſtand the King of the *Argives*; others, a *Grecian* mention'd by *Homer* in the *Trojan* War: but the firſt is the truer. Deſcrib'd pale, in reſpect to his timerous flight from the Battel.

45 A *Trojan*, Son of *Antenor*, kill'd by *Agamemnon*, as *Dictys* reports: The Poet may likewiſe be underſtood of another *Glaucus* that came to the Aid of the *Trojans*, *Iliad. 6.*

46 *Me-*

46 *Medon* was a *Grecian*, Son of *Oileus*, *Iliad.* 2. nor was there any mention'd of that name amongſt the *Trojans*; whence *La Cerda* reads here *Mydon* a *Trojan*, ſlain by *Achilles*, *Iliad.* 21.

47 Not meaning the three foregoing Perſons, ſaith *Servius*, but three others: for *Homer* gives other names to the Sons of *Antenor*, viz. *Archilochus*, *Acamas*, *Helicon*.

48 Charioteer of *Priam*, mention'd in the laſt of the *Iliads*.

49 Dictys Cretenſis, lib. 5. *Menelaus* (ſaith he) *took* Deiphobus, *who, as we ſaid, after the death of* Paris *married* Helena, *and cutting off his Ears, his Arms, his Noſe, and all other parts of his Body by degrees, kill'd him with great torture.* *La Cerda* ſuppoſeth the Poet to allude to the *Julian* Law concerning *Adultery*, whereby the Huſband, if he took any Man with his Wife, and would not kill him, might maim or cut off any Part of his Body.

50 With reſpect to the three-fold repetition of *Vale*. *Servius* upon this Verſe, *Æn.* 2.

Sio, O ſic poſitum affati diſcedite corpus.

The ſenſe (ſaith he) *is this; Give me the Funeral Comfort; that is, ſpeak to me as they do to the Dead*, Vale, Vale, Vale.

51 The Ancients took great care that no Man ſhould be buried in a Grave which another Body had taken up before.

52 *Helena* (as we ſaid) upon the death of *Paris*, became the Wife to *Deiphobus*, ſo order'd by *Priam*; but againſt her will, as ſhe complains in *Euripides Troad.*

53 The laſt Night of *Troy* is by *Valerius Flaccus* term'd *Nox Durica, ab equo* Durateo.

54 *Helena*

54 *Helena* that night pretending to perform the Rites of *Bacchus* round about the Horſe, by the Torches (which were in uſe at thoſe Myſteries and Sacrifices) gave Signal to the *Grecians*.

55 They us'd amongſt the Ancients to hang up their Sword and Arms at their Beds head when they went to ſleep: So is *Neſtor* deſcrib'd by *Homer*, *lib.* 10. and *Appian*, *lib.* 3. Cato (ſaith he) *miſſing his Sword, which us'd always to be by his Bed-ſide, cry'd out, that he was betray'd by Domeſtick Enemies.*

56 The Interpreters of *Homer* and *Virgil* obſerve, That theſe Necromantick Rites muſt not exceed the ſpace of 24 hours; for which reaſon the *Sibyl* here haſtens *Æneas*, urging, that it was now paſt Midnight, and the Morning of the ſecond Day ready to riſe. So *La Cerda* beſt interprets; in which ſenſe *Varro*, *Noctis meridies.*

57 At this Rock in *Tartarus*, *Homer* makes the fall of *Phlegethon* and *Cocytus* into *Acheron*, *Odyſſ.* 10.

58 Interpreted proverbially, in reſpect to the hardneſs of Adamant; of which upon *Æſchylus*, *Prom. Vinct.* not far from the beginning (thus perhaps to be reſtor'd)

Ἀδαμαντίνων δεσμῶσιν ἀῤῥήκτοις πέδαις,

thus a Scholiaſt not yet publiſh'd; Ἀδάμαντος. λίθος οὕτω σκληρὸς ὡς μὴ δύνασθαι ὑπὸ σιδήρου τμηθῆναι, εἰ μὴ τράγου, ἢ λέοντος μαλάσσεται, διὰ τὸν μὲν Ἀδάμαντα ψυχρὸν ξηρὸν ἄγαν εἶη· τὸ δ' αἷμα θερμὸν καὶ ὑγρὸν ἄγαν εἶη· *The Adamant is a Stone ſo hard, that no Iron can cut it: yet with the Blood of a Goat or Lion it is ſoftned; becauſe the Stone is cold and dry, the Blood hot and moiſt.*

59 Becauſe the Place of the Furies, who ſit at the entrance. *Ovid. Met.* 4.

60 According to the Opinion of *Plato*, who thus diſtinguiſheth the Powers of *Rhadamanthus* and *Minos*.

61 *Titan*, Son of *Cælum* and *Veſta*, with his Sons (Giants nam'd after him) warr'd firſt againſt *Saturn*, then againſt *Jupiter*, by whom caſt into Hell.

62 *Othus* and *Ephialtes*, Sons of *Neptune* and *Iphimedia*, the Wife of *Aloeus* (whoſe Name they bear) laid *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, to climb up into Heaven and unthrone *Jupiter*, but were kill'd by *Apollo* and *Diana*.

63 *Salmoneus* deſirous to aſſume unto himſelf Divine Honors, made ſome Machines (our Author ſaith here of Braſs, others with Timbrels made of Skins) and Fireworks, to imitate Thunder and Lightning; for which, ſtruck with Thunder by *Jove*. The Crime aggravated by the Place where it was acted, *Elis*, a City where *Jupiter* was moſt particularly honor'd. The ſame Uſurpation is reported of *Metellus Pius*, *Macrob.* 2. 9. and of *Caligula* by *Dion*.

64 *Jove* having gotten with Child *Elara*, fearing the Jealouſie of *Juno*, cleft the Earth, and hid her therein till the time of her delivery. She brought forth this Son, who attempted the Chaſtity of *Latona*; for which, by her Son *Apollo* thrown into Hell, where a Vulture feeds on his Liver, which daily renews for his torment.

65 *Ixion* having ſlain his Father-in-law, wander'd up and down the Earth, deſpis'd by all, until *Jupiter*, mov'd with his Repentance, took him up to Heaven, where he ſollicited *Juno* (which Example *Jupiter* had before

before given him, lying with his Wife *Dia*, by whom he had *Pirithous*) and on a Cloud in her ſhape, wherewith *Jupiter* deceiv'd him, he begot the *Centaurs*: *Jupiter* for the inſolence of this Attempt at firſt onely baniſh'd him to Earth; but there bragging of *Juno*'s Favors, he put him in Hell, to be tortur'd upon a Wheel.

66 *Fulcra* are the Feet and Pillars that ſupport the Bed; nor is this any thing repugnant to the Cuſtom of the *Grecians* and *Romans*, who laid their Beds on the Ground when they went to Supper; ſince ſometimes it is certain they rais'd them upon ſuch Poſts, whence the *Tori* are call'd here *Alti*. Thus *La Cerda*.

67 This ſome interpret of *Tantalus* King of *Corinth*; others of *Phineas* King of *Arcadia*, who having pull'd out the Eyes of his Sons, by inſtigation of their Mother-in-law, fell himſelf blind, and had his Meat taken from him by the *Harpies*, *Apollon. Argonaut.* 2. Hence they conceive our Author to feign that he had the like torment in Hell; The wicked (as *Plato* ſaith) carrying the marks of what they have done in this Life, at their Backs in Hell, that their Puniſhments may be ſutable to their Offences. But *Spondanus*, whom *La Cerda* follows, underſtands this of *Pirithous*.

68 Alluding to the Law of the twelve Tables; *Patronus, ſi clienti fraudem fecerit, ſacer eſto.*

69 Some conceive he hath reſpect to the *Servile* War, which (as *Florus* ſaith) was as important as the *Punick*: It was manag'd by *Eunus*, General of the Slaves in *Sicily*, and coſt much *Roman* Blood. Againſt him were imploy'd three *Conſuls*; firſt *C. Fulvius Flaccus*, then

L. Piſo, and *P. Rupilius*, who overthrew them: Yet preſently after *Athenio* a Shepherd took up *Eunus* his Quarrel and Arms, and was overcome by *M. Aquillius*. Others think this is meant of *Spartacus* the Gladiator, who got together an Army of Slaves, and gave many Foils to the *Romans*, till at laſt ſlain by *M. Craſſus*.

70 *La Cerda* ſaith much of this kind of Torture, as us'd by the *Grecians* and *Romans*; the ſum whereof is this: The Offender brought to an high eminent place, was ty'd to the Spokes of the Wheel, his Limbs much diſtended, in a circular form, then hung up; next turn'd about with the Wheel as ſwift as poſſible, till his Bowels fell out, and his Limbs were torn aſunder: The torment was increas'd by Fire, and a Weight at his Feet.

71 The Story ſaith, That *Theſeus* went along with *Pirithous* to Hell, to ſteal away *Proſerpina*, for which he was condemn'd to ſit upon a Rock, which he did until *Hercules* came there, who ſet him at liberty, yet not without ſo much difficulty, that he came from thence ἀπυγῶν; in relation to that part which he left behind, *Titius* expounds the *eternal ſitting* of our Poet, *lib.* 1. *Locor. cap.* 11. but is derided by *Villiomarus*, *lib.* 1. *Animadverſ. cap.* 14. Others refer this to the return of *Theſeus* after death.

72 Father of *Ixion*, who burnt the Temple of *Apollo* in revenge of the Rape of his Daughter by him; for which *Apollo* ſhot him, and then ſent him into Hell. The ambiguity of the word *Phlegyas* admits a ſecond Interpretation: for it may be the *Accuſative Caſe*; as if the *Phlegyæ* (a People of great impiety, as *Pauſanias in Boeot.*

Boeot. atteſts) were here admoniſh'd by *Theſeus.*

73 There is a Story of a Maid at *Padua*, who falling mad, ſpoke *Greek* and *Latin*, whereof ſhe was till then ignorant; and being thrice demanded which was the beſt Sentence in *Virgil*, as often repeated this Verſe.

74 *Servius* here cites two; *Laſthenes*, who ſold *Olynthus* to *Philip*; and *Curio*, who ſold *Rome* to *Cæſar* for 27000 *Seſtercies.*

75 The Laws were eugraven in Tables of Braſs, faſtned to Pillars in Publick Places, which when they were repeal'd, were taken down: In theſe Tables, *Salmaſius* ſaith, beſides Laws and Edicts, were the Diviſions of Grounds, Aſtronomical Tables, and other things, ordinarily cut, call'd ἀναγπσμάτα, becauſe faſtned to Pillars.

76 They who offer'd to Cœleſtial Gods, waſh'd themſelves; as for the Infernal, it was enough to beſprinkle themſelves: This Sparſion *Servius* refers to the Impurity which *Æneas* had contracted by the ſight of *Tartarus*; *La Cerda*, to another Cuſtom of thoſe who went about to Sacrifice, which they did not until they had firſt beſprinkled themſelves *luſtrali aqua.*

77 They were of opinion, That in *Elyſium* there was a new Sun and new Stars.

78 The Habit of Muſicians was, of old, a long Robe down to their Feet, of that kind which was call'd *Palla*, of Colour commonly Purple, or Figur'd. See *La Cerda.*

79 *Callimachus*, *Hymn. in Del.* affirms, That *Apollo* confin'd his Harp to ſeven Strings, becauſe the Swans at his Birth ſung ſeven times: But that the Lyre of the Ancients was *Heptachordos*, is enough known; ſo firſt

order'd by *Terpander*, *Pliny* 7.56. *Fulgentius* ſuppoſeth the Poet here to allude to the ſeven kinds of Muſick; *Diaſtemata*, *Syſtemata*, *Phthongi*, *Toni*, *Metabolæ*, *Melopœæ*: in the ſeventh he is defective.

80 *Naſcimbœnus* affirms, That in the time of *Julius* the Third, there was found a Marble Statue, holding in the Left Hand a Lute, in the Right, a Quill, or *Pecten*: *Hence* (ſaith he) *it is manifeſt that the ancient Muſicians us'd a Quill, not a Bow, to their Lyre*: Nor is the Poet here to be underſtood of the latter.

81 *Pæan* is a Warlike Hymn, of which there were two ſorts, one to *Mars*, the other to *Apollo*; the firſt ſung before Battel, the ſecond after Victory: Thus diſtinguiſh'd by *Suidas*.

82 The River *Eridanus* ſinks into the Ground, and none knows where it riſeth again; and therefore is feign'd by the Poet to be in Hell, yet not wholly, but *Plurimus amnis* in relation to the other part on Earth.

83 *Servius* obſerves, That the Souls of *Heroes* us'd to be worſhipp'd in Groves; with which agrees the Teſtimony of *Lilius Giraldus*, *Syntag.* 17. That Groves were made conſecrated by Temples of the Gods: and thence, as *La Cerda* conceives, borrow'd their Name, *à lucendo*; *quod ibi accenderentur lumina, Religionis cauſa.*

84 Omitting the Explications of *Servius* and *Turnebus*, we underſtand, with *La Cerda*, by *pati manes*, to undergo the Tortures of the Furies: For *Ælius Stilo* (cited by *Lilius Giraldus*, *Synt.* 6.) ſaith, That the *Manes* are nothing but the *Dii inferi*.

85 Upon the death of *Æneas*, *Lavinia*, big with Child,

Child, fled the Court, and ſecur'd her ſelf in the Woods; there ſhe was preſerv'd by *Tyrrheus* the King's Herdſman, and deliver'd of this *Sylvius*, ſo nam'd from the Woods wherein he was born: but after ſhe had been a while miſs'd, the People murmur'd, and laid the aſperſion of her death upon *Aſcanius*, who ſucceeded his Father. This her Hoſt knowing, perſuaded her to return to Court, which ſhe did, and was lovingly entertain'd, and well allow'd all his life; and at his death, *Aſcanius* prov'd himſelf Son of *Æneas*, and ſetled the *Alban* Throne upon his Brother *Syluius*, and the Chief Pontificate upon his own Son *Iulus*. So from *Sylvius* the *Alban* Kings are ſaid to have deſcended unto *Romulus*, and from him were call'd *Sylvii*; who reigning long in *Alba*, fulfill'd the Promiſe of *Jove* to *Venus*.

86 *Procas* is here call'd *Trojanæ gloria gentis*, becauſe the Father of *Numitor*, Grandſire of *Rhea*, Mother of *Romulus*.

87 An Oaken Garland was the Reward of him who had ſav'd the Life of a Citizen of *Rome*.

88 A City in *Via Prænestina*, built by *Galatius* and *Bius*, Brothers, *Sicilians*; thence perhaps the Name *Gabii* in the Plural Number.

89 A Midland City, belonging to the *Latins*, according to *Livy* and *Ptolomy*.

90 A Colony of the *Latins*. This City was demoliſh'd by *M. Æmilius* the *Dictator*. *Strabo* ſaith it was diſtant from *Rome* thirty *Stadias*.

91 *Collatia* (ſaith *Feſtus*) was a Town near *Rome*, ſo call'd becauſe the Wealth of other Cities was conferr'd there;

there; whence that Gate of *Rome*. *Servius* ſaith it was built by *Tarquinius Superbus*; but rather by the *Alban* Kings, and augmented by *Tarquinius*. That which commonly follows *Laude pudicitiæ celebres, &c.* is not *Virgil*'s, but inſerted by ſome Impoſtor, Friend to *Lucretia*.

92 By *Pliny* reckon'd amongſt the eminent Towns of *Latium*. *Ortelius* will have it the Head of the *Volſci* in *Campania*.

93 A City in *Thuſcany*, ſo call'd from *Pan*, whom the *Latins* nam'd *Inuis*. *Macrob. Saturn.* 1.22. *ab ineundo paſſim cum omnibus animalibus*, ſaith *Servius*.

94 A City plac'd by *Ortelius* among the *Samnites*; mention'd by *Pliny* 2. 5. among the *Latian* Towns. It was taken by *Martius Coriolanus*, in behalf of the *Volſcians*, in his Expedition againſt the *Romans*.

95 A City mention'd by *Strabo*, and by *Pliny*, who affirms, That the *Corani* were deſcended from the *Trojan Dardanus*.

96 *Romulus* was grown in his Age too ſevere to the Senate; and they in the Senate-houſe tore him in pieces, and ſo convey'd him away under their Gowns: The Multitude miſſing him, ſtorm againſt the Senate, but are pacified by the ſubornation of *Julius Proculus*, who ſware he ſaw *Romulus* in the Night-ſeaſon, in ſhape more Majeſtick than was wont; and that he charg'd that they ſhould ceaſe their Grief for him, and purſue their Military Affairs; for his City ſhould at length be the Head of the World: and that himſelf, rais'd up into Heaven, was made a God.

97 Of

97 Of this Stag the Story is uncertain, ſome affirming that it was neither ſlain nor ſhot (as our Poet implies) by *Hercules*, becauſe ſacred to *Diana*, but taken by him running; others, with Nets; others, ſleeping. It is call'd *Æripes*, as by the *Greek* Fable χαλκῳπόδης, being feign'd to have Brazen Feet: though *Scaliger* affirm the Epithet to be common to all Stags, upon that of *Auſonius*;

Vincunt æripides ter terno Neſtore Cervi.

So *Heſychius* interprets χαλκόποδας, ἰχνεόποδας.

98 A Boar which haunted *Erimanthus*, and waſted all *Arcadia*, was by *Hercules* taken, and carried to *Euriſtheus*: The Teeth of this Boar hung up a long time in *Apollo*'s Temple at *Cumæ*.

99 A City of *Arabia*, to the Nymphs whereof *Jove* deliver'd *Bacchus* to be brought up; whence ſome conceive he is call'd *Dionyſius*.

100 *Numa Pompilius*, ſecond King of *Rome*, was white-hair'd from his Infancy: but *La Cerda* refers this to his great Wiſdom; of which *Dion. Chryſoſt. Orat.* 25. Numa (ſaith he) *undertaking the Charge of* Rome, *when as it was little, mean, planted in a ſtrange Country, her Citizens mix'd and bad, Enemies to their Neighbors, poor, unciviliz'd, living dangerouſly by reaſon of the Cruelty of* Romulus; *he eſtabliſh'd them in the Land, made them Friends to their Neighbors, gave them Laws, Gods, and a Commonwealth, and was Author of all the Happineſs that enſu'd to them.*

101 *Tullus Hoſtilius*, third King of *Rome*, of whom *Livy* ſaith, That *he was not onely unlike his Predeceſſor, but fiercer*

fiercer than Romulus: *His Age, Strength, and the Glory of his Anceſtors, excited his Courage; and therefore thinking the City would ſoon grow old with Idleneſs, he ſought Occaſions every where of War.*

102 *Ancus Martius*, the fourth King of *Rome*, who is by *Livy* deſcrib'd, *Of a middle temper, betwixt* Numa *and* Romulus; *equal to any of his Predeceſſors in the Glories of Peace and War.*

103 *Tarquinius Priſcus* the fifth, and *Tarquinius Superbus* the ſeventh King of *Rome*. He omits *Servius Tullus* the ſixth King, as worthy of Fame as any of the reſt; ſome think becauſe being born a Slave. His Son-in-law, *Tarquinius Superbus*, ſlew him; his own Daughter drove her Chariot over his dead Body; and *Rome* did not onely not revenge her good King's Death, but gave the Crown to his Murtherers. Theſe ſhames of his Country the Poet was willing to overpaſs.

104 The Avenger of *Lucretia*'s in'ur'd Chaſtity (who was raviſh'd by *Tarquinius Sextus*, Son of *Tarquinius Superbus*) and of the oppreſt Commonwealth, groaning under the Tyranny of *T. Superbus*, upon his Sons, who conſpir'd with the *Vitellii* and *Aquilii* to reduce *Tarquin.*

105 The *Faſces* were Bundles of Rods, with Axes wrapp'd in the midſt, born before the Kings by two *Lictors*, afterwards conferr'd on the *Conſuls.*

106 Of this Family *Decius Mus* the Father, and *Decius* the Son, were moſt famous: In the *Latin* War, before the Battel, the *Roman Conſuls*, *Manlius Torquatus*, and *Decius Mus*, pitching their Tents before *Capua*, heard a Voice in the Night, ſaying, *That the General on the one*

one ſide, the Army on the other, were deſtin'd to the Infernal Gods, and Mother Earth; and that the Side whoſe General periſh'd, ſhould have the Victory: Whereupon they agreed between themſelves, That he whoſe Legions firſt waver'd, ſhould beſtow himſelf upon his Country; which chanc'd upon *Decius*, and he ruſh'd upon a preſent death. The like his Son did in the War againſt the *Gauls*.

107 The Family of the *Druſi* he eſpecially mentions for *Druſus* his ſake, ſir-nam'd *Germanicus*, Son of *Livia Auguſta*, Wife of *Auguſtus*.

108 *T. Manlius Torquatus* (who becauſe his Son fought a Battel contrary to his Command, although he came off Victor, ſentenc'd him to death) was nam'd from a Chain (*à torque & armis*) which he took in ſingle Combate from a *Gaul* that challeng'd the *Romans*.

109 *Lucius Camillus* drove *Brennus* and the *Gauls* out of *Italy*, who had taken and burnt *Rome*; by *Plutarch* honor'd with this *Elogium*, Ῥώμης δεύτερος κτίστης, *The ſecond Builder of* Rome. The Name *Tzetzes* (*in Chiliad.*) derives from κάζειν, *ornare*.

110 Spoken with a kind of Prophetick *Omen*; for aſſigning the *Alpine* and Northern Forces to *Julius Cæſar*, and the Eaſtern to *Pompey*, he directly implies, that the firſt ſhould be Victor. The like hapned between *Alexander* and *Darius*, *Severus* and *Niger*, where the Northern Armies overcame the Eaſtern. *Vegetius*, *l.* 1. *c.* 2. thus diſtinguiſheth them, That the Northern are very apt to War, the Eaſtern much afraid of VVounds; for which he gives this Reaſon, That they have leſs Blood than the other.

111 A

111 A Haven of *Liguria*, from which *Hercules* was call'd *Monœcus*, either becauſe driving away all the Inhabitants he liv'd there alone, or becauſe no God but himſelf was worſhipt there. See *Strabo*, *lib.* 4. *Pliny*, *lib.* 3. *cap.* 5.

112 He mentions *L. Mummius*, who being *Conſul*, overcame the *Achæi*, whence ſirnam'd *Achaicus*; and demoliſh'd *Corinth*, for which he triumph'd; and is therefore ſaid here to drive his Chariot to the Capitol, whither thoſe that Triumph'd went with great ſolemnity.

113 *Paulus Æmilius* (who is here intended) overcoming *Perſes* King of *Macedon*, and reducing that Kingdom to the *Romans* (for which he triumph'd) is here thereby ſaid to revenge the *Trojans* his Anceſtors upon the Race of *Achilles*, from whom *Perſes* was deſcended, and is therefore here call'd *Æacides*. Of the Victory *Livy* gives this account: *There was ſo much Spoil, that every Horſeman had* 400 Denarii, *the Foot* 200 *apiece: They carried away* 150000 *Heads of Men.*

114 The two *Catoes*, both nam'd *M. Porcius*, one having the Title of *Cenſorius*, the younger of *Uticenſis*, were fam'd for Learning, Juſtice, and Wiſdom: Here the Elder is conceiv'd to be meant, as well from the Epithet *Magnus*; as becauſe the younger was of the oppoſite Party to *Julius Cæſar*.

115 *A. Cornelius Coſſus* having conquer'd *Lar. Tolumnius*, King of the *Veientes*, offer'd the *Opima ſpolia* to *Jupiter Feretrius*. See hereafter.

116 The *Gracchi* were one of the moſt Noble *Roman* Families,

Families, allied to the *Scipios*, and therefore are they joyn'd here by the Poet.

117 Some here underſtand the two *Scipios*, Brothers, *Publius* and *Cneius*, who died in *Spain*; others, the two *Africani*, becauſe he adds, *Cladem* Libyæ. *Publius Scipio Africanus* overthrew *Hannibal*, and made *Carthage* tributary to *Rome*, paying yearly 10000 Talents of Silver for 50 Years. *Paulus Scipio Æmilianus*, the Son of *Paulus Æmilius*, adopted by *Scipio Africanus*, took, burnt, and levell'd *Carthage* with the Ground, and reduc'd it to a *Roman* Province.

118 *C. Attilius* was taken from the Plough, and made *Conſul*, whence he had his Sir-name *Serranus*, *à ſerendo*: but *La Cerda* labors to prove the Story miſtaken for that of *Cincinnatus*, of whom is recorded the ſame.

119 Amongſt the Family of the *Fabii*, whereof 306 were ſlain at *Cremera* in the War againſt the *Veientes*, *Virgil* particularly chuſeth for praiſe *Fabius Maximus*, who from tiring out *Hannibal* got the Name of *Cunctator*, *Delayer*. Well known is the Verſe of *Ennius*, here imitated;

Unus homo nobis cunctando reſtuit rem.

120 Thoſe Spoils were call'd *Opima*, *Rich and Magnifick*, that in Battel were taken from the General of an Army. The firſt of this kind (for we read but of three) were by *Romulus* taken from *Acron*, King of the *Cæcinenſes*, in the *Sabine* War; the ſecond, by *A. Cornelius Coſſus*, taken from *Lar. Tolumnius*, King of the *Veientes*; the third, here by *Marcellus*, call'd the *Sword*, as *Fabius* the *Shield of Rome*.

121 It

[121] It was a Cuſtom amongſt the Ancients to erect their Tombs near a River.

[122] *Virgil* reciting this Book before *Auguſtus* and *Octavia*, ſhe at the mention of her Son *Marcellus* ſwooned, and was ſo taken with the Poet's Commemoration, that ſhe gave him for every Verſe which concern'd her Son, ten *Seſtercies*: Ten *Seſtercies* are about 78 *l.* 2 *s.* 6 *d.* of our Money.

[123] *Virgil*, lamenting *Marcellus*, alludes to the *Greek* Faſhion of ſtrewing Flowers upon the Sepulchres of thoſe who died untimely, relating to their momentary Vigor, and ſhortneſs of Life.

The End of the Sixth Book.





Æn. 7

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS

The Seventh Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Many ſtrange Signs and Prodigies declare,
A Forein Prince muſt wed th' Auſonian *Heir.*
Æneas *enters* Latium; *threatned Wants*
Turn'd to a Feſt; the promis'd Land he plants,
And Embaſſies to King Latinus *ſends.*
A Peace is made. Vext Juno *ſtirs the Fiends,*
And calls Alecto's *Aid, ſince Heaven denies.*
A tame Deer kill'd, has bloody Obſequies.
The Queen and Turnus, *ſpurr'd by Helliſh Charms,*
From long Peace, Latium *rous'd to impious Arms.*
Againſt th' old Kings Advice, all ſtraight engage:
Ianus *Gates open'd, the fierce Vulgar rage,*
The Martial Liſt. Camilla, *in the Rear,*
A Virgin march'd, arm'd with a Myrtle Spear.

THou didſt, [a] *Æneas* Nurſe, *Cajeta*, give,
Dying, our Shores a Name ſhall ever live;

The place my Honor keeps, ſeal'd with thy Name,
[b] Great *Latium* hides thy Bones, and ſpreads thy Fame.
But Prince *Æneas*, Rites of Funeral paid,
Her Monument rais'd, and ſwelling Seas allay'd,
Forſakes the Port, unfurling all his Sayls,
Which Night made pregnant with reſpiring Gales;
Nor the bright Moon denies his Courſe, but paves,
With trembling Beams, his way through ſilver waves.
By neighboring ſhores, [c] *Circæan* Coaſts, they run,
Where the rich Daughter of the Golden Sun
In unfrequented Forreſts hourly calls
With charming Notes, and burns in ſtately Halls,
Loads of ſweet Cedar, in Nocturnal Flame,
Running neat Shuttles through a curious Frame.
Hence Yels, and Lions ſcorning to be bound,
In gloomy Night, moſt hideouſly reſound;
Bears, and wild Boars penn'd up, fill all with Cries,
And huge Wolves howl, of a prodigious ſize,
Which the dire Goddeſs *Circe* there inveſts
With fierce Aſpects, and chang'd to * ſalvage Beaſts:
Leſt that the pious *Trojans* ſhould be made
Such dire Examples, by Enticements ſtaid;
Leſt there they Anchor, *Neptune* ſwells their Sayls,
And, o're rough Shoals tranſports, with gentle Gales:
And now the Sea bluſh'd at the Dawn's approach,
Aurora ſhining in her Golden Coach;
When ſuddenly the bluſtring Brethren ſlept,
Onely tough Oars the azure Billows ſwept.
Here Prince *Æneas* ſaw a ſpacious [d] Wood,
Through which untroubled *Tyber*'s gentle Flood.

In

In nimble Eddies, bright with Golden Sand,
Glides to the Sea; the Channel, and the Strand,
Haunted with Fowl, which to the Forreſt fly,
Lulling with pleaſant Notes a froward Sky;
He bids them ſtand to ſhore, with Joy they ſtood,
And took poſſeſſion of the ſhady Flood.
[e] *Erato*, now the Times I muſt declare,
What Kings of old in [f] ancient *Latium* were,
When firſt *Auſonian* ſhores the Stranger found,
And the Wars prime Original reſound.
[g] O Goddeſs Aid; I bloody Battels ſing,
And troubles, which did Princes Ruine bring,
The *Tyrrhen* Troops, and all th' *Auſonian* Land
Muſter'd in Arms; great Tasks I take in Hand;
A mighty Work. *Latinus* aged grown,
Now in long Peace enjoy'd his quiet Throne.
Whom Nymph [h] *Marica* did to *Faunus* bear,
And Royal *Faunus* was King *Picus* Heir;
Saturn, from thee he boaſts his Race Divine,
And Thou the firſt of that Illuſtrious Line.
This had no Off-ſpring, no Male Iſſue left,
In flow'ry youth his Sons the † Fates bereft;
One Daughter muſt enjoy this vaſt Eſtate,
Now ripe for Marriage, and a Princely Mate.
Many from mighty *Latium* made reſort,
And all *Auſonia* did this Lady Court:
Turnus, the Nobleſt, and moſt Eminent,
The Virgin ſought, and had the Queens Conſent,
Who ſtrove with ſtrange Affection them to joyn;
But dreadful Omens thwarted her Deſign.

A ſacred [i] Laurel 'midſt the Court did rear
A lofty Top, long kept by pious Fear;
Which the King finding, he (as they report)
To *Phœbus* gave it, when he built his Court;
And the [k] *Laurentians* took from this their Name.
When ſwarming Bees (a wondrous ſtory) came
Murm'ring through Heaven, then all at once ſate down
Upon the ſacred Laurel's lofty Crown;
There with imbracing Feet in Cluſters clung,
And roping down on loaden Branches hung.
Then ſtraight aloud the skilful Augur cryes,
A Stranger from that Region of the Skyes
Coming I ſee, who muſt with Forein Powers
Poſſeſs theſe Coaſts, and rule our lofty Towers.
Beſides, as near the King *Lavinia* ſtood,
With chaſter Brands kindling the ſacred Wood,
Her flowing Treſſes ſeem'd to be a-fire,
And greedy Flame devouring her Attire;
Her rich *Tyara* blaz'd, her Crown of Gold
Sparkling with Gems, now buſie Flames infold;
Fire, and dark Smoke, ſeize all her Royal Robes,
And *Vulcan* ſcales the Roofs, in pitchy Globes.
But this ſtrange Chance, and wondrous Prodigie,
Declar'd the Princeſs ſhould Illuſtrious be,
Her Glory ſhine, her Fortune ſhould tranſcend,
Yet to the People did great War portend.
But the King troubled, goes t' [l] *Albunean* Groves,
And his Prophetick Father, [m] *Faunus*, moves;
Where the moſt great, and ſhady of all Woods
Reſounds with ſacred and ſulphurean Floods.

From

From hence th' *Italians*, all * *Oenotria*, ſought
Anſwers in doubts: when Gifts the Prieſt had brought,
Here he repos'd on Skins of [n] ſlaughter'd Sheep,
And in the ſilent Night prepares to ſleep,
When wondrous ſhapes of fleeting Forms appear;
He talks with Gods, and doth ſtrange Language hear,
Deep *Acheron*'s darkeſt Counſels doth partake,
And ſounds the Boſom of th' *Avernian* Lake.
Here King *Latinus* ſeeking Anſwers, ſlew
A hundred choſen Sheep, by Cuſtom due;
Then on their Skins being ſpread, to reſt prepar'd;
When from the lofty Grove a Voice he heard.
To no *Italian* Prince thy Daughter wed;
Unmake, dear Son, the ready Marriage-bed;
A [o] Forein Match is coming, who ſhall place
Our Stock and Name amongſt the Stars, whoſe Race
Muſt in ful power thoſe numerous Nations ſway,
Which *Phœbus* ſees, poſting from [p] Sea to Sea.
This Counſel by old *Faunus* given in deep
And ſilent Night, *Latinus* did not keep,
But it was Trumpeted by flying Fame,
Which round through all th' *Auſonian* Cities came,
When firſt the *Trojans* did at Anchor ride
Near *Tyber*'s pleaſant Banks, and flow'ry ſide.
The King, ſome prime Commanders, and the Prince,
Repos'd under a ſpreading Trees defence;
Then to refreſh, on verdant Banks being ſet,
Viands they lay on [q] Cakes of pureſt Wheat,
Making with juicy Fruit, their Biskets ſwell:
Food ſhort, and Stomachs ſharp, ſtraight on they fell,

And hard Foundations violently brake,
Storming, with bolder Teeth, the fatal Cake;
Then round about their wheaten Plates invade:
We eat our * Trenchers too, *Aſcanius* ſaid.
Nor ſaying more; this heard, an end affords
To all their Toyl; his † Father takes the words,
And frivolous, did former Threatnings find:
Then ſaid, Hail Lands, to me by Fates conſign'd,
Welcome aſhore, our never-failing Gods,
This Soyl is yours, theſe Kingdoms your Aboads:
Such Secrets, now I call to mind, my old
Father *Anchiſes* thus to me foretold;
When thou, dear Son, on Forein ſhores being ſet,
Sharp Hunger, Trenchers ſhall inforce to eat;
Then let the r weary reſt, remember there
To build a City, and ſtrong Bulwarks rear.
This is that Famine, thus we are undone,
When Ruine threatned.
Then let us boldly, with the Riſing Sun,
The Country ſearch, to find who rules theſe Lands,
And ſeveral ways ſee where their City ſtands.
Now ſacrifice to *Jove*, and to the Soul
Of my bleſt Father; ſwell the flowing Bowl.
With cooling Branches then he binds his Brows,
And to the * *Genius* of the Country vows,
To *Tellus* firſt of Gods, to Streams unknown,
To Night, and Stars which gild her purple Throne:
Then on his Kees, to *Jove* and *Sibyl* fell,
And calls his Parents, great in Heaven and Hell.

Here

Here the All-potent Father thrice aloud
From high Heaven Thunder'd, and a fiery Cloud
His powerful Hand did brandiſhing unfold,
Edg'd with reflecting Raies, and fring'd with Gold.
The *Trojans* here a ſudden Rumor fill'd,
The time drew near expected Walls to build.
At the bleſt ſign they feaſt, and cheer their Souls
With joyful ſ Cups, and Crown the flowing Bowls.
Soon as the Morn with Golden Beams ſet forth,
And took Nights ſable Mantle from the Earth,
They make a ſearch; ſome find t *Numicus* Well;
Here *Tyber* flows, and there bold *Latines* dwell.
Æneas choſen Perſons did prepare,
That to the Court his Embaſſy ſhould bear,
And for the *Trojans* Terms of Peace propound,
With Royal Preſents, all with † Olive Crown'd.
They haſten to perform what he enjoyn'd:
He, to a ſhallow Trench, ſlight Works deſign'd,
Erects a Fort, and Camp-wiſe did begin
His firſt Aboad to fence with Bulwarks in.
Now going on, they to the Walls drew near,
When *Latine* Towers, and lofty Roofs appear:
Then gallant Youth, they ſaw, brave Horſes ride,
Or thund'ring in their duſty Chariots pride;
Or caſting Lances, or ſtrong Bows they bend,
Or bravely in a Tournament contend.
When one with ſpeed brought to the Royal Ear,
In unknown Garments mighty Men drew near;
He bids them ſtraight be to the Preſence ſhown,
Then takes his Place in his great Grandſire's Throne.

Rais'd on a hundred Pillars, 'midſt the Town,
Stood *Picus* Court, and Pallace of Renown,
Awful with Groves, and Myſteries profound.
Here Kings [u] receiv'd their Scepters, and were crown'd;
This was the [x] Temple, and the Princes Court,
Where they at ſacred Feſtivals reſort;
The Nobles here, a Ram being ſlaughter'd, ſate
In th' antient manner, at [y] long Boards in ſtate.
Cut in * old Cedar, the Effigies there
Of *Italus*, and Prince *Sabinus* were,
Who firſt ſet Vines, his Hook in bended Wood;
Saturn without, and † Two fac'd *Janus* ſtood,
And many more, with Honorable Scars,
For their dear Country got, in bloody Wars.
Beſides, on ſacred Pillars all along,
A world of Arms, Axes, and Chariots hung,
Creſts, and huge Bars of Gates, the Ports adorn,
And Spears, and Shields, and Prows from Gallies torn.
Horſe-taming [z] *Picus* a ſhort Garment wore,
An Augur-ſtaff, and little Target bore:
Whoſe Love, when ſlighted *Circe* could not gain,
She with her Golden Wand, and powerful Bane,
Turn'd to a Bird, and py'd his colour'd Wings.
There ſate *Latinus*, in th' old Throne of Kings;
Then bids, the *Trojans* they ſhould uſher in,
Who thus to them did courteouſly begin.
Say, *Trojans* (for we oft have heard of you,
Your City, and your tedious Voyage too)
What's your requeſt? what buſineſs made you come,
Through all thoſe dangerous Seas to *Latium?*

Miſs'd

Miſs'd you your Courſe? or by rough Tempeſt toſs'd?
(For many ſo 'mongſt raging Waves are loſt)
That thus you boldly Anchor in our Road.
Nor ſhun our Friendſhip; know, from *Saturn*'s Blood
We *Latines* ſprung, without or Law, or Tye,
Juſtice afford, like the old Deity.
Now I recal, but Time obſcureth Fame,
That th' old [aa] *Arunci* ſaid, *Dardanus* came
To *Phrygian Ida*'s Cities, from this place,
And *Thracian Samos*, now call'd *Samothrace*:
Who ſince from *Tyrrhen Corrite*'s Palace gone,
In ſtarry Courts ſits in a Golden Throne,
Filling the Number of the Deities.
He ſaid; then *Ilioneus* thus replies.

Great *Faunus* Off-ſpring, us no Tempeſt toſs'd,
And drove with raging Billows to your Coaſt;
Nor miſs'd our Courſe; we by advice were brought,
And voluntarily thy Country ſought,
Driven from our Realms, which not long ſince excell'd
What e're the Sun from Eaſt to Weſt beheld.
From all-commanding *Jove* we *Trojans* ſpring,
Proud, our great Grandſire is Heavens mighty King;
Our Prince *Æneas*, *Jove*'s Celeſtial Line,
Thus to attend on thee did us injoyn.
How great a Tempeſt from the *Grecian* States
Drown'd *Trojan* Fields, and with what various Fate
Thoſe mighty Worlds, *Europe* and *Aſia*, ſtrove,
Is known in Lands, which endleſs Seas remove,
And where betwixt four Zones the ſcorching Sun
Doth through th' Ecliptick Line unbyaſs'd run.

Tranſpor-

Transported through ſo many raging Floods
From that Deſtruction, for our Country-Gods
A ſpot of Ground we Crave, though ne're ſo ſmall,
With Air and Water, common unto all.
Nor ſhall your Kingdom our Plantators ſhame,
Nor with the ſmalleſt Blemiſh blaſt your Fame
By baſe Ingratitude; nor ſhall it grieve
That *Troy* you in your Boſom did receive.
I, by *Æneas* Force, and Fortune, ſwear
His Juſtice, Valor, and Command in War;
Us many Realms (nor ſlight us that we bring
Theſe [bb] Wreaths, and ſpeak like Men petitioning)
Courted, that we as one might be conjoyn'd;
But Fate commanded us your Shores to find:
Hence *Dardan* came, and here again would dwell.
With ſtrict Injunctions *Phœbus* did compel
Us to ſeek out [cc] *Numicus* ſacred waves,
And pleaſant Shores, which *Tyrrhen Tyber* laves.
Beſides, ſmall Gifts of former Fortune, we.
Preſerv'd from burning *Troy*, preſent to thee,
Anchiſes offer'd in this Bowl of Gold;
This Diadem King *Priam* wore of old,
When Laws he to th' aſſembled People gave;
This Mace, and Robe, which *Ilian* Dames dim weave.
At *Ilioneus* Speech, *Latinus* bent
A ſtedfaſt Look, and fix'd his Eyes, intent,
Upon the Earth: The King not much approv'd
Wrought Purple, nor at *Priam*'s Scepter mov'd,
As in his Daughters Marriage he delay'd,
Fortunes revolving, which old *Faunus* ſaid:

This

This was the Son from Forein Land muſt come,
Led by auſpicious Fate, to *Latium*;
From this a moſt renowned Race ſhall ſpring,
Muſt the whole World to their Subjection bring.
Bleſs (then he ſaid) you Gods, the work in hand,
And your own Will; take, *Trojans*, your Demand.
I take your rich Gifts; whilſt I am King, enjoy
Riches of fruitful Fields, and wealth of *Troy*.
And let *Æneas* come, if he intend
Such Love to us, and would be ſtyl'd our Friend,
Nor ſhun an Interview of laſting Peace;
I'le give him Earneſt with a ſtrict Embrace.
Now to your King from us this Meſſage tell:
I have a Daughter, which the Oracle
And many ſigns from Heaven, to Match at Home
Forbids; from Forein Shores a Prince muſt come,
(Such happy Fates for *Latium* they declare)
Who to the Stars, our Stock and Name ſhall bear;
This, I believe, is he whom Fates require,
And, if my Mind prompt rightly, I deſire.
He orders then choice Horſes forth be led,
Snow-white three hundred, in high Stables fed;
Which to the *Trojans* were in order brought,
In purple Trappings curiouſly wrought:
Gold Poitrels on their Breſts, from Head to Feet
Cover'd in Cold, they champ'd the Golden Bitt.
A Chariot for *Æneas*, every Steed
Breath'd from his Noſtrils Fire, ætherial Breed,
Of the ſame kind, which cunning *Circe* ſtole,
Whoſe mortal Dam brought an Immortal Fole.

With

With theſe Gifts, and the Anſwers of the King,
Home Peace, the *Trojans* bravely mounted bring.
But then behold! from *Argos* did repair
Jove's cruel Wife, and flying, cuts the Air.
Æneas, and the *Trojan* Fleet, ſhe ſpyes
From high *Pachynos*, through ætherial Skyes,
Saw how they Houſes built, and left the Flood,
Now truſting Land, fix'd ſhe with Sorrow ſtood,
Benumm'd with bitter Grief, all Motion ceas'd;
Her Head then ſhaking, thus ſhe eas'd her Breſt.
Ah hateful Race, and *Trojan* Fates, which ſtain
Our Fates; why dy'd not theſe on th' *Ilian* Plain?
Why not made Slaves? why did they not expire
In *Trojan* Flames, through Enemies, through Fire,
Theſe found a way. I weary grow of late,
Or without Vengance ſatisfi'd my Hate.
Yet bravely I theſe Fugitives purſu'd,
Whom their own Country's Ruines did exclude,
Againſt them, I made the whole Ocean riſe,
With the United Power of Waves and Skies.
What *Scylla*, *Syrts*, *Charybdis* me avail'd?
They to ſweet *Tyber*'s long'd-for Chanel ſayl'd,
Clear from rough Seas, and me. [dd] *Mars* ruin'd quite
The mighty *Lapithes*, [ee] *Diana*'s ſpight
Jove himſelf wreak'd on antient *Calydon*:
What were their Crimes? or what had either done?
But I, *Jove*'s Royal Spouſe, unhappy I,
A thouſand wayes did all Concluſions try,
Yet worſted by *Æneas*: If Heavens Queen
Wants Power to wreak on him deſerved Spleen,

'Thout

'Thout ſcruple Aid I'l ſeek, where e're they dwell;
Will Heaven not Help allow, I'le raiſe up Hell.
Grant, ſpight of us, that he in *Latium* Reign,
And immov'd Fates *Lavinia* his ordain;
But yet we may obſtruct this great Affair,
And waſt both Nations, with deſtroying War.
At ſuch Coſt let them joyn; thy Dowry, Maid,
In *Rutil* ſhall, and *Trojan* Blood, be paid;
And ſtern *Bellona* ſhall for *Hymen* ſtand;
Nor ff *Ciſſeis* onely ſhall bring forth a Brand:
Another *Paris* comes, and *Venus* Son,
And Fire for riſing *Troy*'s Deſtruction.
This ſaid, ſhe dreadfully to Earth deſcends,
Then from Infernal Shades, and Seats of Fiends,
Alecto calls, who in her Boſom bears
Treaſon; dire War, fond Jealouſies and Fears.
The Divel himſelf at this Hag ſhuts his Gate,
This Monſter the Infernal Furies hate:
So oft ſhe is transform'd, ſuch Faces makes,
Her foul Breſt broody with ten thouſand Snakes.
Whom *Juno* in ſuch Language did perſwade.
Virgin, Night's Daughter, muſter all thy Aid,
Bring all thy Forces, leſt our Honor'd Name,
Ruin'd, now ſink, with our declining Fame;
Leſt that the King, his Child *Æneas* grant,
Leſt needy *Trojans*, rich *Auſonia* plant.
Unanimous Brothers thou canſt arm to fight,
And ſettled Courts, deſtroy with deadly ſpight,
Storm Pallaces with Steel, and pitchy Flames,
Thou haſt a thouſand wicked Arts and Names;

Thy

Thy Boſom diſembogue, with Miſchief full,
And, Articles concluding Peace annull:
Then raiſe a War, and with bewitching Charms
Make the mad people rage to take up Arms.
Big with foul Poyſon, thence the Hag reſorts
To *Latium*, and *Latinus* lofty Courts,
There ſilently t' *Amata*'s Chamber ſtole;
When female Rage and Care perplex'd her Soul,
About the *Trojan*'s coming to their Coaſt,
And *Turnus* Marriage ſpightfully thus croſt.
At her the Goddeſs from foul Elf-locks caſt
A Snake, and near her ss Stomach fix'd it faſt:
By which diſtracted, ſhe might all diſtract.
It gently gliding in a harmleſs Tract,
Did through her Garments to her Boſom rowl,
Her Breſt inſpiring with a viperous Soul:
Wound up in Links, the Snake's a Chain of Gold,
A Fillet now her Treſſes to infold.
Before the Poyſon, and ſharp Peſtilence
Rais'd ſwelling Paſſion, and ſecur'd all ſenſe;
Before the Flame her ſweet Affections catch'd,
And milder Thoughts; about her Daughter match'd
Into a Stranger, weeping, much diſmay'd,
As Mothers uſe t' expreſs their Minds, ſhe ſaid.
On th' exil'd *Trojan*, Sir, will you beſtow
Lavinia, aud on her no pity ſhew?
Nor pitieſt me, whom he, when North-winds riſe,
Will leave, and bear to Sea his Virgin-prize?
The *Phrygian* Swain in *Greece* no longer ſtaid,
And hh *Helen* to the *Trojan* Tow'rs convey'd.

Where

Where is thy ſacred Faith, and antient Care,
And Vows thou didſt ſo oft to *Turnus* ſwear?
But if a Match from Forein Lands muſt come,
And thon decreeſt what is thy Father's Doom;
Sure I believe all Countrys Forein are
VVhich thou not rul'ſt, and ſo the Gods declare.
From *Inachus*, and old [ii] *Acriſius*, ſprings
Turnus, thou know'ſt; and theſe were *Grecian* Kings.
VVhen ſhe perceiv'd Perſuaſion vain, and found
No Argument could move him from his Ground,
Th' infernal Poyſon ſhoots through every part,
And Serpentine Affections ſeiz'd her Heart:
Then the unhappy, direly diſcontent,
Through the great City, like a [kk] Frantick went.
So turns a Top, which Boys through empty Courts
Drive with huge Laſhes, eager at their Sports,
Running in Circles, counter-circled round
Through winding Entries, which with Blows reſound;
The ignorant, and childiſh Troop, admire
That Blows would ſmooth-skin'd Box with life inſpire:
Thus giddily about the Town ſhe rag'd,
And the rude Vulgar, apt to catch, engag'd.
Then flies to VVoods, pretending *Bacchus* Rites,
The foul Crime heightning, greater Rage excites;
For ſhe her Child t' obſcuring Groves convey'd,
That ſo the *Trojan* Match might be delay'd.
Euæ, *Bacchus*, crying in a dreadful Tone,
The Virgin thou deſerv'dſt, Thou, thou alone;
Deck'd with Vine-leaves, for thee they Javelins bear,
For thee they dance, and ſave their [ll] ſacred Hair.

The

The modeſt Matrons ſtartle at the Fame;
At laſt all burn in like Infernal Flame;
Their Houſes they forſake, new Roofs to find,
Treſſes expoſing to the wanton wind.
But others deaf with Cryes Heav'ns Cryſtal Arch,
And girt in [mm] Skins, with Viny Javelins march.
She with a blazing Pine amidſt them flings,
And *Turnus*, and her Daughters *Hymen* ſings;
Rowling her bloody Eyes, thus ſhe exclames
With direful Looks; *Io*! you *Latine* Dames,
If any Love in your chaſt Boſoms yet
Remain for me, the moſt unfortunate;
If any Care of Mothers Power excites,
With flowing Treſſes act now *Bacchus* Rites.
Alecto ſuch a Queen through Deſarts brings,
And drives, where wild beaſts dwell, with Furies ſtings.
After ſhe ſaw enough that Fury burn'd,
Latinus counſel his whole Houſe o'return'd,
From thence the ugly Goddeſs made reſort,
On black Wings mounted, to bold *Turnus* Court;
Whoſe City, *Danae* (as Fame informs)
Planted with *Grecians*, thither drove by Storms:
From Augury of old they call this Seat
[nn] *Ardua*, and *Ardua*'s Name is ever great.
Here *Turnus* in his Royal Courts repos'd,
When ſilent Night with Darkneſs all inclos'd.
Alecto ſtraight transforms her Helliſh Limbs,
Her Furies Face, and an old Woman ſeems:
Plowing deep wrinkles in her horrid Brow,
Her gray Hairs binding with an Olive-Bough.

Like

Like *Calyb*, *Juno*'s Prieſteſs, ſhe appears,
And with theſe Voices fills the Princes Ears.
Muſt all th' indeavors, *Turnus*, prove in vain?
And ſhall *Æneas* o're thy Kingdoms reign?
The King thy Match, and promis'd Dow'r, withſtands,
And ſues a Forein Prince t' enjoy his Lands.
Go, baffled Prince, to thankleſs Dangers go,
Latins protect, and *Tyrrhens* overthrow.
Heav'ns Queen commanded me I ſhould declare
Theſe things to thee, now ſleeping without Care.
Then muſter up thy Forces with all ſpeed,
And Arm'd compleatly, to the Port proceed,
In pleaſant *Tyber*, where the *Phrygians* ſit;
A God commands thee burn their painted Fleet:
And if the King thy promis'd Bride deny,
Let him in Arms bold *Turnus* Valor try.
Then thus the Prince, ſmiling on her, reply'd.
That now a Fleet in *Tyber*'s Channel ride,
Couldſt thou beleive the News eſcap'd my Ear?
Spare me the trouble of ſuch idle Fear,
Heaven's Queen will mindful be of us.
But Mother, thee, Age growing back to Youth,
Wither'd with Time, and barren of all Truth,
In vain ſo oft affrights, with falſe Alarms,
And mocks, with cauſeleſs Fears of Kings and Arms.
Take for the Temple, and the Statues, Care,
Let men t' whom it belongs, make Peace and War.
Alecto's Rage ſwells high at what he ſaid.
But ſudden trembling ſeiz'd him as he pray'd;

His Eyes grow ſtiff, Faces ſo dire ſhe makes,
Whilſt round ſhe hiſſeth with Infernal Snakes;
Rowling her bloody Eyes, ſhe drives him back,
Laboring Requeſts, and once again to ſpeak:
Then with two Serpents from her ſnaky Hair
She ſcourging him, did thus her Rage declare:
Age void of Truth, behold! whoſe falſe Alarms;
Mocks thee with cauſeleſs Fears of Kings and Arms;
I from the Seat of the dire Siſters bring,
In this Hand, War and Death.
This ſaid, at him a blazing Torch ſhe caſt,
And Helliſh Fire fixt in his Boſom faſt.
With extream Fear he wakes; through all his Limbs
A ſalt Sweat flows, in Brine his Body ſwims:
Arms, Arms, he cryes; about for Arms he ſought;
Love of Steel rag'd, and Wars dire Madneſs wrought.
As when a blazing Bavin is apply'd,
With crackling Flames, to a full Caldrons ſide,
The ſimp'ring Liquor muſters to the Brim,
Whilſt bubbly Mountains raging, ſink and ſwim:
Now fomy ſtreams about the Verges riſe,
And ſullen Vapors muffle all the Skies.
He to the King againſt the Peace declar'd,
Bids the °° prime Youth all be for Arms prepar'd,
To protect *Latium*, and expel the Foe,
Elſe he 'gainſt *Trojans* would, and *Latins*, go.
This ſaid, he makes his Vows, *Rutilians* rage,
And one another for the Cauſe engage;
This *Turnus*, Youth and gallant Perſon, charms;
That his high Birth, that his great Deeds in Arms.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Turnus* his *Rutilians* did inflame,
Mounted on *Stygian* Wings, *Alecto* came
Amongſt the *Trojans*, to the place where fair
Aſcanius did, to hunt wild Beaſts, prepare.
Here ſuddenly th' Infernal Maid inrag'd
The Dogs, and with known Scent their ſmell engag'd
More hot to chace: hence ſprung the woful Jar
That firſt incens'd the Ruſtick Souls to War.
There [pp] was a fair Deer with a ſtately Head,
Which [qq] *Tyrrheus* Son took from the Dam, and fed,
And *Tyrrheus*, whom the Royal Herd obey'd,
To whom thoſe fertile Plains Obedience paid.
Sylvia, their Siſter, daily comb'd the Beaſt,
And his fair Horns with curious Garlands dreſt;
Then bath'd the gentle Hart in Chryſtal Floods.
He us'd to's Maſter's Table, would through [rr] Woods
Wander all day, and though grown late, would come
Back to his Stall, and well acquainted Home.
This tame Deer wandring through remoter Grounds,
Was rous'd by young *Aſcanius* eager Hounds,
As he by chance paſs'd pleaſant *Tyber* o're,
And hot, repos'd upon the verdant Shore.
The love of Praiſe *Aſcanius* Soul inflam'd,
He bends his Bow, and his ſwift Arrow aim'd;
Nor wanted there a Power his Hand to guide;
It pierc'd his Bowels through his tender Side;
Home the hurt Deer with ſpeed directly flies,
There bleeding, fills his Stall with Plaints and Cries,
And like one begging Aid, his Wrongs expreſt.
Sylvia, their Siſter, beating firſt her Breſt,

Loud to ſtern Ruſticks for Aſſiſtance cry'd.
They (for the Hag in ſilent Woods did hide)
With Clubs and Staves ſtraight anſwer the Alarms.
What Tools they us'd, Fury converts to Arms.
Tyrrheus his Hinds calls, cleaving of an Oke,
And threatning mainly, a ſharp Hatchet took:
But the foul Hag that Miſchiefs time did watch,
Aſcends a Roof, and ſounds, on lofty Thatch,
From her dire Horn, the Paſtoral Alarm;
The tall Woods ſhake, and thunder at the Charm;
The ff Lake of *Trivia* heard; 'twas heard as far
As tt *Velin*'s Fountains, and Sulphurean uu *Nar*;
Where trembling Matrons their dear Babes embrac'd.
From all parts Swains with ſnatch'd up Weapons haſt.
Nor in their Camp the *Trojan* Youth delay'd,
But, like a Torrent, haſts t' *Aſcanius* Aid.
Their Ranks are clos'd; theſe not like Ruſticks fight,
With Clubs and Staves, but in ſharp Steel delight.
A horrid Crop of drawn Swords hides the Fields,
Reflections, gilding Clouds, from glittering Shields.
Like Winds that firſt the Sea with Silver purls,
And by degrees *Neptune*'s green Treſſes curls:
Then Waves grow high, at laſt huge Mountains riſe,
And ſandy Bottoms waſh Imperial Skies.
Here youthful *Almon*, *Tyrrhus* eldeſt Son,
Was in the Front, by a ſwift Shaft o'rethrown;
For in his Throat it ſtuck; the ſtifling Wood
Stop'd the moiſt paſſage of his Life with Blood.
There many were with old *Galeſus* ſlain,
Whilſt he for Peace oppos'd himſelf in vain;

The

The juſteſt Man which all *Auſonia* yields,
And once the richeſt both in Stock and Fields:
Five bleating Flocks, five Herds in his command,
A hundred Ploughs turn'd up his fertile Land.
Now whilſt the Fight with equal Fortune ſtood,
Alecto's Promiſe kept, when ſhe in Blood
And Slaughter had firſt-fruits of Battel paid,
Forſaking Earth, to Heaven her ſelf convey'd,
And boldly theſe to *Juno* did declare.
Behold! Diviſion ripen'd for ſad War;
Let them in ſolemn League and Covenant joyn;
So with their Blood the Articles they Sign.
More, if thou wilt, I'le add, and ſpreading Fame
The Neighboring Cities ſhall to War inflame;
Mad Diſcord they ſhall court, provok'd by Charms;
Aids from all parts ſhall fill the Fields with Arms.
Then *Juno* ſaid, Fair the Pretences are,
And Jealouſies, and Fears, enough for War;
Since they have fought already, and imbru'd,
In this firſt Fight, their Arms with Forein Blood:
Let *Venus* Off-ſpring, and th' old King in ſtate
Such happy Hymeneals celebrate:
But thou thus boldly 'mongſt bright Sphears to rove,
Is not the Will of Heaven-commanding *Jove*:
Go to thy place; I'le carry on the reſt,
As Fortune and Occaſion ſhall aſſiſt.
This ſaid, the Hag on Wings, with hiſſing Snakes,
Stoops ſtraight to Hell, and lofty Skyes forſakes.
In xx *Latium*'s Center is a ſacred Ground;
Under high Hills, through all the World renown'd;

On each ſide guarded with a ſhady Wood, (Flood:
Throw which there glides 'mongſt Rocks a murmuring
Here is the dreadful Cave, and Mouth of Hell,
Where boyling *Acheron* a dreadful ſmell
Sends from foul Jaws. Hither *Alecto* flyes,
And here concealing, eas'd both Earth and Skyes.
Heav'ns Queen, mean while, no leſs did ripen war;
To Town the Shepherds fly, and ſlain Friends bear,
Young *Almon*, and *Galeſus* foul with Gore;
The Gods atteſting, they the King implore.
Turnus was preſent, and their wrath incends,
Straight to revenge the Murther of their Friends;
Nor there let *Trojans* plant, nor yy *Teucer*'s Race
To match with theirs, nor ſuffer this Diſgrace.
Then they whoſe Mothers in the Deſart rag'd,
Whom *Bacchus* dreadful Orgies had engag'd,
(Great was the Queens Example) now repair
From every part, and weary *Mars* with Prayer.
Againſt the Gods, and Fate, and Omens, all
For impious War, with ſtrange perverſeneſs, call;
And clamoring, round *Latinus* Palace ſtood.
But he, like a fix'd Rock againſt the Flood,
Like a fix'd Rock, which when a breaking Wave
Tumbles againſt him, and loud Billows rave,
Stands by his weight: the ſomy Cliffs reſound,
And broken weeds 'gainſt bruiſing ſides rebound.
But when no Power mad Counſels could prevent,
And th' whole Affair with cruel *Juno* went,
The King, the Gods atteſting, ſaid; Our State
Is Tempeſt-torn, and we are rack'd by Fate;

Your

Your impious Blood, Wretches, for this ſhall pay,
And for thee, *Turnus*, waits a woful day,
When thou too late ſhalt Heaven implore in vain;
I ſoon my wiſh'd-for Harbor ſhall obtain,
Though Funerals I want. Nor more he ſpoke,
But ſtraight retires, and Government forſook.
There was an antient Uſe in *Latium*,
Which *Alban* Towns held ſacred, and now *Rome*,
Greateſt in Power, obſerves, when they prepare
'Gainſt *Arabs*, [zz] *Getes*, or fierce *Hyrcanians* War,
Or march to *India*, or the Eaſtern Main,
Or Enſigns from the [1] *Parthians* to regain:
Two Gates there be, ſtyl'd the Ports of War,
Sacred to *Mars* with reverential Fear,
Shut with a hundred Iron and Brazen Bands,
There in the Porch, bifronted *Janus* ſtands;
Here, when the Senate have a War decreed,
The Conſul, glorious in his Regal Weed,
And [2] *Gabine* Robe, doth groaning Gates unbar;
In his own Perſon then proclaims the War;
The valiant Youth attending, guard him round,
And doleful Trumpets, *Diapazons* ſound.
The King was here deſired by the States,
War to denounce, and open *Janus* Gates.
He flyes th' Engagement, and ſo foul a Cauſe,
And ſtraight himſelf to privacy withdraws.
Then from high Heaven the Queen of Gods deſcends,
And the reſiſting Portals open rends;
She breaks the Hinges, tears down Iron Bars,
And makes a ſpacious way for impious Wars.

Auſonia burns, rous'd from long happy Peace.
Some in the Field Foot-ſquadrons exerciſe;
Some break proud Steeds, and uſe them to Alarms
Wrapt in a duſty Cloud; all mad, take Arms;
This ſcours his Shield, his Axe whets, oyls his Spear,
Glad to bear Enſigns, and ſhrill Trumpets hear.
Five mighty Towns, to make Arms, Anvils lay,
Tyber, *Ardea*, and ſtrong [3] *Atina*,
Tow'ry *Antemna*, *Cruſtumere* the great;
Helms of high Proof the work, and Shields compleat
With Sallow wrought; theſe ſhining Breſt-plates caſt;
Or with fine ſilver ſmooth-wrought Greves inchac'd.
Farewel all Love, and Honor of the Plow!
Their Fathers Swords again they furbuſh now;
Loud Trumpets ſound, the Word is given; with ſpeed
This takes his Cask, that mounts his neighing Steed;
This claps on Mail, which fineſt Gold did gild,
Then takes his faithful Sword and ſolid Shield.
Open, you Muſes, now your ſacred Springs,
And raiſe my Verſe to tell what valiant Kings,
Provok'd to War, with Armies ſpread the Field,
And what great Princes *Italy* did yield.
You Goddeſſes aſſiſt, you all did hear,
Onely a ſlender Fame hath touch'd our Ear.
Firſt proud *Mezentius* from the *Tyrrhen* Lands,
The Gods Contemner, march'd, with armed Bands;
And *Lauſus* next, his Son, than whom more fair
Was none, unleſs *Laurentian Turnus* were.
Lauſus rid bravely, and, a Hunter bred,
A thouſand he from *Agyllina* led;

To

To rule Paternal Realms, a worthy Heir,
If proud *Mezentius* not his Father were.
With conquering Steeds, in's Chariot next to theſe,
March'd *Aventine*, thy Son, bold *Hercules*;
He bore a hundred Snakes on's Father's Shield,
And *Hydra*, girt with Serpents, charg'd the Field;
Him *Rhea* bore, in th' *Aventinian* Wood,
A Mortal Woman proving by a God,
When entring *Latium*, *Geryon* being ſlain,
His *Spaniſh* Bulls bath'd in the *Tyrrhen* Main.
Theſe war with cruel Tucks, and Darts they bear,
Charge with ſtrange Weapons, and a ſable Spear.
He march'd on Foot, clad in a Lion's Skin,
Dreadfully rough, on's Head the white Teeth grin:
The Court he enters, in this horrid guiſe,
And on his Back th' *Herculean* Mantle tyes.
Two Brothers from [4] *Tyburtian* Bulwarks came,
Whoſe Brother, *Tyburt*, gave their Walls his Name;
Catillus, and fierce *Coras*, youthful *Greeks*,
Lead bravely, guarded with a Stand of Pikes.
So Cloud-born *Centaurs* from the Hills deſcend,
When they from [5] *Homol*, or cold *Othrys*, bend
Their rapid Courſe; the mighty Wood gives way
And ruſſling Branches wide themſelves diſplay.
Nor [6] *Cæculus*, that did *Præneſte* build,
Was wanting, whom (as antient ſtories yield)
Found on a Hearth, black *Vulcan* did beget,
And, as a Prince, o're Herds of Cattel ſet.
Ruſticks a Legion, *Cæculus* commands
From high *Præneſte*, and cold [7] *Anio*'s Strands,

VVhom

Whom *Gabii*, and rough [8] *Hernici* bred,
Thoſe rich *Anagnia* with clear Rivers, fed,
Old [9] *Amaſen*: Nor all bore Arms, nor ring
With Shields and Chariots; a great number ſling
Bullets of Lead, and ſome two Javelins bear,
And on their Heads did yellow Bonnets wear,
Made of Wolfs-skin, with their [10] left Foot they did
March naked, a raw Brogue the other hid.
Well-hors'd [11] *Meſapus*, *Neptune*'s Off-ſpring, whom
Nor Fire, nor Sword, had Power to overcome,
Soft People, unaccuſtom'd to Alarms,
Invites to War, and taught the uſe of Arms.
Theſe juſt *Faliſci*, and *Feſcennine* Bands,
Thoſe hold *Soractes* Tow'rs, and *Flavin* Lands,
Mount *Cymin*'s Lake, and *Capen* Groves, who ſing,
Marching in order, Verſes of their King.
Like ſilver Swans, which through the Clouds retire
From ſweet Repaſt, they in a joyful Quire
Tune their long Pipes; when all the *Aſian* Coaſt,
And Floods far off, reſound.
Nor think the brazen Bands of ſuch an Hoaſt
Confuſed were; they did in order march,
Like Fowl from Sea, through Heav'ns ætherial Arch.
Next [12] *Clauſus* of the *Sabine* Blood, commands
Great Troops: himſelf more worth than all his Bands.
From *Clauſus* did the *Claudian* Off-ſpring come,
After the *Sabins* ſhar'd a part in *Rome*.
Then old *Quirites*, *Amiterns* renown'd,
Eretians, and *Mutuſcans*, Olive-crown'd,

Who

Who *Nomentum*, who Roſy *Veline* Till,
Who plow rough *Tetric*, and *Severus* Hill:
Thoſe plant *Caſperia*, *Folurus*, and them
Drink *Himel*, *Fuber*, and ſweet *Tyber*'s ſtream.
Next *Nurſia*, *Hortine* Troops, and *Latines* came,
Thoſe [13] *Allia* Parts, with an unlucky Name.
As many Waves from *Libyck* Seas are rowl'd,
When ſtern *Orion* Winter Storms infold;
Or as thick Corn, parch'd in the Summer, ſtands
On *Hermus*, or on *Lycia*'s Golden Strands:
So Shields reſound, Earth trembling as they came.
Atrides Son, Foe to the *Trojan* Name,
Haleſus ſtraight his Chariot-horſes joyns,
And leads a thouſand Men; thoſe, bleſt with Vines,
Maſſica plow; th' *Aruncian* Father's Train,
From Mountains, and *Sidicine* near the Main;
Thoſe who left *Cales*, and dwell near the Stream
Of dry *Vulturnus*, *Saticle* with them,
And *Oſcian* Bands; Thoſe fight with Javelins long,
But, as their Cuſtom, fitted with a Thong:
Thoſe Falchions uſe, and Leather Shields protect.
Nor thee, *Oebalus*, muſt our Muſe neglect,
Whom Nymph *Tebithide* to *Telon* bore,
Now old, he Rul'd the *Teleboon* ſhore;
The Son not with his Father's Realms content,
To his ſubjection the *Sarraſtians* bent,
And them with *Sarnus* watereth, forc'd to yield;
With thoſe who held *Batulus*, and *Celen* Field;
And thoſe *Abella*'s fruitful Country view,
Who Darts in the *Teutonick* manner threw;

Rinde

Rinde arms their Heads, which ſpungie Cork affords,
They ſhine with brazen Shields, and gallant Swords.
Thee *Ufens*, *Nurſia* ſent to theſe Alarms,
Renown'd by Fame, and fortunate in Arms;
Whoſe hardy People did in hunting toyl,
And till'd *Æquicola*, a barren Soyl;
Theſe armed plow, and Preys delight to drive,
Who by baſe Plunder, and vile Rapine, live.
Next march'd a Prieſt of the *Marrubian* Race,
His ſtately Creſt did branching Olives grace,
By King *Archippus* ſent, *Umbro* the bold,
Who deadly Vipers, and fierce Serpents, could
Caſt with his Charms aſleep, ſoften their rage,
And by his Art their Bitings could aſſwage:
But for the *Dardan* Spear no help he found,
Nor could a ſleepy Medicine eaſe the wound,
Nor all thoſe Herbs in *Marſian* Mountains grow.
Tears from the woods, Tears from the Floods did flow,
For thee the Fountains wept.
Next *Virbius*, [14] *Hippolytus* Off-ſpring went,
Whom his fair Mother to *Ægeria* ſent,
For Education, near *Hymettia*'s Strands,
Where pleas'd *Diana*'s ſtately Altar ſtands,
After his Stepdame's Art *Hyppolitus* kill'd,
Paternal Puniſhments with Blood fulfill'd,
Torn by ſcar'd Horſes, His departed Soul
Return'd again to the ætherial Pole,
Reſtor'd by Phyſick, and *Diana*'s Love.
This much incenſed All-commanding *Jove*,

That

That from the Dead a Mortal ſhould ariſe,
Therefore great *Phœbus* Son, that did deviſe
The wond'rous Med'cine, him he did alive,
With Thunder, down to *Stygian* Billows drive.
But *Trivia* did to Nymph *Ægeria*,
In ſecret Groves, *Hippolytus* convey,
Where in *Italian* Woods he liv'd alone,
And by a new Name, *Virbius* was known.
Therefore all Horſes, they far off remove
From *Trivia*'s Temple, and her ſacred Grove,
Since boggling they his Chariot overthrew,
And torn in pieces, their young Driver, ſlew.
His Son no ſlower his ſwift Horſes trains,
And in the Battel gives his Chariot Reins.
Amongſt the firſt, moſt valiant *Turnus* led,
Glorious in Arms, and taller by the Head.
On's Creſt *Chimera*, through a triple Tire
Of buſhy Horſes Mains, breath'd *Ætnean* Fire;
Strangely it roars, and Flame more fiercely glows,
When in the Battel Blood in Rivers flows.
His dazling Shield, [15] *Io* in Gold adorns,
Hair cloaths her limbs, her Head is deck'd with Horns:
There *Argus* watch'd, leſt to her ſhape ſhe turn,
By *Inachus* pouring from a graven Urn.
A Cloud of Foot did follow, the whole Strands
Shield-bearing Squadrons hide; the *Argive* Bands,
The *Arunci*, *Rutuli*, antient [16] *Sicani*,
[17] *Sacrans*, and Shields of painted [18] *Labici*:
Thoſe plow thy Shores, O *Tyber*, People tills
Sacred *Numicus*, ſow *Rutilian* Hills,

Circæus

Circæus tops, who [19] *Anxur*'s Fields, where *Jove*
Commands, and glad *Feronias* verdant Grove,
VVhere black-fen'd *Satur* lies, and *Ufens* glides
Through the deep Vales, and in the Ocean hides.
Volſcian Camilla, next to theſe, march'd up,
Preceding gallantly her glorious Troop:
She was no Spinſter, us'd to Card and Reel,
Nor Female Fingers wet at *Pallas* VVheel;
But the bold Virgin did in VVar delight,
And to outſtrip the ſwifteſt VVinds in flight;
She over ſtanding Corn would run, and ne're,
In her ſwift motion, bruiſe the tender Ear;
Or over bounding Billows fly ſo fleet,
That VVater ſhould not touch her nimble Feet.
From Fields and Houſes, men and Women haſt,
VVith greedy Eyes, admiring as ſhe paſt;
Her Royal Habit wondring to behold,
Her Treſſes pleated with a Gem of Gold:
Then how her *Lycean* Quiver ſhe did bear,
And tip'd with Steel her paſt'ral Myrtle Spear.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS
ON
The Seventh BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

AS *Palinurus* nam'd a Promontary in *Lucania l. 6.* and *Miſenus* a Hill in *Campania* (*ibid.*) ſo likewiſe *Cajeta*; whom *Æneas* upon his return from Hell finding dead, buried near the *Baia*, and built there a City which he call'd after his Name.

[b] i. e. *Italy*. *Heſperus*, the Brother of *Atlas*, gave *Spain* its Name, it being from him call'd *Heſperia*; afterwards flying from his Brother into *Italy*, that receiv'd the ſame Name, which for Diſtinction ſake they call'd *Magna*.

[c] *Circe*, according to the Scholiaſt of *Apolonius*, was Daughter of *Æeta*, and *Hecate* Daughter of *Perſeus*; conſequently the Siſter of *Medea*: but by Poets feign'd the Daughter of the Sun, perhaps, becauſe all Magick Power is deriv'd from him; her Name implying

no more than his Circular Motion. She poyſon'd her Husband *Scytha*, King of the *Sarmatians*, whereupon expell'd by her own Subjects from her own Kingdom, ſhe fled to this place, call'd from her, *Circæum*. Then an Iſle, now joyn'd to the Continent; in reſpect of which former diviſion perhaps her Groves are here ſaid to be unpaſſable; if not in relation to the danger of her Charms. See Mr. *Sandy*'s *Ovid. Met.*

* See the ſeveral Fables at large in *Ovid Metam. lib.* 14.

[d] *Strabo* expreſly, *lib.* 5. Æneas (ſaith he) *with* Anchiſes *his Father, and his Son* Aſcanius, *came to* Laurentum, *as the Tradition goes*, *Landing near* Hoſtia, *or* Tyber.

[e] *Servius* obſerves, that *Erato* is here ſet for *Calliope*; others are of opinion, that all the Muſes are invok'd under the Name of one. *Pimpontius* thinks, that the Poet did purpoſely invoke *Erato*, becauſe all this War of which he is to write, was occaſion'd by the Love of *Lavinia.*

[f] In diſtinction from the other, call'd *New Latium*, ſaith *Servius*. That there were two, is atteſted by *Pliny*, *l.* 3. 5.

[g] Alluding (according to *Germanus*) to *Moneta*, by the *Greeks* call'd *Mnemoſyne*, Mother of the Muſes.

[h] The ſame with *Circe*. For *Lactantius*, *l.* 1. *c.* 21. informs us, that *Circe* after her death, was by the *Minturnenſes* worſhipped for a Goddeſs, under the Name of *Marica*. VVhence *Latinus* in *Heſiod*, is ſtyl'd Son of *Circe*.

Circe: which if *Servius* had obſerv'd, he had not been intangled in ſo many difficulties, as *Turnebus* obſerves.

† He hints at the *Latine* ſtory, which is this; Amata *had two Sons, whom with their Fathers conſent, ſhe caus'd to be ſlain, for promiſing and plotting to give their Siſter in Marriage to* Æneas. (*Serv.*)

i That the Laurel was conſatal to the *Roman* Empire, is confirm'd by other Inſtances, as of that Eminent Laurel which began to ſpring up not long after the building of the City, call'd *Lauretum Numæ*. And from that Laurel-branch, which after the Marriage of *Auguſtus*, which a white Hen holding, was by an Eagle let fall into *Livia*'s Lap, ſhortly after growing up to a fair Tree, of which were gather'd the Triumphant Wreaths for the Emperors.

k The ſtory may be paralell'd with many, as that *Bœotia* was nam'd from an Ox, the Capitol from the Head of *Tolus* found there: But *Herodian*, *lib.* 1. avers, that *Laurentum* was nam'd from the plenty of Laurels which grew there.

l A Spring and Wood there are of the ſame Name, Dedicated to the Nymph *Albunea*, which ſome ſuppoſe to have been *Ino*, Wife of *Athamas*, who threw herſelf with her Son *Melicerta* into the Sea, to eſcape her Husbands Fury; but ſwimming, recover'd theſe Parts, and was here alſo Deifi'd. Others ſuppoſe her to be the *Tiburtine Sibyl*.

m *Faunus* was Grandchild of *Saturn*, Son of *Picus*; for the Merits of his Life he was conſecrated a God

after his death, and his Oracles in the Wood *Albunea* frequented.

* Properly that part of *Italy* inhabited by the *Sabins*, ſo call'd from *Oenotrius* their King.

n In Alluſion (as is ſuppos'd) to the Oracle of *Amphiaraus*, which, who conſulted, they lay upon the Skins, eſpecially of Rams, for the Interpretation of Dreams. See *Cæl. Rhod. l.* 27. *c.* 14. Or as *La Cerda*, becauſe the *Roman* Commanders lay on Beds of Skins. *Claud.* 1. *Stilic.*

——*quoties ſub pellibus egit*
Ædonas hyemes——

o The like Oracle is atteſted by *John Leſly*, *lib.* 1. of the *Scotch* Chronicles.

p From the Eaſtern to the Weſtern Ocean.

q *Adorea liba.*

* Of this eating of their Trenchers, *Strabo*, *lib.* 13. and *Dionyſ. Halicarn. lib.* 1. makes mention; ſo that there ſeems to be as much of Hiſtory as Fiction in this Omen. See *Germanus* upon this place.

† Not much unlike to this was that apprehenſion of as happy an Omen by *Paulus* the Conſul in *Valerius Maximus*; who preparing to war againſt the *Perſians*, coming home one day from the Senate, meets at the Door his Daughter *Tertia*, then a Child, whom taking in his Arms to kiſs her, and perceiving her to look ſad, ask'd her the reaſon of it? She told him that *Perſa* was dead, meaning her little Dog, the Conſul preſently takes

hold of the words, and builds thereupon certain of a moſt glorious Victory. *Val. Max. lib.* 1.

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u *Servius* ſaith, that this Water decaying, the River was reduc'd to a Fountain; and this again being dried up, the Sacrifices to *Veſta* ceas'd for want of Water, which was to be fetch'd from thence. Perhaps it was

more rightly call'd a *Stagnum*, becauſe, iſſuing from the *Lacus Nemorenſis*, it runs through *Ardea* into the Sea. And of this Lake mention is made by *Suetonius*.

† Thoſe that were ſent to intreat of Peace among the Antients, were Crown'd with Olive-leaves, and bore Branches thereof in their Hands; and therefore *Virgil* calls the Olive elſewhere, *Olivam paciferam*. An Example *Livy* gives of the *Carthaginians* ſending Embaſſadors to *Scipio* for Peace, *l.* 30. *c.* 36. His words are theſe: *Haud procul aberat cum velata inſulis ramiſque oleæ* Carthaginenſium *occurrit Navis. Decem Legati erant Principes Civitatis, Authore* Annibale *miſſi ad petendam Pacem, qui cum ad puppem Prætoriæ Navis acceſſiſſent, velamenta ſupplicum porrigentes, orantes implorantesque fidem*, &c.

u He toucheth the moſt known Cuſtom of inaugurating Kings in Temples. This was done among the *Roman* People, as *Germanus* obſerves; for the Magiſtrates took the *Faſces* out of the Capitol by long Cuſtom.

x I believe he alludes to the *Curia Hoſtilia*, in which not onely Divine, but Civil Affairs were tranſacted; which is atteſted by *Varro*, *lib.* 2. *Ling. Lat.* And that their Temples were generally ſo us'd, is obſerv'd by *La Cerda*, upon the Authorities of *Livy*, *l.* 23. and *Thucidides*, *l.* 1.

y *Perpetuæ Menſæ.* It is certain that the *Romans*, and others, in the antient Heroical times ſate at their Meat; afterwards they lay down, as the *Greeks*, and almoſt all the Eaſt, at this day. See *Cælius*, *Lipſius*, *Ciacconius*, and others.

* The *Roman* Emperors and Nobles, in the Courts of their Houſes, us'd to place the Effigies of their Anceſtors, which commonly were of Wax, Braſs, and ſometimes Gold and ſilver, here of Cedar, which is a Wood not ſubject to worm-eating and rottenneſs, and therefore their *Scrinia's* where they laid up their choice Records, or Writings, were antiently made of this Wood. Hence, —*Cedro digna locutus*, *Perſ.* Theſe Statues they plac'd in Nieches, or Cells, to take out upon occaſion, which they did at the Funerals of any of the Family, carrying them before the Hearſe. The reaſon why they ſo carefully adorn'd their houſes with the Statues of their Anceſtors, *Valerius Maximus* gives, *lib.* 5. *cap.* 8. *Idcirco in prima ædium parte poni ſolere, ut eorum virtutes non ſolum poſteri legerent, ſed imitarentur.*

† *Janus* is not onely pictur'd *bifrons*, but *quadrificus*; So in the Coyns of *Adrian* the Emperor; expreſſing his Circumſpection and Prudence, looking on either Hand, as well before as behind.

z *Picus*, fam'd for Augury, is here plac'd in the form of a *Roman* Augur, according to the Inſtitution of *Romulus*, with a Staff crooked at the bigger and upper end, wherewith the Augurs pointed out the Quarters of Heaven in Divination; call'd *Quirinal*, from the uſe of the *Romans*, call'd *Quirites*; or in honor of *Romulus*, and girt with a Robe cal'd *Trabea*, whereof there are three kinds; one of Purple, conſecrated to the Gods; the next Purple, mixt with White, the wear of Kings and Conſuls, call'd *Quirinalis*; the third was the Augural, of Purple and Scarlet, all which were borrow'd of

the *Etruſcans*. This *Picus* in hunting about the *Circeian* Promontory was loſt, feign'd therefore to have been transform'd by *Circe* (becauſe he yielded not to her Sollicitations, preferring the chaſt Bed of his Wife *Ceneus*, Daughter of *Janus*, before her Imbraces) into a Wood-pecker, both becauſe of the Alliance of the Birds Name, and his, and becauſe he us'd that Bird moſt in Augury, therefore on his Head ſtood the reſemblance of a Wood-pecker.

[aa] The *Arunci* and *Aurunci* were ſeveral People, and are afterwards diſtinguiſh'd by their Place and Commanders: For the *Arunci* were *Latii*, Neighbors to the *Rutilians*, whoſe Captain was *Turnus*; but the *Aurunci* Border'd upon the *Campani*, *Caleni*, and *Sueſſani*, whoſe Commander was *Haleſus*, Companion of *Turnus*.

[bb] Suppliants that petition'd for Peace, carry'd in their Hands an Olive-Branch, which was wrapp'd about with Wool, and ſome Strings, to repreſent Bondage. This Wool the Poet here calls *Vittæ*, κλάδος ἐλαίας ἐρίῳ περιπεπλεγμένος, as deſcrib'd by the Scholiaſt of *Ariſtophanes*; by *Æſchylus in Supplic.* (near the beginning) call'd, κλαδος ἐριοσέπτος, not ἱερο-σέπτος, as it is in the Text.

[cc] Reſpecting perhaps the Cuſtom mention'd by *Servius*, *lib.* 12. which was for the *Romans* to uſe the Water of the Fountain *Juturno* in their Sacrifices, which runs about *Numicus*; or elſe the report of *Æneas* being drown'd, and Deifi'd there.

[dd] *Pirithous*, Son of *Ixion* King of the *Lapithæ*, at his Wedding invited the Neighbor *Centaurs*, and all the Gods

Gods but *Mars*, who being inrag'd, ſent a Fury among them, that ſet the *Lapithæ* and *Centaurs* together by the Ears.

ee The leſſer Deities, without leave, could hurt no body. *Jupiter* gave power to *Diana* to pour out her Fury upon *Calydon*, which is a City of *Ætolia*, the Royal Seat of *Oeneus*; who when he had ſacrific'd of the Firſt-fruits of all the Gods but *Diana*, ſhe for Anger ſent in a Boar that deſtroy'd all, which was afterwards ſlain by *Meleager*.

ff He makes *Hecuba* the Daughter of *Ciſſeus* King of *Thrace*, as *Euripides* and *Ennius* do likewiſe. *Homer* and *Ovid* will have her to be Daughter of *Dymas*. She dream'd that ſhe was deliver'd of a Fire-brand, and brought forth *Paris*; who was the cauſe of burning *Troy*. Therefore our Poet ſaith, that the Birth of *Venus* ſhall be like *Paris*; and as *Troy* was conſum'd by him, ſo the Remnant of the *Trojans* by *Æneas*: For he compares *Hecuba* to *Venus*, *Paris* to *Æneas*, and *Helena* to *Lavinia*.

gg *La Cerda* obſerves out of *Arnobius*, that when any were initiated into thoſe prophane Myſteries, a Snake was caſt into their Boſoms, by which Ceremony they were conſecrated.

hh All Poets, as well *Greek* as *Latine*, ſuppoſe *Helena* to be Daughter of *Leda*; except one cited by *Athenæus*, *lib.* 8. who makes her the Daughter of *Nemeſis*: but *Lactantius*, *lib.* 2. *cap.* 21. affirms, that *Leda* after her death (at which time the change of Names was uſual) was call'd *Nemeſis*.

[ii] As ſoon as *Danae*, who was with Child by *Jove*, as they ſay, deſcending into her Boſom in a Golden Shower, was deliver'd, her Father *Acriſius* put her and her young Son in a Boat, and expos'd them to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; but ſhe was ſafe brought to the *Apulian* ſhore, and preſented by a Fiſherman, who took her up, unto *Pilumnus* the King, he having learn'd her Progenitors, married her, and had Iſſue of her, *Daunus* Father of *Turnus*.

[kk] *Lymphata*, q. *Nymphata*, ſuch as thoſe were ſaid to be whom the Nymphs tormented with Furies for beholding them naked; or ſuch as run mad upon ſight of their ſhadows in the water; though *La Cerda* derive the word immediatly from *Lympha*, becauſe Wine drunk at Feaſts pure, was believ'd to procure a Languiſhment in the Body; but mix'd half with Water, Madneſs and Fury.

[ll] Reſpecting the antient Superſtition, τεθφειν κομην, where they let grow their Hair for ſome God to whom they vow'd it for Health and Proſperity. See *Turneb. l. 7. c. 14.*

[mm] Of Harts; Others ſay, of Do's. *P. Lætus* affirms, that the *Bacchanalians* were coverd with the skins of Foxes.

[nn] So read (as *Pierius* atteſts) the antient Manuſcripts, not *Ardea*; with which agrees the Expoſition of *Servius*; *He alludes well* (ſaith he) *for* Ardea *is ſo call'd*, q. Ardua, i. e. *Great and Noble*; *though* Hyginus, in Italic. Urb. *will have it to be call'd from the Augury of the Bird* Ardea. *For that of* Ovid. Met. *is fabulous*, *that*

that the City burnt by Hannibal, *was chang'd into this Bird.*

oo The Poet, an ingenious Flatterer of *Auguſtus*, by the by alludes to the *Principes Juventutis*, an Order inſtituted by *Auguſtus*, as appears by *Tacitus*, *Annal.* 1. *He adopted* Caius *and* Lucius, *the Sons of* Agrippa, *into the Family of the* Cæſars, *before they were out of the Prætexture, and deſir'd they might be call'd* Principes Juventutis. Of whom there is extant a Coyn in *Goltzius*, with this Inſcription, *C. L. CÆSARES AUGUSTI F. COSS. DESIG. PRINC. JUVENT.* Theſe *Principes Juventutis*, the next Year call'd *Cæſars*, were ſuch as were deſtin'd to ſucceed in the Empire.

pp See *Virgil* defended from *Macrobius*, (who ſuppoſeth this to be too ſlight a Ground for War) by *Modicus*, *cap.* 7. and *La Cerda.*

qq This *Tyrrheus* is mention'd by *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus*, *lib.* 1. as chief over all the Shepherds of King *Latinus*; and that he was the ſame to whoſe Truſt *Lavinia* committed her ſelf when ſhe fled into the Woods, and was there deliver'd of *Silvius*, who rul'd after *Aſcanius.*

rr *Aricinum Nemus*, the *Arician* Wood, near the Town *Aricia*, behind the *Alban* Hills in *Latium.*

ſſ A Pool by *Aricia*, ſacred to *Diana*, and call'd her Looking-glaſs.

tt A River emptying it ſelf into the *Nar*, as *Nar* doth into *Tyber.*

uu A River dividing the *Sabins* from the *Umbrians*.

xx *Floridus*, *l.* 2. *c.* 18. *Lect. ſucciſ.* ſaith, That the place which *Virgil* here deſcribes, is in the midſt of *Italy*, that is, *in agro Rheatino*, where the Lake *Velinus* falls from ſteep Hills into the peſtiferous River *Naris*, and is ſtill by the Neighboring People call'd *Amſacti*. But becauſe there was ſo filthy a Stink, that the Victims brought to the Water (according to ſome manner of Sacrifice) dy'd, it was ſaid to be the paſſage to the *Inferi*.

yy This was taken from a Cuſtom of the *Greeks*, who accounted all Marriages with Strangers inceſtuous and illegitimate; whence thoſe were call'd μιξέλληνες, among them, and *Hybridæ* among the *Romans*, that were born of ſuch Parents.

zz He celebrates the *Thracian*, *Datian*, and *Sarmatian* War, in Honor of *Auguſtus*, and withal ſhews how largely the *Roman* Empire was extended towards the Eaſt, North, and South. Of which, *Lipſius in Admirandis l.* 1. *c.* 2, 3.

1 The *Romans* took it moſt hainouſly that *Craſſus* being cut off with their Army, their Enſigns ſhould be carry'd away in Tryumph by the *Parthians*: and they requir'd them again; which afterwards they reſtor'd of their own accord to *Auguſtus*, *Horat.* 4. *Od.* 15.

2 *Cinctus Gabinus*, the *Gabian* Girt, was when the Gown was thrown behind, and the Middle girt round with one Skirt thereof. The *Roman* Conſul us'd this Guard in denouncing War, from the *Gabiinenſes*, People of *Gabii*, a City in *Campania*, upon whom at ſacrifice,

fice, while the Enemy ſet, they thus girt went from the Altars to the Wars, and gain'd the Victory; whence this Cuſtom.

3 *Atina*, an antient Town in *Campania*, near the *Pontine* Fens; a place, by reaſon of their nearneſs, unhealthful.

4 *Tiburtus*, *Catillus*, and *Coras*, were Sons of *Amphiarius*, who after the death of their Father at *Thebes*, came under *Evander*'s Conduct into *Italy*, and there ſeating themſelves, built *Tybur*, which hath its Name from *Tyburtus* the elder Brother.

5 Two Mountains in *Theſſaly*, inhabited by the *Centaurs*.

6 *Cæculus*, from the ſmalneſs of his Eyes ſo call'd, was Author of the *Cæcilian* Family in *Rome*, and is ſaid to have built *Preneſte*; nam'd, ἀπὸ τῶν πρίνων, from the abundance of Okes growing there.

7 *Anio*, or *Anien*, is a River in *Italy*, which waſheth the Field of *Tybur*, ſo nam'd of an *Etrurian* King there drown'd.

8 The *Hernici* which inhabited the *Hernian* Hills, nam'd *ab Herniis*, for ſo the *Sabins* call'd Rocks; yet *Macrob. Sat. l.* 5. *c.* 48. that they had the Name from *Hernicis*, a *Grecian* Commander; their Metropolis was *Anagnia*.

9 A River of *Campania*.

10 From this Cuſtom *Virgil* proves covertly, that the *Hernici* were an antient Colony of the *Ætolians*.

11 *Meſſapus* was *Neptune*'s Son, becauſe a good Horſman, for Horſes are under the Patronage of *Neptune*; ſaid

ſaid to be invulnerable, becauſe he periſh'd not in this War; or perhaps in honor of *Æneas*, who was overcome by him, yet had ſlain him had it been poſſible.

12 After the *Sabine* War, wherein while the Fathers and Sons-in-law are in cruel Fight, the Daughters and Wives come between, and win a Conqueſt, and Peace, and an eternal League between both, ſo that both Nations became one, under the equal Empire of *Romulus* and *Tatius*, one *Clauſus* came to *Rome* with a Troop of his Tenants, and had his Name chang'd into *Claudius*: Hereto the Poet alludes, and ſo endears himſelf to the great Families of *Rome*, which he deduceth either from the antient *Latian* Kings, or *Trojan* Heroes.

13 A River riſing out of the *Cruſtuminian* Hills, and enricheth *Tyber* with his ſtreams; famous for the great the great overthrow which *Brennus* with his *Gauls* gave the *Romans* there; therefore was the River abhor'd, as here 'tis call'd *Infauſtum Nomen*; and in the *Roman* Calendar, *Allienſis dies* was written *infauſtus*. Lucan.

Et damnata diu Romanis Allia *faſtis.*

14 *Hippolytus* flying from his Father, in his Chariot, his Horſes affrighted with the Sea-monſters, dragg'd him on the Rocks, and tore him in pieces; but the chaſt *Diana* pitying the chaſt *Hippolitus*, by Help and Art of *Æſculapius* reſtor'd him to Life, and ſent him into *Italy*; and changing his Name into *Virbius* (that is, *bis Vir*) married him to *Aricia*, after whoſe Name he call'd both a City and Grove there, ſacred to *Diana*,

Diana, whence ſhe is call'd *Aricina*. Here ſhe had an Altar, where Beaſts were ſacrific'd, not Men, as at *Taurica Cherſoneſus*, where they us'd to ſacrifice to her ſtrangers, whereof ſhe is call'd *Taurica*. *Æſculapius* the ſon of *Apollo* and *Coronis*, *Ovid. Met. l.* 2. for this ſo admirable a cure perform'd on a ſubject ſo worthy, *Jove* ſlew him with thunder, and threw him into Hell; yet thence the *Epidaurians* fetch'd him, and made him a God. Of them the *Romans* borrow'd him, and worſhip'd him in the form of a Snake.

[15] The Daughter of *Inachus*, King of *Argos*, coming aboard a *Phœnician* Ship, was thence carry'd into *Egypt*, where ſhe was married to *Oſiris*, call'd *Jupiter*, and after death was worſhip'd in the form of a Cow, as *Oſiris* in the form of an Oxe, becauſe ſhe firſt taught there Husbandry. From this worſhip of the *Egyptians*, the *Iſraelites* in *Moſes* his abſence, made their golden Calf; and *Jeroboam*, who had long ſojourn'd in *Egypt*, his two Calves; but the Poet gives him this Fancy in his Shield, becauſe he was of *Grecian* Deſcent.

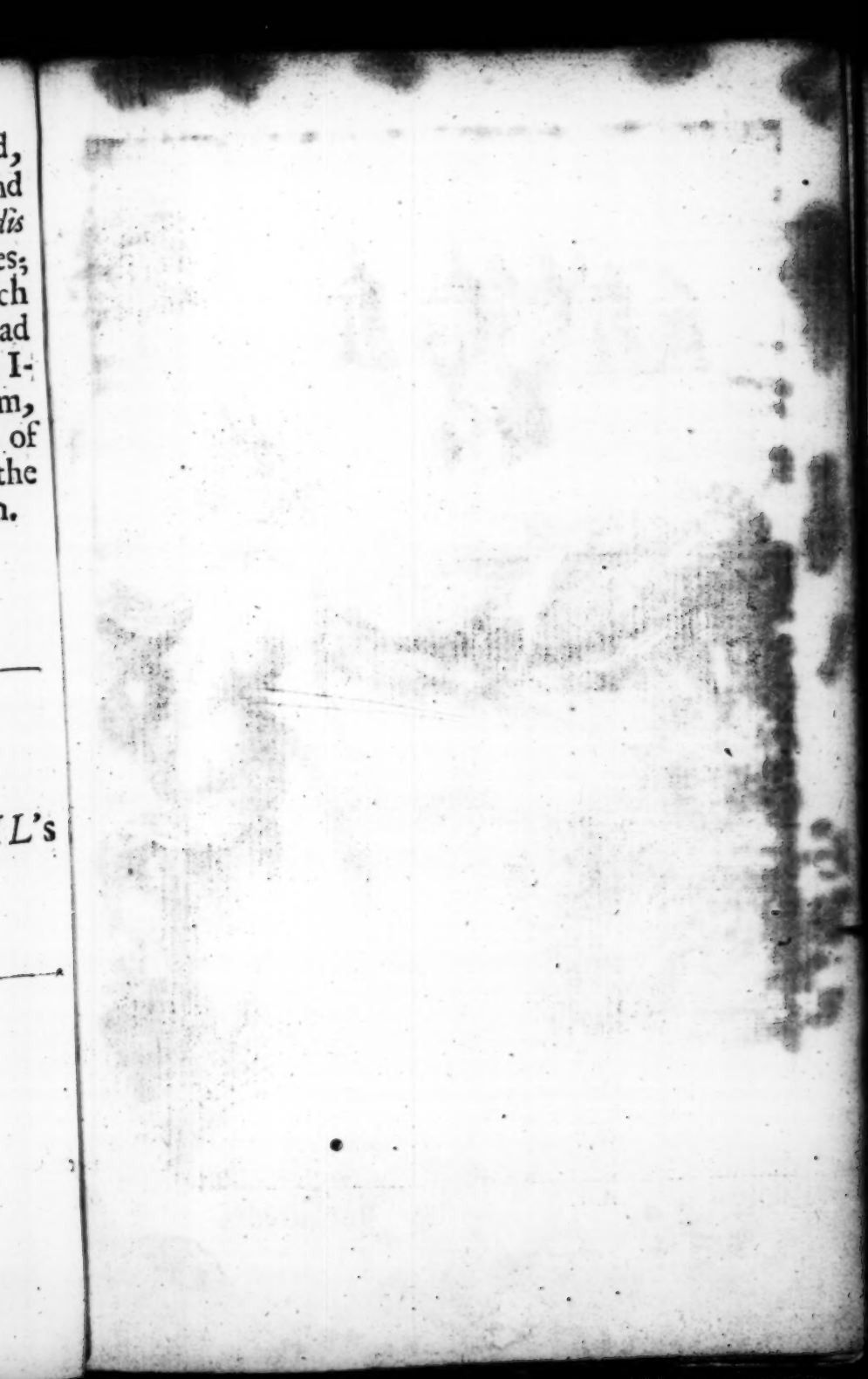
[16] The *Sicanians*, a People of *Spain*, that ſeated themſelves here in *Italy*.

[17] People near *Rome*, ſo nam'd from ſacrificing, who had their Original from *Corybas*, a Prieſt of *Mars*, or the *Ardeates*, *ob ver ſacrum*, becauſe they being in eminent danger, vow'd to the Gods all the Increaſe of the enſuing Spring.

[18] A People under *Turnus*, deſcending from *Glaucus*, *Minos* his Son, ſirnam'd *Labicus*, from a kind of Shield with a handle, call'd λάβη.

[19] Here

19 Here *Jupiter imberbis*, or *Puer*, was worſhip'd, call'd *Anxurus*, q. ἄνευ ξυρῦ becauſe never ſhav'd; and *Juno*, *Virgo*, who was likewiſe nam'd *Feronia*, *à ferendis arboribus*, from giving increaſe and fruitfulneſs to Trees; a Grove was ſacred to her under the Hill *Soracte*, which was once conſum'd with fire; mov'd with which bad Preſage, the Inhabitants would have remov'd the Image of the Goddeſs to another; to prevent them, being delighted with the place, ſhe the Patroneſs of Trees, who made them ſpring and fructifie, made the Trees in her own Grove on the ſudden flouriſh again.





VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Eighth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas *is admoniſh'd by a Dream,*
To ſeek Evander's *Aid, up* Tyber's *Stream.*
Arcadians *ſolemnizing Annual Feaſts,*
Æneas *and the* Trojans *make their Gueſts.*
Cacus *ſtrange Story, and* Herculean *Rites.*
The King, Æneas *to his Court invites.*
Fair Venus *with ſweet Love her Husband charms,*
And for her Son obtains Vulcanian *Arms.*
Evander, Pallas *ſends t'* Æneas *Aid.*
A League the Hetrurians *and the* Trojans *made.*
Venus *preſents the Arms; a Golden Field,*
With Roman *Victories charg'd, adorn'd the Shield.*

WHilſt *Turnus* a Enſigns of Defiance crown'd *Laurentian* Tow'rs, whilſt diſmal Trumpets ſound, Whilſt

Whilſt Horſe he rais'd, and [b] exercis'd in Arms
His willing Foot, frighted with falſe Alarms,
All *Latium* then tumultuouſly engage,
And the mad People, covenanting, rage.
Meſapus, and bold *Ufens*, Generals were,
With proud *Mezentius*, who no God did fear;
Each where they preſs, and empty ſpacious Plains,
To fill their Regiments with ſturdy Swains.
They *Venulus* ſend to great [c] *Tidides* Seat,
Againſt the *Trojans* landed, Aid t' intreat,
And tell, *Æneas* vanquiſh'd Gods did bring,
Who ſtyles himſelf, by Fates Decree, a King;
That many Nations with the *Dardan* ſide,
His Name through *Latium* ſpreading far and wide.
Of ſuch Beginnings what may be the End,
If favoring Fortune ſhould his Sword attend,
Was far more evident to him alone,
Than to King *Turnus*, or *Latinus*, known.
Againſt all this, the *Trojan* Prince prepares,
Surrounded with a Sea of ſwelling Cares,
His active Thoughts a thouſand ways divide,
And ſwift through all Imaginations glide.
As when the Sun, or ſilver Moon, their Face
In trembling Water view, or ſhaking Braſs,
Reflected Beams dance near, now fly aloof,
Then ſtrike high Cieling, and the golden Roof. (Beaſt,
'Twas Night, and through the World, Man, Bird, &
Fetter'd with ſleep, from Labor were releaſt;
When on a Bank, under th' ætherial Pole
Lay Prince *Æneas*, with a troubled Soul,

About

About the ſad Concernments of this War,
At laſt ſoft Slumber mollifi'd his Care.
The *Genius* of the Place, [d] old *Tyber*, here,
Amongſt the Poplar Branches, did appear;
Of fineſt Linnen were his [e] Azure Weeds,
And his moiſt Treſſes crown'd with ſhadie Reeds.
Then thus he ſpake, in Words appeaſing Care;
Thou Off-ſpring of the Gods, who *Troy* didſt bear
From Foes to us, and ever ſhalt protect;
Laurentian Tow'rs, and *Latin* Fields expect:
This is the Seat, here are thy fixt Aboads:
Fear not theſe threatning Wars; the angry Gods
Are now appeas'd.
(Nor think a Dream vain Fictions coyns) for thou
Under an Oke ſhalt find a pregnant Sow,
Suckling her thirty young ones, laid to reſt,
A white Sow, a white Iſſue at her Breaſt:
There thou muſt ſettle, there thy City build;
When thrice ten Years have circling Periods fill'd,
I tell thee truth, *Aſcanius* on that Ground
Shall *Alba* rear, whoſe Name ſhall be renown'd.
That better thou maiſt carry on this War,
Attention give, and briefly I'le declare.
Here the [f] *Arcadians* of Prince *Pallas* Race,
Following *Euander*'s Enſigns, choſe a Place,
And on theſe Mountains did their City frame,
Stil'd *Pallanteum*, from their Grandſire's Name.
Theſe, reſtleſs Wars with valiant *Latins* make;
Joyn, and theſe People to thy Friendſhip take:

Betwixt my Banks I'le guide thee to their Shores,
Oppos'd Streams breaking with my ponderous Oars.
But now ariſe, and, Goddeſs Son, prepare
(The Stars being ſet) for [g] *Juno*'s Rites, and Pray'r;
With humble Vows her ancient ſpleen allay,
And, Conqueror, to me due Honor pay:
I am bright *Tyber*, lov'd of all the Gods,
Whoſe ſtreams thou ſeeſt now bathe with ſilver Floods
Theſe fertil Banks; here muſt my City ſtand;
My City mighty Cities muſt command.
This ſaid, the River drives into the Deep,
And from *Æneas* flies both Night and Sleep.
Then up he roſe, and views *Sol*'s Eaſtern Beams,
[h] Taking the Water from the gliding Streams
Up in his Hand, and thus invokes the Gods;
Laurentian Nymphs, you Parents of theſe Floods,
And thou, Prince *Tyber*, with thy ſacred Wave,
Protect me now, and from all Danger ſave;
And whereſoe're thou, pittying our Woes,
Bleſt River, glid'ſt, where-e're thy Channel flows,
There I'le for ever honor'd Preſents bring:
[i] Horn'd Flood, of all th' *Heſperian* Rivers King,
[k] O help us now, and with thy Power protect.
Then from the Fleet [1] two Ships he did ſelect,
And Men, and all things fitting, did provide;
When he, behold! the wondrous *Omen* ſpy'd,
A white Sow, her white Iſſue at her Breaſt,
Laid in a Grove, on a green Bank, at reſt:
To thee, to thee, great *Juno*, this he ſlew,
And with her Race thy Altars did imbrew.

Tyber

Tyber all Night appeas'd his ſwelling Flood,
And ſilent now his murm'ring Billows ſtood;
His Streams he levell'd to make ſmooth their way,
Like to a Cryſtal Lake, or Glaſſie Sea.
Therefore they Lanch, and ſtraight their Veſſels trim,
And o're the Shallows well-calk'd Bottoms ſwim;
The waves and groves admire, when Shields they ſpi'd,
And painted Gallies up the River glide.
With luſty Oars, a Day and Night they waſte,
And doubling Points, through winding Reaches paſt;
Through quiet ſtreams, through ſhady grovs, they made
Shelter'd with Trees, which caſt a [m] pleaſing ſhade.
Now the bright Sun had reach'd the middle Sky,
When they far off did ſcatter'd Buildings ſpie,
And ſlender Bulwarks, with a little Tower,
But now to Heaven advanc'd by *Roman* Power.
Then Prince *Evander*'s City was but poor.
They turn their Prows, and ſudden make the Shore.
It chanc'd th' *Arcadian* King upon that day
Did ſolemn Rites to great *Alcides* pay,
And near the Town, in conſecrated Woods,
With his Son *Pallas*, offer'd to the Gods:
There the prime Youth, and thrifty Senate, gave
Incenſe, and Altars with warm Offerings lave.
As they tall Ships ſaw through the ſhady Grove,
With ſilent Oars towards landing gently move,
At the firſt ſight ſtrangely amaz'd they were,
And from their Tables roſe, ſurpriz'd with Fear.
Bold [n] *Pallas* ſtraight commands them [o] keep the Board,
And forth he haſtens, ſnatching up his Sword;

Then from the rising Bank aloud did say;
What brought you, Sirs, this unfrequented way?
Where are you bound? whence come you? whether are
You Friends, or Foes? Is't Peace you bring, or War?
Then, from the lofty Stern, *Æneas* said,
(And Olive-boughs, Emblems of Peace, display'd)
Trojans thou seest, that Foes to *Latins* are,
Which exil'd, they invade with cruel War;
A prime Commander of *Evander* begs
To make Offensive and Defensive Leagues.
The *Trojan* Name put *Pallas* to a stand.
Who e're thou art, he said, be pleas'd to Land,
And with my Father speak; then take a share
Of hospitable, though but homely Fare.
Embracing him, then his Right Hand he shook;
The Grove they enter, and the Stream forsook:
Where thus *Æneas* to *Euander* said,
Best *Grecian* Prince, to whom my Fortune made,
With [p] Olive-branches, me a Suiter here;
Nor thee do I, though an *Arcadian*, fear,
Although thy Stock from [q] both th' *Atrides* came:
But my own Virtue, and thy spreading Fame,
Our ancient Kin, Fate, and the Gods Commands,
My Will concurring, brought me to these Lands.
Dardan, [r] *Troy*'s Founder, and first *Trojan* King,
As *Greeks* relate, did from *Electra* spring;
Great *Atlas* got *Electra*, he that bears
On his huge Shoulders the Cœlestial Spheres;
Hermes got thee, whom *Maia* [s] soon brought forth,
On cold *Cyllenian* Mountains in the North:

But

But *Atlas*, *Maia*'s Father, was the ſame
Atlas, they ſay, ſupports Heaven's Starry frame.
Thus from one Blood the Stocks of both divide.
This truſting, I no Meſſenger imploy'd,
Nor t'felt thee firſt by Art, but my ſelf came,
And, Life adventuring, here now Suppliant am.
Theſe *Rutils*, which vex thee with cruel Wars,
When us they have expell'd, think nought debars,
But all *Heſperia* ſhall their Yoke obey,
Or whatſoe're is waſh'd by u either Sea.
Let us conjoyn; our People valiant are,
Train'd up to great Experience in long War.
Whilſt theſe he ſpoke, *Euander* him ſurvey'd
All o're with buſie Eyes, then briefly ſaid;
Bold *Trojan*, I receive thee as my Friend,
And to thy Will moſt willing condeſcend;
I call to mind thy Father; ſuch a Face
Anchiſes had, and ſpoke with ſuch a grace,
When *Priam*, I remember, came to ſee
His Siſters Kingdom, fair *Heſione*;
From thence he ſtraight for x *Salamina* bore,
Then viſiting the cold *Arcadian* Shore.
When budding Youth had firſt my Cheeks attir'd
With a ſoft Down, I *Trojan* Chiefs admir'd;
With wonder youthful *Priam* me poſſeſt,
But moſt *Anchiſes*, y taller than the reſt,
With great Affection did my Mind excite
To know the Man, and joyn Right Hand to Right.
I gladly led him x round our Battlements:
He a fair Quiver, and neat Shafts, preſents,

With a rich Cloke, to me, taking his leave,
With Golden Reins, which ſince I *Pallas* gave.
Therefore I grant thy Suit, and Leagues conjoyn;
And when the Morn with purple Light ſhall ſhine,
I will diſmiſs you ſafe, with Aid, and Gold.
Mean while, ſince you are here, theſe Annuals hold,
(A ſin now to neglect) and keep our Feaſt,
Making your ſelf to Friends a friendly Gueſt.
Then he commands Goblets of Wine, and Meat,
And plac'd the *Trojans* on a [aa] Graſſie Seat:
But up he leads the Prince, and ſets him in
A Maple Chair, grac'd with a Lion's Skin.
The Prieſt, and Choſen, adorn'd Tables ſpread
With ſtore of Cates, and Waiters ſerv'd up Bread;
Rich Wine they fill; the *Trojans*, and their Chief,
[bb] Feed on fat Inwards, and huge Chines of Beef.
Hunger appeas'd, and feaſted to the height,
Evander ſaid, On us this ſolemn Rite,
This Feaſt, theſe Altars, to ſo great a Name,
By Superſtition, nor by Ignorance, came
To be impos'd: From Dangers ſav'd, we do
Yearly theſe Honors (Noble Gueſt) renew.
Firſt on that hanging Rock, with torn Cliffs, look;
Then view thoſe Ruines, and that Place forſook
Upon yon Hill, and Breaches wide as Hell:
There did that horrid [cc] Monſter *Cacus* dwell.
He in thoſe vaſt Receſſes his dire Face
Did always hide; the Sun ne're pierc'd that Place,
Steeming with recent Slaughter; on his Door
Pale Heads of Men hung, lothſom in their Gore.

Of

Of this huge Monſter, *Vulcan* was the Sire,
A mighty Giant, breathing Smoke and Fire.
But Time brought Aid, and one of mighty Fame;
For the Revenger, great *Alcides*, came,
Proud with the triple *Geryon*'s Death, and Spoil:
The Conqueror drove his Cattel to this Soil,
His Herds poſſeſt the Vale, and Rivers ſide.
But furious *Cacus*, leſt he ought untry'd
Of Wickedneſs or Villany ſhould leave,
Four ſtately Oxen from their Stalls did drive,
As many well-ſhap'd Heifers; theſe he hales,
Leſt Tracts ſhould be diſcover'd, by the Tails
Into his Den, and in the dark Rock hid,
Nor any Footſtep to the Cave did lead.
But when great *Hercules* remov'd his Herd,
Leaving thoſe Grounds, and to be gone prepar'd,
Departing, loud they bellow, Clamor fills (Hills:
The neighbouring Woods, they, mourning, leave the
One Cow makes anſwer, and from hidden Caves
Aloud complains, and *Cacus* hope deceives.
But here great Rage *Alcides* did provoke;
He arms, and takes a ponderous knotty Oke,
And to the top of the high Mountain flies.
Now firſt we ſaw Fear *Cacus* to ſurprize,
And his Look chang'd: he, than Eaſt-winds more fleet,
Haſts to his Cave; for Terrror wing'd his Feet;
Shuts himſelf up, and down a huge Stone flung,
With broken Chains, which *Vulcan*'s Art had hung
With Steel, and the ſtrong Gates guards with a Bar.
Soon *Hercules* came, and raging, every where

Sought entrance, gnashing of his Teeth, he turns
Now here, now there; thrice, whilst with rage he burns,
Aventine sought; thrice did in vain assail
The Marble Door, as oft rests in the Vale.
A rising sharp Rock with torn Cliffs there was,
Behind the Cave, a fit and lofty Place,
Where dd Birds of Prey might build: This, as it stood
To the left Hand, and leaning to the Flood,
He on the right Hand shoves, and at the last
Tears from the Root, then down it headlong cast;
Heav'ns vaulted Galleries thunder at the Crack,
Affrighted Streams retire, and Banks fly back.
Then *Cacus* Cave and Royal Court appear,
The dismal Caverns all discover'd were.
As when an Earthquake shews the dark Aboads,
And woful Kingdoms, hated by the Gods;
The Pit of Darkness, with all Hell in sight,
And pale Ghosts trembling at the beamie Light:
Him, thus surpriz'd with unexpected Day,
With all his Force *Alcides* did assay,
Whilst *Cacus* roar'd; up to the Breach he goes,
And down whole Okes, and mighty Milstones throws.
But when no means was left how to retire,
Wondrous! he belch'd a Cloud of Smoke and Fire;
A darkning Vapor straight bereav'd all Sight,
Commix'd with Flashes vail'd Eternal Night.
Nor did *Alcides* hold, but on he came,
And bravely leap'd amidst the Smoke and Flame,
Which rag'd through all the Cave, and *Cacus* got,
Belching vain Flames, and wreath'd him in a ee Knot,

Then

Then whirls him round, next down upon him lies,
Graſping his Throat, and ſqueezing out his Eyes.
The dark Houſe ſtraight with open Doors diſplay'd,
Back were the Cattel, and [ff] baſe Stealth convay'd;
Out by the Feet the ugly Corps he drew;
On's dreadful Eyes enough they could not view,
The Monſter's hairy Breaſt, and horrid Brow,
And Fire within his Mouth extinguiſh'd now.
VVe for that great Delivery, keep this Day;
And here [gg] *Potitius* did Offerings pay,
And the *Pinarian* Prieſts this Altar plac'd,
Which we now [hh] grace, and ſhall be always grac'd.
Therefore, my Noble Friends, impale your Brows
(Honouring ſo great a Pow'r) with ſhadie Boughs,
VVith full Bowls fill your Right Hands, then implore
The common God; and empty, call for more.
This ſaid, he with [ii] *Herculean* Garlands bound
His Treſſes, and with ſilver Branches crown'd,
Taking a [kk] ſacred Cup; all ſtraight prepare
To mix with [ll] glad Libations, VVine and Pray'r.
VVhen ſullen Night purpled Heavens ſpangled Arch,
Then all the Prieſts, and firſt *Potitius*, march,
VVith Torches, girt in Skins of ſalvage Beaſts,
And empty Boards ſupply with ſecond Feaſts,
Altars then load; to Songs, the [mm] *Salii* round
The blazing Altars dance, with Poplar crown'd;
A *Chorus* here of Young Men, there of Old,
In Verſe renown'd *Alcides* Deeds extoll'd;
How in his Cradle firſt the Infant takes,
And ſtrangles in his Hands, his Step-dames [nn] Snakes;

How

How he renowned Cities did deſtroy,
And overthrew oo *Ochalia*, and *Troy*;
How King pp *Euryſtheus* oft did him engage
In mighty Labors, ſpurr'd by *Juno*'s Rage;
Hylæus, *Pholus*, qq Cloud-born *Centaurs*, thou,
O never-vanquiſh'd, in cold Death mad'ſt bow;
Thou didſt thoſe rr *Creſſian* Prodigies ſubdue,
And at *Nemæa* the huge Lion ſlew;
Thou mad'ſt Hell tremble, *Cerberus* obey,
Who cowring in his naſty Kennel lay;
Not any ſhape, nor fierce *Typhœus*, thee,
With all his dreadful Arms, could terrifie;
Nor could that *Lernean Hydra* thee confound,
Though Troops of Vipers Heads beſet thee round.
Hail, *Jove*'s true Off-ſpring, th' Honor of the Skies;
Oh favour us, and this our Sacrifice.
Such things they celebrate in lofty Verſe:
But more than all, they *Cacus* Cave reherſe,
And how he breath'd out Fire: Their Voices round
Through all the Groves and ecchoing Hills reſound.
Divine Rites thus perform'd, and ſolemn Shews,
Back to the City old *Evander* goes;
With him *Æneas* and Prince *Pallas* walk,
Making the Way ſeem ſhort with various Talk.
Æneas wondring, every way did look,
Much with that Countries Situation took,
His quick Eyes glancing here, now caſting there,
Deſirous former Princes Acts to hear:
When great *Rome*'s Founder, King *Evander*, ſaid,
Nymphs, ss Fauns, theſe groves their habitations made,

And

And People born of Trees and hollow Oke,
That knew not how to plow, nor Steers to yoke,
Nor knew to gather Riches, nor to ſpare,
But liv'd by Hunting, and what Trees do bear.
Flying *Jove*'s Anger, tt *Saturn* to this Coaſt
From Heav'n firſt came, Cœleſtial Kingdoms loſt:
He from high Mountains the rude People draws,
And taught them both Civility and Laws;
Then *Latium* ſtil'd the Country, ſince it held
Him ſafe from all his Enemies conceal'd.
That was the Golden Age in which he reign'd,
Becauſe in Peace his Kingdoms were maintain'd.
Then baſer Ages by degrees ſucceed,
Which Rage of War, and love of Riches breed:
Auſonian Bands then, and uu *Sicanians* came;
And oft xx *Saturnian* Fields have loſt their Name:
Then Kings, and yy *Tyber* that Gigantick Prince,
From whom this Stream we *Tyber* call e're ſince:
The true old Name of *Albula* is loſt.
Forc'd through all Seas, expuls'd my Native Coaſt,
All-conquering Fate, and Fortunes powerful Hand,
Have plac'd me here; here the ſevere Command
Of my bleſt Mother the Nymph zz *Carmens* ſent,
And great *Apollo*'s ſtrict Admoniſhment.
Scarce ſaid, he ſhews an Altar as they came,
And the 2 *Carmental* Gate, a *Roman* Name,
Which ancient Honor Nymphs did dedicate
To *Carmens*, skilful of enſuing Fate,
Who 3 firſt declar'd the *Trojans* ſhould be Great,
And 4 *Pallanteum* a renowned Seat.

Next,

Next, a huge Grove, which valiant *Romulus* choſe
For [5] Sanctuary, he [6] *Lupercal* ſhews
Under a Rock, which they did dedicate
To *Pan*, as did before th' *Arcadian* State.
Then [7] *Argiletums* ſacred Grove he ſpy'd,
And ſhew'd the place where his Gueſt *Argos* dy'd:
Then to [8] *Tarpeia's* Capitol he led,
Now Golden, then with Briars and Brambles ſpread.
Then did a reverential terror move,
And Ruſticks tremble at the Rock and Grove.
This VVood, he ſaid, this Mountains Leafy Brow,
A God once dwelt in; but uncertain who:
Arcadians ſay, here [9] thundring *Jove* they ſpy'd,
[10] Shaking his Shield, upon a Tempeſt ride.
Theſe two diſmantled Towns thou doſt behold,
Are but ſad Relicks of the Men of old:
This [11] Father *Janus*, that, King *Saturn* fram'd;
Janiculum this, that was *Saturnia* nam'd.
This ſaying, near poor *Euander's* Roofs they drew,
Where, in now [12] *Roman* Courts and Streets, they view
The bellowing Cattel, as about they ſtray'd;
VVhen the old King thus to *Æneas* ſaid:
Once [13] Conquering *Herc'les* hither made reſort,
This humble Palace was his Royal [14] Court;
VVave VVealth and Glory, Sir, and, like that God,
Be pleas'd to ſhelter in this mean Aboad.
Then Great *Æneas* to low Roofs convay'd,
And on a Bed with ſoft Leafs quilted laid;
Over him next a *Libyan* Bears-skin hurl'd.
Now Night's black Pinions did infold the VVorld,

VVhen

VVhen *Venus*, his dear Mother, much diſmay'd
About theſe threatning VVars, to *Vulcan* ſaid,
And, in her Golden Bed, thus moves her Lord,
Infuſing Heavenly Love at every VVord:
VVhilſt *Grecian* Princes ruin'd wealthy *Troy*,
And did that Town with Hoſtile Flame deſtroy,
No Aid for wretched *Trojans* I deſir'd,
Nor a vain Task of thee, dear Lord, requir'd,
Though I much kindneſs ow'd King *Priam*'s Race,
And oft lamented poor *Æneas* Caſe.
Now, by *Jove*'s will, they plant th' *Auſonian* Shore,
O my bleſt Pow'r, I humbly thee implore;
A Mother for a Son craves Arms, dear Love:
Thee *Thetis* and *Aurora*'s Tears could move.
Behold what Realms conſpire, what Cities joyn,
Complotting VVar, to ruine me and mine.
The Goddeſs here, round in her ſnowie Arms
In ſoft Embraces him, conſulting, warms;
Straight he takes fire, and through his Marrow came
Accuſtom'd Heat, which did his Blood inflame:
So from a fiery Breach erupted flies,
Shining with Flame, bright Thunder from the Skies.
She, joyful, found her Plot and Beauty take,
VVhen vanquiſh'd with eternal Love, he ſpake;
VVhat need'ſt thou doubt, and make a queſtion thus?
VVhere is your Confidence repos'd in us?
Had ſuch Care, Goddeſs, been in former time,
T' have arm'd the *Trojans* then had been no Crime.
Nor *Jove*, nor Fate, farbad that *Troy* ſhould ſtand,
And ten years more King *Priam* to Command.

But

But if thou art reſolv'd to make a War,
What I can promiſe by my Art, or Care,
What [16] ſoft *Electrum* can, and hardeſt Steel,
What Fire is able, what the Bellows will,
Shall be perform'd; nor need'ſt thou more perſuade,
Nor doubt thy Pow'r with us. Theſe having ſaid,
After a ſweet Embrace, he takes his reſt,
Repoſing on the beauteous Goddeſs Breaſt:
Waking at Midnight, after his firſt ſleep,
Like to ſome careful Woman that doth keep
Her ſelf by Spinning, and *Minerva*'s Hire,
Stirs up the Aſhes, and the drowſie Fire;
Night adding to her Work, long Tasks ſhe plies,
And at her Lamp her Servants exerciſe,
That chaſt ſhe might preſerve her Husband's Bed,
And her ſmall Children ſo ſupply with Bread:
No drowſier at that Hour, *Vulcan* aroſe
From his ſoft Bed, and to his Forges goes.
Near to [17] *Sicanian* Coaſts an Iſland liſts
His lofty Shoulders up, with ſmoakie Cliſts;
Scorch'd with *Cyclopean* Flames, a Cave lies under,
And huge *Ætnean* Vaults, which always thunder;
Where on great Anvils mighty ſtrokes reſound,
And Bars of maſſie Steel roar under Ground,
In Water quench'd, near Forges breathing Flame:
This *Vulcan*'s Seat, *Vulcania* the Lands Name.
Hither the God deſcended from the Sky,
Where ſparkling Heats in vaſt Caves *Cyclops* ply.
[18] *Brontes*, *Steropes*, nak'd *Pyracmon* ſtand,
A Thunder-bolt half finiſh'd, now in hand,

(Many

(Many of theſe by angry *Jove* are thrown
From Heaven to Earth) the reſt as yet not done.
Three parts of Hail, three of a watry Cloud,
As much of Fire, and three of Wind allow'd;
Their Work with Flaſhes, Noiſe, and Fear, commixt,
And dreadful Wrath, purſuing Flame betwixt.
Here *Mars* his Chariot and ſwift Wheels they make,
Which muſt great Nations and proud Cities ſhake;
Theſe angry *Pallas* dreadful [19] Target mold,
And wrought her Arms with [20] Dragons ſcales, & Gold:
This *Gorgons* Head with twiſted Serpents plies,
Rolling in Deaths Convulſions dying Eyes.
Cyclops, lay by your ſeveral Tasks, he ſaid,
Arms for a Valiant *Heroe* muſt be made,
Break off delay; now all your ſtrength impart,
And ſhew with diligence your greateſt Art.
Nor more he ſpake. Straight all for Work prepare,
And equally divided Labor ſhare:
Then molten Gold and Braſs in Rivers flows,
And cruel Steel, in Fire tam'd, gentle grows.
A maſſie Shield they frame, which muſt ſuſtain,
And make all force of *Latine* Arms in vain,
[21] Seven Targets caſt in one; other receive
In Bellows Breath, as oft them breathleſs leave;
Theſe in cold Water dip the hiſſing Ore:
The hollow Vaults with thundring Anvils rore.
They with huge ſtrength their Arms in order raiſe,
And turn with Tongs the Maſs a thouſand ways.
Whilſt in *Æolian* Caverns [22] *Lemnius* ſweats,
Haſtning the Work, bleſt Morn from humble Seats

Evander

Euander rais'd, and chirping Birds did call
Up, with ſweet Notes, under his Palace VVall.
The Old Man roſe, puts on his Coat and ty'd
His [23] *Tyrrhen* Sandals on; then to his ſide
Girds a *Tegæan* Sword; next, o're he flung
A Panther's Skin, which from his left ſide hung:
From the high Floor his double Guard deſcend,
And on their Maſter's Steps the * Dogs attend.
T' *Æneas* Chamber went; for he had not,
Promis'd Aſſiſtance, nor his VVord, forgot.
And full as early Prince *Æneas* roſe;
Pallas with that, with this *Achates* goes.
Met, they ſalute; and in the Hall being plac'd,
Expected Conference they enjoy at laſt:
And firſt the King began.

Great *Trojan* Prince, thou being ſafe, I ſhall
Ne're grant *Troy* vanquiſh'd, nor her Kingdoms fall:
Our Aids are ſmall for One ſo much Renown'd,
Here we are in with flowing *Tyber* bound,
Rutilians there vex us with oft Alarms:
But I great Nations, rich, and fierce in Arms,
Shall joyn to thee; unlook'd for Chance preſents
Thy Succor, and thou com'ſt by Fates conſents.
Not far from hence, built on an ancient Rock,
Stands *Agyllina*, where the [24] *Lydian* Stock,
Renown'd in VVar, *Hetrurian* Seats did build,
VVhich flouriſh'd many years, with Plenty fill'd,
Until the Tyrant, King *Mezentius*, Reign'd,
Holding by Arms what Cruelty had gain'd.

Why

Why ſhould I of his horrid Murthers ſpeak?
May [25] Heaven on him and his due vengeance wreak;
For he Dead Bodies to the Living joyn'd,
Put Face to Face, and Hand in Hand combin'd:
Whilſt them [26] foul gore (ſtrange torture!) did imbrew,
With lingring Death, in ſad Embraces, ſlew.
At laſt the weary Subjects take up Arms,
And him, then raging, they with fierce Alarms
In's Court beſieg'd; his Counſellors of State
They put to death, and fir'd his Palace Gate.
Amongſt the Slaughters he eſcapes from thence,
Protected by kind *Turnus* ever ſince;
And all *Hetruria* up in cruel rage,
To bring their King to Juſtice, now engage.
This Army thou, *Æneas*, ſhalt command,
Whoſe Fleet now border all the murm'ring Strand,
And ready are to ſail, but that an old,
Prophet detains them, and doth Fate unfold.
O ſtout *Mæonians*, you that are the Flower
Of ancient Valour, and of former Power,
Whom juſt Offence thus arms to ſeek the Foe,
Inflaming 'gainſt a cruel King to go:
This Nation no *Italian* Prince muſt lead,
The Fates command we ſeek a Foreign Head.
To the Admoniſhments of Heaven they yield,
And lie er'e ſince encamped in the Field.
To me Ambaſſadors *Tarchon* lately ſent,
Who both the Crown and Scepter did preſent;
The Warlike, they, and [27] Regal Enſigns bring,
To make me Captain-General, and King.

But Strength decay'd, and feeble Age withſtands,
To take on me ſuch Glorious Commands.
I would my Son prefer, but that his Line
By's Mother comes from them: Thee Fates deſign,
By Blood, and Years; Go, whom the Gods now call,
To be of *Troy*, and *Latium*, General.
I'le with my Son, my Hope, my Comfort, part,
That, taught by thee, he may Wars toilſom Art
Learn, and endure, and, us'd thy Acts to ſee,
In tender Youth thy Chief Admirer be.
Two hundred choſen Horſe, well mounted all,
I ſhall beſtow; as many *Pallas* ſhall.
Æneas and *Achates*, this being ſaid,
With ſilent Countenances ſate diſmaid,
And in ſad Boſoms ſeveral Cares revolv'd,
When *Venus* from high Heav'n all Fears diſſolv'd:
For from a Cloud, with mighty fragor brake
A flaſh of Lightning, all the Houſe did ſhake;
From Heaven a [28] *Tyrrhen* Trumpet ſounds Alarms,
And ſtreight they hear the claſh of ratling Arms,
Saw glittering Armor through a gilded Cloud
Out-ſhine the Skie, and ſtruck, it thunder'd loud.
The wondrous Sight their Judgments did confound:
But the *Dardanian Heroe* knew the Sound,
And calls to mind his Mothers promis'd Gift.
Theſe *Omens* ſeek not, Sir, ſo much to ſift,
Æneas ſaid; The Gods ſay, I muſt hold;
This, if War call, my Mother me foretold,
And, when *Vulcanian* Armor from the Skies
She'd bring for my defence.

What

What Slaughters I in woful *Latium* ſee!
What ſatisfaction ſhalt thou give to me,
Turnus, when *Tyber* in his Waves o'rewhelms
So many Heroes, Shields, and creſted Helms!
Let them break Peace, and us with Arms oppoſe.
Thus ſaying, from his lofty Throne he roſe;
And firſt he wakes *Alcides* ſleeping Fire,
Then did with joy the laſt days Rites require;
Next, choſen Sheep, he, as the Cuſtom, ſlew,
Which both *Euander* and the *Trojans* do.
From thence he to his Friends and Navy goes,
Where, to attend him, he the valiant'ſt choſe;
Thoſe left behind, down with the River fell,
And joyful Tidings to *Aſcanius* tell.
Trojans are Hors'd, for *Tyrrhen* Countries bent;
A matchleſs Steed *Æneas* they preſent,
On whom a Lion's yellow Skin was thrown,
With golden Claws, which glorioufly ſhone.
Straight nimble Fame through the ſmall City flew,
That troops of Horſe towards *Tyrrhen* kingdoms drew;
Matrons their Vows re-double, with their Fears,
And Wars dire Viſage greater now appears.
Then King *Euander* ſtrictly did embrace
His Friends departing, and thus, weeping, ſays:
Jove, would'ſt thou make me now as young again
As at *Preneſte*, when I beat the Van,
Burnt heaps of Shields, upon King *Herilus* fell,
And ſent him with his Conquering Arm to Hell;
Three Souls his Mother gave him at his Birth,
(Strange to be told!) thrice he muſt fall to Earth,

Thrice was to die: yet I, not ſuffering harm,
Took all thoſe Lives, and did as oft diſarm;
Son, then I ſhould not leave thy ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſuffer from *Mezentius* this diſgrace,
Who hath ſo many bloody Murthers done,
And, like a mourning Widow, left our Town.
You Gods, and *Jove* that rul'ſt the Gods, O bring
Some timely comfort to th' *Arcadian* King,
And hear a Fathers Pray'r: If you, if Fates
Grant me my *Pallas* ſafe within theſe Gates;
If him I ſee once more return ſecure,
Then let me live, though Torments I endure:
But him if [30] Fortune with ſad Chance purſues,
O now my woful Life, now let me loſe,
Whilſt doubtful Cares and Hopes uncertain be,
Whilſt the ſole Comfort of my Age, I thee,
Dear Son, thus hold with ſtrict Embraces here,
Before a ſadder Meſſage wound my Ear.
His Father theſe at his laſt Farewel ſaid,
Who ſwooning, thence his Servants ſtreight convey'd.
And now the Horſemen march through open Gates,
Æneas firſt, on whom *Achates* waits;
Then other Captains; *Pallas* midſt the Bands,
In warlike Weeds, and glittering Arms, commands;
Bright, like the Morning-ſtar, diſpenſing Beams
That gild the [31] Waves, (whom *Venus* more eſteems
Than all thoſe ſparkling Jewels dreſs the Night)
Whoſe glorious Head all Darkneſs puts to flight.
Whilſt through the duskie Cloud the ſhining Band
Matrons could ſee, upon the Walls they ſtand.

The

The neareſt way now the Arm'd Squadrons march,
Through Groves,& loud ſhouts ſcale Heavens Cryſtal Arch.
In Champaign then,drawn up in Rank & File,
They ſhake, with trampling Hoofs, the rotten Soil.
A ſpacious Grove, near *Cæris* ſacred Flood,
With Hills ſurrounded, and a ſhadie Wood,
The ancient [32] *Grecians* (may we Fame believe)
Did to the Rural God, [33] *Sylvanus*, give;
To him that Grove and Feſtival they grant,
Who firſt did in the *Latine* Confines plant.
Near this, bold *Tarchon*, and his *Tyrrhens*, lay
Safely encamp'd, where from a Summit they
Saw how the Armies Quarters did extend
Through large Plains: Hither did *Æneas* bend;
With him his valiant Men of War did ride,
Who weary, for themſelves and Horſe provide.
But *Venus* gliding through ætherial Spheres,
Th' expected Preſent to *Æneas* bears;
As in a pleaſant Vale ſhe ſaw her Son
Near Cryſtal Streams, ſhe kindly thus begun.
My Promiſe I perform, and now impart
Arms finiſh'd by my skilful Husband's Art.
Dear Son, now fear not proud *Laurentian* ſpite,
Nor to encounter *Turnus* in the Fight.
Venus thus ſaid, having her Son embrac'd,
Againſt an Oke the ſhining Armor plac'd.
Proud of the Gift, he could not ſatisfie
Delighted Thoughts, nor ſtop his ſearching Eye.
The fatal Sword he drawing, did admire,
And Cask with dreadful Creſts, ejecting Fire;

His bloody Corſlet, of a wondrous mold,
Pond'rous, he lifts, gliſtring with Braſs and Gold;
Like a dark Cloud, gilt with bright *Phœbus* Rays,
Which round about reflecting Beams diſplays:
Then his light Greves, which pureſt Gold did gild,
His Spear, and Wonders graven on his Shield.
Th' Ignipotent God, well skill'd in Fates to come,
The *Roman* Triumphs, and Affairs of *Rome*,
There had engrav'd, *Aſcanius* Off-ſpring wrought,
And all their bloody Battels muſt be fought.
Mars pregnant Wolf in a [34] green Covert lay,
And hanging at her Breaſts two Infants play;
Bending her Neck, ſhe licks the tender Young,
And quiet, ſhapes their Bodies with her Tongue.
Not far from this, *Rome*, and the [35] *Sabine* Dames
Rap'd from the Theatre, and [36] *Circenſian* Games,
Whence to the *Romans* a new War aroſe.
Here he old *Tatius* and ſtern *Cures* ſhews;
After thoſe Kings arm'd, reconciled ſtand
Before *Jove*'s Altar, Goblets in their Hand;
And, to confirm the League, [37] a Sow they ſlew.
Not far from thence, four Horſes [38] *Metius* drew
In ſunder: (But thou *Alban* ſhould'ſt have ſtood
Unto thy Promiſe.) *Tullus* through the Wood
The Traitors Bowels, with long dragging, tore,
And dew'd the ſprinkled Briers with his Gore.
[39] *Porſenna* next, *Tarquin* to re-inthrone
Commands, and with ſtrict Siege begirt the Town.
Romans for Liberty their Lives contemn.
Thou'dſt think at once he frown'd and threatned them,

Becauſe

Becauſe the Bridge the valiant *Cocles* broke,
And *Clœlia*, ſcap'd from Bonds, the River took.
Upon the top of the *Tarpeian* Tow'r
* *Manlius* the Captain ſtood, with all his Pow'r,
The Temple and the Capitol to watch,
And new-built Courts, rough with *Romulean* Thatch;
And here the ſilver Gooſe through Portsof Gold
Flying, the *Gauls* to be in th' entrance told.
Gauls through the Shrubs did to the Tow'r aſcend,
Whom the dark Shade and gloomy Night defend.
Their Beards were golden, golden was their Hair,
They in [40] branch'd Caſſocks ſhine, with Gold their fair
Necks be adorn'd; each ſhook two *Alpine* Spears,
And, for Defence, a mighty Target bears.
Here dancing *Salii*, naked *Luperci*, (Sky:
With [41] woolly Crowns, thoſe [42] Shields fell from the
Drawn in ſoft Litters, here chaſt Matrons are
Rites bearing through the City: Hence not far
Hell's Court, and *Pluto*'s Gates he did deſign,
And for Crimes, Tortures: And thee † *Catiline*
Hung on a Rock, fearing the Furies Jaws:
The bleſt withdrawn, where [43] *Cato* gives the Laws.
The deep Seas golden Image he engraves
'Mongſt theſe, but th' azure foam'd with ſilver Waves;
About the Ring, bright ſilver Dolphins glide,
Bruſh with their Sterns the Deep, and Waves divide.
Amidſt thou might'ſt behold the Brazen Fleet,
The [44] *Actian* War, and all *Leucates* Sweat,
Ready to charge, prepared for the Fight: (bright.
Thou might'ſt have view'd with Gold the Billows

Here gallantly *Auguſtus Cæſar* brought
Up his *Italian* Squadrons, where they fought;
With him his Gods, the Peers and People came,
Who ſtanding on the Stern, a double Flame
Darts from his Brows, his Fathers Star appears.
[45] *Agrippa* there, with Winds, Heav'n favouring, ſteers
His Squadron up, and brings his Enſigns on,
His Brows deck'd with a [46] Naval Garland ſhone.
Antonius here with ſtrange and diff.ring Bands,
Both from the Red Sea and the Eaſtern Strands,
Forces of *Ægypt* and the *Bactrians* led,
[47] Th' *Ægyptian* Queen (ſhameleſs) him followed.
At once all charge, and with their labouring Oars
The whole ſea foams, plow'd up wth thundring [48] Prores,
They take the Deep; thou would'ſt ſuppoſe, again,
That floating [49] *Cyclads* ſwam upon the Main,
Or Mountains did with mighty Mountains meet,
They with ſuch force charge in the [50] Towrie Fleet;
Wild-fire they caſt, ſwift Steel and Darts are ſpread,
And *Neptune*'s Fields grow with freſh Slaughter red.
Ægyptian Trumpets in the midſt, the Queen
[51] Calls up her Fleet, approaching Snakes not ſeen.
The barking [52] *Anubis*, all the monſtrous Brood
Of Gods, 'gainſt *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Pallas* ſtood
Oppos'd in Arms: *Mars* through the Battel rav'd.
Above, ſad Furies he in Steel engrav'd;
And, proud of her torn Garments, Diſcord goes;
Bellona with a bloody Whip purſues.
His Bow *Actian Apollo* from above
Beholding, bent: All with that terror drove,

Ægyptians,

Ægyptians, *Indians*, and *Arabians*, fly.
The Queen her ſelf, with Winds implor'd, to ply
Her Sails appear'd, and with loos'd Bolings went;
Whom, midſt the Slaughters, the Ignipotent
Made (pale with future death) through Billows fly.
Oppos'd to this, did huge-limb'd *Nilus* lie,
Spreading his Garment, calls into his Breaſt,
To ſheltring Waves inviting the Diſtreſt.
But through *Rome*, *Cæſar* with three Triumphs rode,
And on our Gods immortal Vows beſtow'd;
Him, ample Fanes three hundred joyful greet,
And loud Applauſes ring through every Street;
In all the Temples Quires of Dames reſound;
Slain Steers before the Altars ſtrew the Ground.
He in bright Porches of Great *Phœbus* ſits,
And Gifts of Nations to proud Pillars fits.
Of Conquer'd People a long Train proceeds;
Theſe, various all, in Language, Arms, and Weeds.
Here *Vulcan* fram'd *Africans*, *Nomades*,
[53] *Lelegs*, *Cares*, and Dart-arm'd *Gelones*;
Euphrates now glides ſofter; and *Morine*
[54] Furtheſt of Nations, double-horned *Rhine*,
Daæ, [55] *Araxes*, who a Bridge doth ſcorn.
Wondring how *Vulcan* did the Shield adorn,
And ignorant, he glories in the Frame;
[56] Then ſtraight claps on his Off-ſprings Fate & Fame.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Eighth* BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

a HE alludes to the Custom of the *Romans*, who in sudden Tumults hung forth two Flags out of the Capitol, whither all those repair'd who wish'd well to the Commonwealth; the Foot to *Vexillum Roseum*, a Red Banner; the Horse to *Vexillum Cæruleum*, a Sky-colour'd Banner. This kind of Leavy was call'd *Conjuratio in tumultu*, if the War were within *Italy*, or with the *Gauls*: *Conjuratio*, because the suddenness of the Expedition not giving leave otherwise, the People swore all together; not as in the second kind, call'd *Sacramentum*, where they took Oath one by one: There is a third kind, *Evocatio*, where divers were employ'd into several Parts, *ad evocandos milites*.

b Others interpret *impulit arma* with reference to another Custom of the *Romans*, whose General going to

to War, entred the Temple of *Mars*, and clash'd the Shields which hung there, and mov'd his Image, saying, *Mars vigila.*

[c] i. e. *Arpos*, or *Argirippa*, which he built; for when by reason of the anger of *Venus*, who was wounded by him, his Wife *Ægialia* liv'd loosly at *Argos*, he would not return home, but married the Daughter of *Daunus*, and seated himself in *Apulia.*

[d] In the same fashion as *Tyber* is here describ'd, there is yet remaining a Statue at *Rome* of him.

[e] A Colour proper to River-gods. So *Paterculus*, *lib.* 2. of *Plancus* saluting *Glaucus* the Sea-god.

[f] *Euander* was an *Arcadian*, Grandson of *Pallas* King of *Arcadia*; he slew his own Father, by the persuasion of his Mother *Nicostrata* (who was call'd *Carmentis* for propheſying in Verse.) Others say, That *Nicostrata*, Mother of *Euander*, when she was 110 years old, was slain by her Son. *Euander* being banish'd, went to *Italy*, drove out the *Aborigines*, founded at *Rome* a little Town upon the *Pallatine* Mountaine, as *Varro* saith, *Did not the banish'd* Arcadians *fly into the* Palatium *under the conduct of* Euander? There are many Reasons given why the *Pallatine* Hill was so call'd; *Virgil* derives it from *Pallas* Grandfather of *Euander.*

[g] *Helenus* commanded the same, *lib.* 3. And that the *Vejoves* were to be appeas'd, you have from *Homer* and *Apollonius.* The Gods and Goddesses, Enemies to *Troy*, are thus reckon'd:

Hermes, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Juno, Minerva.

The

The Friends thus:

Xanthus, Apollo, Venus, Mavors, Latona, Diana.

h Thoſe that were about to Sacrifice, or Pray, waſh'd their Hands firſt. *Ovid. Faſt.* 4. *Claudia* going to her Prayers, took up pure River-water with her Hands. *Briſſon. Formul. Ben. l.* 1. *Credebatur enim nox*, ſaith *Servius*, *ſolo ſomno polluere.*

i The Poets feign Rivers horn'd, or Ταυροκέρως, Bull-headed. So *Ovid. Met.*

Et gemina auratus Taurino cornua vultu.

Why Horns were attributed to them, ſee *Turneb. l.* 24. *c.* 40.

k That is, *Quickly:* For *Æneas* doubts not the truth of the Oracle, but deſires its ſpeedy execution. *F. Palmerius Spicileg. fol.* 4. reads *omnia* for *numina. They who expected Omens were not wont* (ſaith he) *though the Sign were dexterous, to be preſently ſatisfied, unleſs there were an acceſſion of ſomething in confirmation of it; for it might be Chance.* Therefore after the ſudden Flame had caught the Hair of *Iulus*, (*Æn.* 2.) *Anchiſes* begs preſently, *Da deinde auxilium pater, atque hæc omnia firma.* By and by it thunder'd on the left hand, and the Star falling, ſeem'd to carry Fire with it. *Propius* is accurately added by our Author (according to the ſame *Palmerius*) for the firſt *Omen* was given when he was aſleep; now it was to be confirm'd to him when he was

when he was awake. So he reads that of the *Eclogs*, *Credimus an qui amant ipſi ſibi omnia* [not *ſomnia*] *fingunt*: For there is nothing relating to Dreams, but *Omens*, the Aſhes having taken hold of the Altar, and *Hylax* being barking at the Door.

l *Virgil*'s word is *Biremes*, which were not in uſe in *Æneas* his time. *Turneb.* 24. 40.

m The reflection of the neighboring Woods upon the Water. *Terentianus.*

Natura ſic eſt fluminis,
Ut obvias imagines
Nemorum receptet in ſuam
Lucem.

n *Virgil* (ſaith *Servius*) uſeth the word *bold* ſo often as he deſires to repreſent Virtue without Fortune. Therefore *Æn. 9. v.* 3. calls *Turnus* bold, *i. e.* valiant without Succeſs.

o He alludes to the Religion of the *Romans*, by which it was a hainous Sin to break off the Sacrifices and Plays inſtituted to the Gods, upon any intervening occaſion whatever. Whence that Proverb, *Salva res eſt, ſenex ſaltat*; *All is well, the old Man dances*: Who underſtanding the Pontifical Law, whilſt others ran to their Arms to oppoſe the entrance of *Hannibal*, avoided the Sin by his continual dancing.

p The Olive ſignifies Peace; the Fillet, Religion.

q *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* were Sons of *Atreus*; he deſcended of *Peleus* and *Hippodamia*, ſhe Daughter

ter of *Oenomaus*, he Son of *Mars* and *Sterope*, one of the *Pleiades*, Daughter of *Atlas*. *Euander* was Son of *Mercury* and *Carmentis*, or *Nicoſtrata*; *Mercury* Son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*, the faireſt of the *Pleiades*: But the Alliance was nearer between *Euander* and the *Trojans*, whoſe Anceſtor *Dardanus* was Son of *Jupiter* and *Electra*, another of the *Pleiades*, Daughter of *Atlas*.

r That Region was not at that time call'd by this Name; for *Dardanus* came long before from *Samothracia* into *Phrygia*, built the Town *Dardania*, and there died. His Sepulchre was near *Troy*, in the Territory of *Dardania*. Afterwards *Dardania*, *Ilium*, and *Troy* were united into one City.

s *Fudit:* Phyſically. For *Mercury* being every where ſwift, why not in his Nativity? Mercurius *utero fuſus* Maiæ. *Arnob. l.* 4.

t Alluding to the ſounding of Water with Plummets, to the ſearching of Wounds with Probes.

u The *Adriatick* and *Tyrrhen* Seas, *Mare Superum & Inferum*.

x The Metropolis of *Telamon*'s Kingdom, who married *Heſione*, *Priam*'s Siſter, by whom he had *Ajax* and *Teucer*.

y He imitates the receiv'd Opinion of the *Heroes*, That they excell'd not onely in the Endowments of the Mind, but in greatneſs and excellence of Body. Mov'd by thoſe Bounties of Nature, they beſtow'd Empires and Magiſtracies, after the Example of the *Indians* and *Ethiopians*. German.

z *Pheneum*

z *Pheneum* is a Town of *Arcadia*. The Poets (ſaith *Servius*) take all neighboring Cities for one and the ſame.

aa *Gramineo ſedili*, whereon at the Rites of *Hercules* they did Banquet ſitting, ſaith *Macrobius*, *Sat. l.* 3. *c.*36. 'Tis further obſerv'd, That at the greateſt Altar there was no *Lectiſternium*.

bb By *Servius* and *Scaliger* underſtood either of fat ones, which the *Cenſors* kill'd at the end of the *Luſtrum*; or of a five years Ox. *Turnebus* underſtands them to be ſimply purifying; and whereas all Sacrifices purge, the eating of Entrails does much more, to which the wicked are not admitted. *Livy* calls them *Solemnia exta*. See *Turneb. l.* 7. *c.* 13.

cc Feign'd half a Beaſt, in reſpect to his ſalvage Conditions: Son of *Vulcan*, becauſe he waſted the Country round about with Fire, ſay the *Mythologiſts*.

dd Crows, Ravens, and the like, that fed upon the dead Bodies of thoſe whom *Cacus* had ſlain and hung up before his Den.

ee That is, holds him bound, *Turneb. l.* 19. 29. He alludes perhaps to the *Herculean* Knot, which was ſo faſt that it could ſcarce be unty'd, and gave occaſion for a Proverb: *German.*

ff See *Scip. Gentilis*, *l.*1. *c.*27. *Parerg.* where he tells the ſignification of *Abjuratum pretium ICTIS*, and affirms *abjuratas Boves* to be ſuch whoſe Price, which is the Right of the Seller, hath not been paid. And theſe by *Plato in Protag.* are ſtyl'd ἀπεριάλαι, becauſe *Hercules* had not bought them, nor *Geryon* given them unto him.

him. *Servius* will have *Abjuratas* here to ſignifie *Injuriouſly detain'd.* Some expound it (he ſaith) *alieni juris factas.*

gg *Potitius* and *Pinarius*, the firſt Prieſts of *Hercules*, who were Noblemen at that time, and entertain'd *Hercules*, for which Courteſie he beſtow'd this Honor upon them and their Families, in which it continu'd until the days of *Appius Claudius*, who ſupplanted them. *Macrob. Sat.* 3. 6.

hh Becauſe *Ara maxima*, this greateſt Altar was freed from a neighbor-fire by the help of this Family; therefore *Virgil* gives it the Title of *Herculei Cuſtos Ritus.* So, as *Potitius* was the firſt Inſtitutor, the *Pinarian* Family equall'd them in Honor, for Preſervation of their Rites. See another Reaſon, *Macrob. Sat. l.* 3. *c.* 6.

ii The Fable ſaith, that *Hercules* deſcended into Hell crown'd wth a Poplar Garland, the Leaves whereof, wth the ſmoke became black on the outſide, the inward part next his hair retaining its white colour. Hence was the Poplar ſacred to him, and ſuch as ſacrific'd to him were crown'd therewith. In the time of the *Romans*, the *Aventine* Hills being full of Bay-trees which were near the greateſt Altar, the Sacrificers crown'd themſelves with thoſe Boughs. But the Poet reſpects the Original Ceremony. *Macrob. Saturn.* 3. 12.

kk As *Cantharus* for *Bacchus*, ſo *Scyphus* for *Hercules*, who was a Drinker, and ſometime carried over Sea in a Bowl. *Macrob. l.* 5. *c.* 21. *Schipio* is now the Name of a little Boat among the *Venetians*; and *Schiff*, among the *Dutch.*

ll It

ll It was Religion to pour out of the Cup on the Table before they drank, which the *Greeks* call λείβειν & πέδειν. *Turneb. l.* 14. *c.* 40. *Lipſ. antiq. l.* 3. *c.* 1. *Macrob. l.* 3. *c.* 11.

mm All thoſe that play or dance upon any ſacred occaſion, are call'd *Salii* & *Saliſubuli*. Therefore here ſimply they that danc'd at the Feaſt of *Hercules*, were call'd *Salii*: For the firſt that danc'd ἐνόπλιον ὄρχησιν, a Dance in Arms under the Conduct of *Æneas* in *Italy* were call'd *Salii*, by *Polemon*.

nn *Hercules* in his Cradle ſtrangled two Snakes ſent by *Juno*, his Step-mother, to devour him.

oo *Ochalia* was a Town of *Theſſaly*, whereof *Euryſtheus* was King, who denying his Daughter *Iole* to *Hercules* in Marriage, was by him ſlain, and his Town deſtroy'd.

pp He was elder Brother to *Hercules* Son of *Amphytrio* and *Alcmena*, who envying the Vertues of *Hercules*, employ'd him in many dangerous Services, with him conſpir'd *Juno* who hated him as Baſtard-ſon of her Husband: She found out the Adventures and ſuggeſted them to *Euryſtheus*, who impos'd them.

qq Begotten of *Ixion* and a Cloud: As were all the *Centaurs*.

rr He brought *Paſiphae*'s Bull ſafe from *Creet* to *Euryſtheus* (of which *Æneid.* 6.) But he kill'd the Lion (in a Wood near *Thebes*) which *Chimera* brought forth at the ſame time with *Sphinx*, *Heſiod.*

ſſ The Off-ſpring of *Faunus* inhabiting the Woods until *Saturn* perſuaded them thence; there they liv'd

in Sheds and hollow Trees, whence their Iſſue feign'd to be born of Trees.

tt *Saturn*, who was chac'd out of *Crete* by his unnatural Son *Jupiter*, the *Aborigines* ſuppos'd to have come down from Heaven to them. He taught them Arts, & Husbandry, and gave them Laws, *Macrob. Sat.* 1. 7. *The times of* Saturn *are recorded moſt happy, both for abundance of all things, and becauſe none yet were differenc'd with Service or Liberty. Which things may be underſtood from this, That in the Saturnals all Liberty is permitted to Servants.*

uu *Dionyſius* ſaith, That the *Arcadians* firſt of all the *Greeks*, having paſſed over *Ionium*, ſent Colonies into *Italy*. Hence they ſay, That *Oenotrius* with the *Aborigines* (ſeven Ages before the Deſtruction of *Troy*) and his Brother *Peucetius*, ſayl'd into *Italy*. He was Son of *Lycaon* the younger, Fifth from *Phoroneus*, who firſt Reign'd in *Peloponneſus*.

xx At firſt *Argeſſa*, next *Camaſene*, then *Heſperia*, *Auſonia*, *Oenotria*, laſtly *Italy*.

yy A great Robber, drown'd in the River *Tyber*, as another King of the like Name, *Tiberinus*, left it his.

zz *Carmenta*, (or *Carmentis*, or *Nicoſtrata*) was a Propheteſs, and accompany'd her Son into *Italy*: For *Evander* had accidentally ſlain his Father *Mercury*, (the God of Eloquence, ſo feign'd, in regard of his Rhetorick) wherefore, baniſh'd *Arcadia*, he by his Mothers Advice came thence into *Italy*. *Ovid. de Faſt.* 1.

——*into*

——— *into the Stream*
He had by learn'd Carmenta's *Counſel tow'd*
His Ship, and 'gainſt the Tuſcan *Billows row'd.*

[1] Built for his Mother, near the Gate firſt call'd *Carmentalis*, afterwards *Sceleratа*, from the three hundred *Fabii* which went to war through that, and were ſlain by the *Veientes*, at the River *Cremera*.

[2] Call'd afterwards *Porta Sceleratа*, becauſe the *Fabii* that periſh'd at *Cremera* went out at it.

[3] In her Prophecy to *Evander* at the ſight of the new *Roman* Hills. Recorded by *Ovid. Faſt.*

[4] This *Pallanteum* afterwards *Pallatium*, was the Seat of the Empire, and the Throne of the *Roman* Majeſty; fore here the Kings, Conſuls, Emperors, and other chief Officers of State, had their Palaces, beſide many famous Temples were built there, whereof the Ruines are yet remaining.

[5] *Cadmus* is ſaid to have open'd the firſt Sanctuary, when he built *Thebes*, to which all Free-born and Slaves running without difference, were free from all puniſhment. *Romulus* took the ſame courſe for Peopling his City, which at firſt conſiſted but of an hundred Houſes, yet they wanted Inhabitants; to win therefore confluence of People, he near the Capitol, built a Temple conſecrated to the God *Aſyleus*, the Patron of Liberty. *Aſylum* a place of Refuge, by which means *Rome* was ſoon fill'd with Inhabitants.

[6] *Lupercal* was the place where *Romulus* and *Remus*

were nurs'd by the Wolf, and ſtood at the Foot of the *Palatine* Hill dedicated to *Pan*, where the *Lupercalia* (Feaſts in his Honor) were celebrated.

7 *Argos* a Commander of the *Argives* was entertain'd by *Evander*, but he forgeting his Favors, aſpir'd unto his Crown: Whereupon the *Arcadians* (without *Evander*'s knowledge) ſlew him, after whoſe death, the King built him a Monument in the place where he was kill'd near the Palace, and call'd it *Argiletum*.

8 This Hill, at firſt *Mons Saturnius*, got the Name of *Mons Tarpeius* from *Tarpeia*, Daughter of *Tarpeius*, Lieutenant of the Tower there, who betray'd it to the *Sabines*, in the War for the raviſh'd Virgins, and for her Treaſon, bargain'd for that which the Soldiers ware on their left Arms; ſhe meant their Bracelets, but they overwhelm'd her with their Bucklers, which were likewiſe worn on that Arm; ſo that dying there, ſhe left the memory of her Treaſon in the Name of the Hill: The ſame Hill was alſo call'd *Mons Capitolinus*, or *Capitolium*, from the Head of a Man nam'd *Tolus*, which long after his death was found freſh and bleeding, at the foundation of the Capitol by *Tarquinius Superbus*, now corruptly *Campidoglio*.

9 Here was a Temple conſecrated to *Jupiter Opt. Max.* by *Tarquinius Superbus*, whence ſirnam'd *Jupiter Capitolinus*. *Auguſtus* being deliver'd from the danger of Lightning, in his *Cantabrian* Expedition, added the Title of *Jupiter tonans*.

10 The Skin of the *Amalthæan* Goat which fed him, or rather the Shield cover'd with it, which *Jupiter* holds in

in his left Hand, by the ſhaking whereof he caus'd Rain, as Thunder with his Right.

[11] *Janus* built Temples to the Gods in *Italy*, and inſtituted ſacred Rites: The Name ſheweth, ſaith *Macrob.* 1. 9. that he is Preſident over Doors. *Nigidius* ſaith, that *Janus* is *Apollo*, *Jana Diana*, and is therefore double-fac'd, as having power over both Gates of Heaven, to open the Eaſt, and ſhut the Weſt. Others underſtand by him the World: Therefore by *Cicero*, *Eanus ab eundo*, figur'd by a Snake devouring his own Tayl *quod apparet Mundum, & ex ſeipſo ali, & in ſe reverti.*

[12] The *Forum* ſteod afterwards where the *Carinæ* were, moſt ſumptuous Edifices, built in faſhion of the Keel of a Ship.

[13] *Varro* ſaith, that *Hercules* was ſtyl'd Victor, becauſe he overcame all manner of Creatures. *Maſſurius Sabinus* gives another reaſon, *Marcus Octavius Herennius* having had good returns by Merchandize, conſecrated the tenth part to *Hercules*, but ſayling forth again, was ſet upon by Pyrats, whom reſiſting valiantly he came off Victor: *Hercules* hereupon appears to him in a dream and tells him that he had been preſerv'd by him. To him therefore, having obtain'd a place by the Magiſtrate, he conſecrated a Temple and Statue, with the Title of *Victor*.

[14] He toucheth the Pontifical Law: For the Houſe in which the *Pontifex* liv'd, was call'd *Regia*, as that *Flaminia*, in which the *Flamen*. He ſpeaks it with good Omen to *Æneas*, that *Hercules* enter'd Victor into it.

[15] *Thetis*, Daughter of *Nereus*, Wife of *Peleus*, pre-

vail'd with *Vulcan* to make Arms for her Son *Achilles*. So likewiſe did *Aurora* for her Son *Memnon*. This the Mythologiſts interpret Fortitude. *Cicer. Tuſc. Quaſt. l.* 2.

16 Either melted or pure, according to *Pliny* in his *Natural Hiſtory*. There are three ſorts of it; One gather'd from Trees, which they call *Succinum*: A ſecond Sort is found Natural: A third is compounded of three parts Gold, and one Silver, which you may ſeparate. The Nature of *Electrum* is try'd by Poyſon, which makes it give a loud Crack, and repreſents the Colours of the Rainbow.

17 *Vulcan* is ſaid to have his Shop between *Ætna* and *Lipare*, for the Fire and Winds fit for Smiths. It is call'd *Æolian Lipare*, as being one of the ſeven Iſlands govern'd by *Æolus*.

18 The three *Cyclops*, nam'd from Lightning, Thunder, and Fire, are ſaid to put in three parts of Hail, three of Rain, *&c.* to expreſs the Matter of Thunder, an Exhalation hot and dry, or hot and moiſt; or the kinds and property thereof, *terebrans*, *diſcutiens*, *urens*.

19 *Ægis* is properly a brazen Shield, having in the middle a *Gorgon*'s Head; which Armor, when belonging to a God, was call'd *Ægis*; when to a Man, as in the ancient Statues of the Emperors, *Lorica*.

20 There is at this day to be ſeen in *Rome*, a Statue of *Pallas* carrying a Shield cover'd with the ſcaly Skin of Dragons. *Politian. Miſcell. c.* 47.

21 Like ſeven Shields in one, or in 14 Circles, being ſo diſpos'd, that they ſeem'd to be knit and joyn'd to one another. So *Servius* and *Donatus*. The Shield of

Achilles

Achilles had but five of theſe Rounds, *Æneid.* 12. that of *Ajax* ſeven, *Ovid. Met.* 13.

[22] *Vulcan* call'd *Lemnius*, becauſe ſaid to fall on the Iſland *Lemnus*, when caſt down by his Mother, *Juno*, by reaſon of his Deformity. In this Iſland likewiſe his Forge was ſuppos'd to be, in reſpect to the frequent ſubterraneous Fires, and noyſom Air thereof: Thence call'd by *Sophocl. in Philoct.* ἀπίπλων δ' οἰκουμένην, not as being abſolutely ſo; for *Ptolomy* and the Scholiaſt of *Apollonius* affirm, there were two Cities in it, Ἡφαιστία and Μυρίνη; the firſt whereof ſeems to be nam'd from *Vulcan*. Yet Mr. *Selden*'s Manuſcript of *Ptolomy* reads Ὑφαιστία.

[23] High Shooes. *Servius* expounds them *Crepidæ*, which firſt the Senators wore, then the *Equites*, after the Soldiers.

* Though ſome pretend that the Love of Subjects is the onely Guard for a Prince, yet Majeſty is unſafe that is not ſecur'd by power; and therefore in all times the wiſeſt Princes have made uſe of ſtationary Guards for defence of their Perſons; a Priviledge reckon'd by *Samuel* among the Royal Prerogatives given to a King by God himſelf. This our Author hath judiciouſly obſerv'd in the perſon of *Evander*: nature ſeeming to have indu'd irrational Creatures with this provident circumſpection for their ſafety; as in Cranes, amongſt whom one watches, whilſt the reſt ſleep; and Storks, as St. *Baſil* affirms, are attended by a Life-guard of Daws againſt others Birds. To theſe our Author adds a Guard of barking Sentinels, to Man, often more faithful than

Man himſelf. Wherefore we read that *Maſſiniſſa*, miſdoubting the fidelity of his Subjects, comitted the ſafety of his Perſon to theſe, as to the more truſty *Satellites*.

[24] Once inhabited, more than once famous in War, for it was ſo at this time. The *Mæonian* Province being too little for two Brothers, *Lydus* and *Tyrrhenus*, this by Lot quitted it, went with a great Multitude into *Italy*, and call'd it *Tyrrhena*. Theſe liv'd a long time by Pyracy (as *Cicero* atteſts) binding the Living and the Dead together; which *Virgil* aſcribes to *Mezentius*, as being of the *Tyrrhen* Race. At that time they were call'd ſo, afterward *Thuſci*, ἀπὸ τῦ θύειν. But *Lidians* from *Lidus* the Kings brother, who ſtaid in the Province This *Agyllina* was built (ſome think) by *Pelaſgus*, others by *Telegonus*, others by *Tyrrhenus* Son of *Teleſus*.

[25] An Imprecation. So *Ariſtophanes*, εἰς κεφαλὴν σοι. See *Turneb. l. 2. c. 12. & Not. ad Plaut. Pœnul. act. 3. 3.* Or rather he related to that of the *Greeks*, τῇ κεφαλῇ ἀναμάττειν.

[26] Of this kind of Torment among the *Tyrrhens*, which our Author attributes to *Mezentius*. See *Plutarch. in Artaxerxe*, *Val. Max. l. 9. c. 2.*

[27] Which ſome expound *Faſces*, transfer'd from the *Thuſcans* to the *Romans*; others, *Ornamenta Regalia. Arms and Military Weapons* (ſaith *Cæſar in Saluſt.*) *our Anceſtors borrow'd from the* Samnites, *but moſt of their Enſigns of Magiſtracy from the* Hetrurians.

[28] The *Thuſci* are ſaid to be the Inventors of Trumpets; ſome ſay, *Pallas*; whence ἄθηνα σάλπιγξ was worſhip'd by the *Grecians*. [29] King

29 King of *Præneſte*, ſlain by *Evander*; who boaſts that he was deſcended of *Hercules* who ſlew *Geryon*. By *three Souls* the Poets imply a Man every way compleat.

30 He abſtains from the word Death, as of bad preſage. See *Scalig. in Var. p.* 123.

31 He alludes to the opinion of the Antients, that the Stars were ζῶα νοερὰ, Living Creatures, fed by Exhalations out of the Earth, as the Sun by Vapors out of the Sea, the Moon by Springs and Rivers. The antient Phyſiologiſts affirming, that Nature plac'd the Ocean directly under the Zodiack, that the Sun and reſt of the Planets *haberent ſubjecti humoris alimoniam*. Minut. Fæl.

32 The *Pelaſgi* took their Original either from the *Athenians*, *Laconians*, or *Theſſalians*, which is moſt probable; for it is certain there are divers Cities of *Pelaſgi* in *Theſſaly*. Theſe are ſaid firſt to have inhabited *Italy*. *Filocorus* ſays, they were call'd *Pelaſgi*, becauſe they were ſeen to come with Sayls in the Spring, like Birds. *Hyginus* ſaith, they were *Tyrrhens*: ſo *Varro*.

33 The common opinion is, that *Silvanus* was God of the Fields and Herds. But the wiſer ſay, that he was ὑλικὸς θεὸς. Hyle is the droſs of all the Elements.

34 Call'd *Germolum*; it was within the *Lupercal*.

35 Whom *Romulus* and his Companions betray'd to a Rape by invitation to theſe Games, to people their new Common-wealth which wanted Women.

36 Theſe were not the *Circenſian* Games, which were after inſtituted; but ſo call'd, becauſe ſhewn about the

Circus

Circus Maximus, where there was an Altar to *Conſus*. This ſolemnity was inſtituted for *Neptunus Equeſtris*, it was call'd *Conſualia*. Some think that *Neptunus Equeſtris* and *Conſus* were the ſame: But *Dionyſius* is of another mind, becauſe no Altar was built to *Neptune* by *Greeks* or *Barbarians*; but to *Conſus* there was an Altar under ground at *Rome*, near the *Circus Maximus*. He ſuppoſeth that the Horſe-races and Feſtivals might be at the beginning to *Neptune*, and afterwards becauſe the ſecret Counſel of raviſhing Virgins was ſucceſsful, an Altar was conſecrated to *Conſus* the God of Secrets.

37 *Servius* obſerves that in all Sacrifices, the Females were prefer'd.

38 *Metius Suffetius* was King of the *Albans*, in League with *Tullus Hoſtillius* King of the *Romans*, and by that Tye oblig'd to aid him againſt the *Fidenates*: As the Battel joyn'd he lead his Army up the Hill, intending to joyn with the conquering Party, but *Tullus* having won the Field, for his Falſhood, caus'd him to be torn in pieces, and raz'd *Alba* to the Ground, whereupon the *Albanians* tranſplanted into *Rome*.

39 King of *Cluſium*, who to reſtore *Tarquinius Superbus* to his Throne, beſieg'd *Rome*, where at the Foot of a Bridge *Horatius Cocles* kept back *Porſenna*'s whole Army till the *Romans* had broken down the Bridge behind him, which done, he leapt into the River and ſwam home: At the ſame Siege alſo, *Clœlia* and other Veſtal Virgins given in Hoſtage to *Porſenna*, got leave of the Guard to waſh themſelves in *Tiber*, and whilſt they (as they deſir'd them) look'd aſide, the Virgins took that opportunity to ſwim away.

* *Marcus*

* *Marcus Manlius Capitolinus*, ſeeing the Overthrow of the *Roman* Army at the River *Allia*, by *Brennus* and his *Gauls*, kept the Capitol with a thouſand Souldiers againſt them; the *Gauls* attempted it by Night, but were diſcover'd by the gagling of a Gooſe, and their Enterprize prevented. In memory whereof, the Picture of a Gooſe was kept in the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*. But as his Name, ſo he had his Death alſo from the Hill; for being diſcover'd to aim at the Empire, he was thrown down thence headlong; to which *Dion* alluding, *lib.* 38. ſaith, ὁ Καμίλλος ὁ φυγας ἄμεινον τῦ Καπιτωλίνυ (ſo read we, not Καπίωλίυ) μετάλαῦπα ἀπήλλαξε Camillus *the baniſh'd, ended his days more happily than* Capitolinus.

40 Cloaths diſcolour'd like the *Barbarians*, and as it were woven iu branch'd Pieces.

41 The *Flamens* wore a Cap, in the top whereof was a Rod with a little Wool upon it.

42 *Ancilla ab anciſu*, ſaith *Varro*, becauſe indented on both ſides: In *Numa*'s time (they ſay) ſuch a Shield fell from Heaven, at which time a Voice was heard, ſaying, that *the City ſhould be impregnable as long as that remain'd in it. Mamurius Veturius* therefore (a happy Name afterwards in their religious Solemnities) made eleven more like it, that the true one might not be ſtoln.

† In this Conſpiracy againſt the Common-wealth, he drew with him a great part of the *Roman* Gentry and Nobility; from which imminent Danger the City was freed by *Cicero*. *Saluſt* ſaith, *That after he ſaw his Troops overthrown, and himſelf with a very few remaining, calling*

calling to mind his Original and former Dignity, he ruſh'd into the midſt of his Enemies, and was there ſlain fighting: Nor is this all, his Souldiers, that maintain'd and dy'd in their places, were ſurpaſs'd by their General; for he was found far from his own Troops, among the Carcaſes of his Foes, even yet bearing Marks in his Face, of that Courage which he had whilſt alive. Conjur. Catil.

43 *Servius* and others, underſtand *Cenſorius*, *Cato Major*, *Pomponius*, *Uticenſis*, whoſe Vertue and Death, *Cæſar* himſelf, though an Enemy, prais'd and lamented.

44 The Fight betwixt *Auguſtus Cæſar* and *Marc. Antony*, by Sea, neer *Actium*, a Maritime Town of *Epire*, nigh unto which, in the Sea now call'd *Lepanto*, they fought for the Empire of the World: *Auguſtus* had two hundred and fifty good Men of War; *Antony* five hundred Ships, fitter for Oſtentation than Service. Here was alſo that memorable Sea-fight between the *Venetian* and the *Turk*, *Anno*, 1571.

45 *Marcus Vipſanus Agrippa* was the firſt of his houſe, ſo much in favor with *Auguſtus*, that he once thought to leave his Empire unto him; but *Marcellus* his Siſters Son, Husband to his Daughter *Julia* being dead, he marry'd her to *Agrippa*, who by her had two Sons, *Caius* and *Lucius*, whom *Auguſtus* adopted, but they miſcarrying, *Tyberius* his Wife's Son ſucceeded him.

46 The Reward of him who firſt leapt into the Enemies Ship: It was beautify'd with the Beaks of a Ship made of Gold: This *Auguſtus* beſtow'd on *Agrippa* for overthrowing *Sextus Pompeius*, in the *Sicilian* Sea.

47 *Cleopatra*

47 *Cleopatra.* The *Roman* Laws permitted not a woman to be in the Camp. Moreover, *Antony* brought her over his own Wife's Head, who was Siſter to *Auguſtus*, whereas it was unlawful to marry with Aliens.

48 That the *Romans* had Prores or Beaks to their Ships, none but knows, their form and faſhion is not ſo commonly underſtood; they were made uſually of Braſs, and conſiſted (as deſcrib'd by *Vegetius*) of ſeveral Teeth, or Points. *Piſeus* is ſaid to have been the firſt Inventor of them. *Plin. l. 7. c. 56.* with theſe the ſhips incountred ſo fiercely, that many times they ſtuck faſt to one another.

49 *Cleopatra's* Ships were all of an unuſual bigneſs, ſaith *Dion.* which our Poet here compares to the *Cyclades*, Iſlands in the *Ægean* Sea, in number fifty three, ſituate circularly.

50 Of thoſe kind of Ships, ſee *Vegetius, l. 4. Cæſar de Bell. civil. l. 1. Livy* deſcribing the Siege of *Syracuſe. Tacitus* in the fifth of his *Annal*, and *Pliny, l. 32, c. 1.* They were firſt invented by *Agrippa*, and were ſuddenly to be rais'd from the Decks, in time of fight, with Skrews, by that means giving them an advantage to pour ſhot into their Enemies Ships. They were us'd both at the Prow and Poop.

51 *Antony* had commanded that the Legions ſhould obey *Cleopatra's* Command.

52 *Anubis* is pictur'd with a Dogs Head, which they take to be *Mercury.* Hence *Lucan. l. 8.*

Nos in Templa tuam Romana accepimus Iſin,
Semicaneſque Deas & ſiſtra, &c.

53 Theſe

53 These *Strabo*, *lib.* 7. takes to be the same, or at least Borderers. *Ovid Met.* 9.

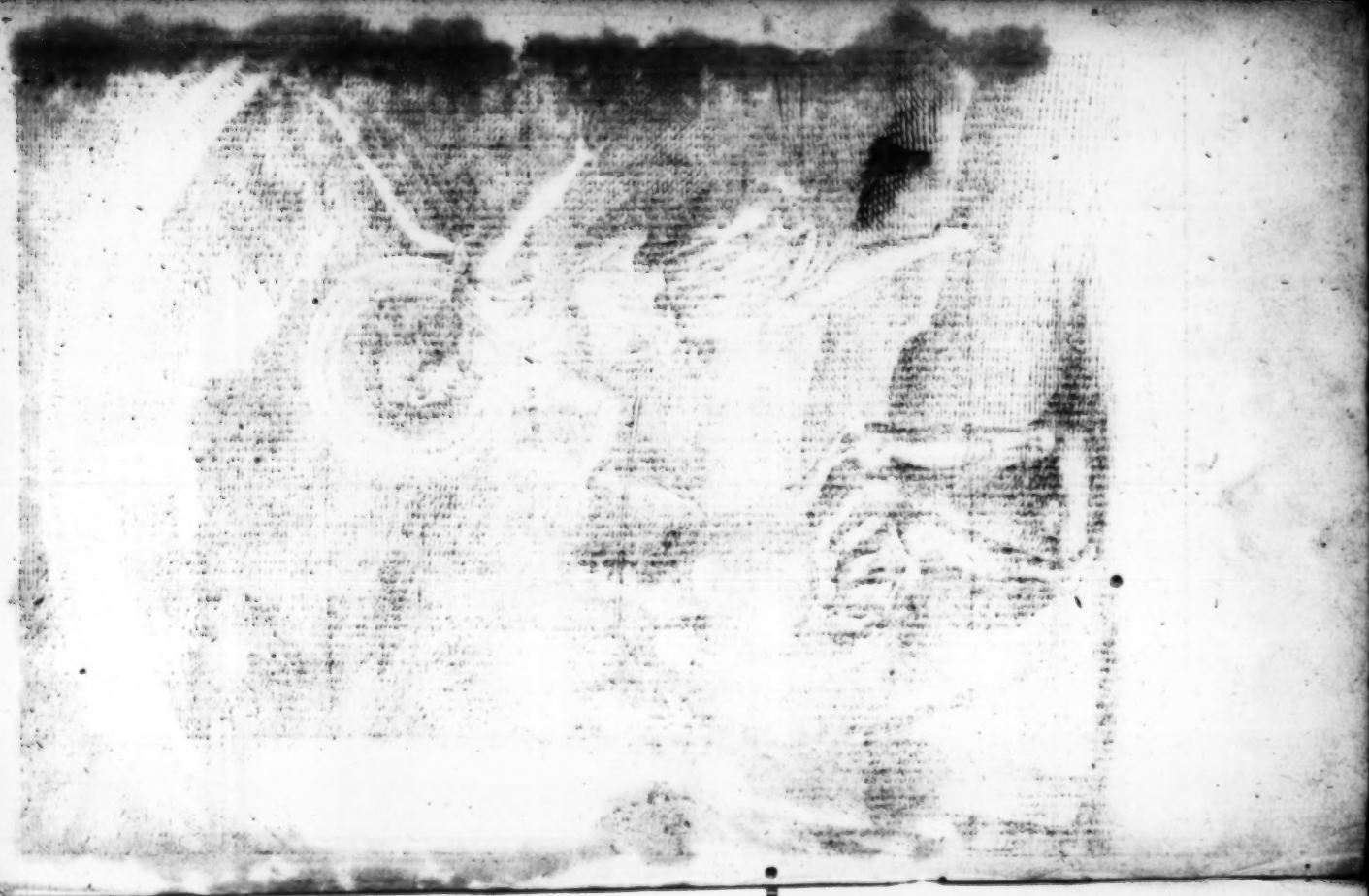
Caras & armiferos Lelegas, Lyciamque pererrat.

54 In that Part of *France* towards *Britain*, which was by the *Romans* accounted another World.

55 *Isiodor. l.* 13. *c.* 21. reports, that when *Alexander* had built a Bridge over *Araxes*, and was about to pass over, there was so great an inundation, that the Bridge was overthrown.

56 This Verse is, by some Criticks, accounted superfluous, and none of *Virgil*'s.

VIRGIL's





ÆN. 9

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Ninth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Iris *commands bold* Turnus *to invade*
The Trojans, *whilſt* Æneas *gathers Aid.*
He draws the Army forth; attempts to burn
The Fleet, which ſcape, and into Sea-Nymphs turn.
Euryalus *and* Niſus *venture through*
The Enemies Camp by Night, and many ſlew.
Their woful Deaths. Italians, *with the Dawn,*
To ſtorm the Town are from their Quarters drawn.
The Trojans *ſally forth; in whoſe Retreat,*
Turnus *engag'd is ſhut within their Gate.*
Many brave Men he kills, then on he goes
Single, againſt whole Regiments of Foes:
At laſt leaps o're the Wall, the River ſwam,
And off with all his Arms in ſafety came.

WHilſt thus Affairs in ſeveral Places went,
From Heav'n *Saturnian Juno* a *Iris* ſent

Down

Down to bold *Turnus*; then it fortun'd, that
He in his Fathers [b] Grove, *Pilumnus*, [c] ſate,
And Rites in conſecrated Vallies paid.
To whom from roſie Lips *Thaumantia* ſaid;
What none of all the Gods durſt promiſe you,
Juncture of time and fair occaſion do.
His Fleet, his Army, and his new-rais'd Forts
Æneas having left, *Evander* courts:
Nay more, he arms remote *Hetrurian* Towns,
And Regiments recruits with *Lydian* Clowns.
Where lies thy doubt? now Chariots raiſe, now Horſe,
And loſe no time, but take their Camp by force.
This ſaid, on counterpoiſing Winds ſhe glides,
And the great [d] Bow beneath the Clouds divides.
The Prince the Goddeſs knew, and to the Skies
Raiſing his Hands, thus, following her replies.
Iris, Heavens Glory, which of all the Gods,
Thee, from Celeſtial, ſent to our Aboads?
Whence breaks this Light? Heav'n opens, and I ſpy
Thoſe wandring Stars that gild the purple Sky;
Who e're thou art command'ſt me take up Arms,
I go, as thy great Omen me informs.
Thus ſaying, to the [e] River he repairs, (Pray'rs.
There drinks, and tires the Gods with Vows and
And now they took the Field, with all their Force,
Bravely appointed, both in Arms and Horſe.
Meſſapus had the Vanguard; in the Rear
Two gallant Youths, bold *Tyrrheus* Sons appear;
Turnus, their General, the Main-body led,
Who bravely arm'd, ſhew'd taller by the Head.

So

So silent *Ganges* in seven [f] Chanels flows,
Whose steeper Margents swelling Waves oppose;
Or fertile [g] *Nile* retreated from the Plains,
When in his Chanel he himself contains.
The *Trojans* here a dusty Cloud espy
And suddain Darkness scale from Earth, the Sky.
First from the Works *Caicus* calls aloud,
What Body, Sirs, advanceth in yon Cloud?
Double your Guards, each look to his Command,
Ascend the Walls, Arm, arm, the Foe's at hand.
The *Trojans* then from all Parts gathering round,
Straight man the Gates, & Forts & Bulwarks crown'd;
For so *Æneas* that excell'd in Arms,
Departing bid; no Fortune, no Alarms
Should make them sally forth, nor trust the Field,
But let their Works and Trenches be their Shield.
Therefore, although provok'd by Shame or Rage,
Their Gates they did not open, nor engage,
But all Obedience paid to his Command,
And arm'd, on Tow'rs, the Foe expecting, stand.
Turnus with twenty chosen Horse comes down,
Slow-marching Foot out-stripping, to the Town,
Mounted upon a dappled *Thracian* Steed,
Whose Crimson Plumes his golden Helmet hid;
Now valiant Youth, who will with me advance?
This said, he peis'd, then cast a mighty Lance,
[h] Denouncing War, and bravely wheels about;
Straight all obey, and follow with a Shout;
They strangely *Trojan* Cowardice admire,
That Men should not an open Field desire,

But lye incamp'd: Then he their Walls ſurveys,
And raging, entrance ſeeks at ſeveral ways.
Like a ſly Wolf, which near a Sheep-cote lies,
[i] Growling till Midnight, Show'rs and ſtormy Skies
Patiently ſuffering, whilſt the tender Lambs
In ſafety bleat beneath their foſtering Dams;
He, vext with raging Hunger, nearer draws,
Longing to quench with Blood his thirſty Jaws:
Viewing their Works, ſo furious *Turnus* groans,
Till Grief inflam'd the Marrow in his Bones;
How he might ſcale, how enter ſome Redoubt,
And from their Holes Ferret the *Trojans* out.
He charg'd the Fleet, which near the Trench did ride,
Round with the Stream and Bulwarks fortify'd;
Then calls for Fire, and following his Deſign,
His ſtrong Hand fills with a whole blazing Pine.
Then all come on, his Valor did inſpire,
Each Soldier loads himſelf, with cruel Fire;
Altars they ſpoyl; then pitchy Vapors riſe,
Mix'd with black Smoke, and *Vulcan* ſcales the Skies.
Say Muſe, what God could all thoſe Flames defeat?
Who from ſuch Fires preſerv'd the *Trojan* Fleet?
Though old the Fact, yet laſting is the Fame.
When firſt to *Phrygian Ide Æneas* came,
And for the Sea his gallant Navy made,
Thus to high *Jove*, the Gods great Mother ſaid;
Grant, deareſt Son, *Cybele* this [k] Requeſt,
Since now thou reign'ſt in conquer'd Heaven at reſt.
A Grove of [l] Pine, where long I took delight,
Which ſacred, ſtood on the high Mountain's height,

Whoſe

Whoſe gloomy Boſom Sun-beams never gilt,
I gave *Æneas* when his Fleet he built;
Heart-eating Fear torments my troubled Breaſt,
Eaſe me, and grant thy Mother this Requeſt:
Let them no Voyage craze, nor Storm o're-ſet;
For growing there, that Favor let them get.
Then ſpake her Son, the Deity that rowls
The ſpangled Skies about their glittering Poles,
Mother, why temp'ſt thou Fates with ſuch Demands?
Shall Ships b' immortal, built by mortal Hands?
Æneas ſafely through all Dangers go?
Can any God ſo large Commiſſion ſhew?
But when they ride in the *Auſonian* Bay,
Their Voyage gain'd, who e're eſcapes the Sea,
Bearing the *Trojan* to *Laurentian* Strands,
Sea-Nymphs ſhall be transform'd by our Commands;
Like *Galate* and *Doto* they ſhall ride
On bounding Floods, and ſomy Waves divide.
This by his Brother's *Stygian* Streams he ſwore,
And by the Brimſtone Lake, and diſmal Shore,
By the black Gulph, and the Infernal Pit;
Whoſe [m] Nod *Olympus* ſhook confirming it.
And now the time drew nigh, that promis'd day,
Which Deſtiny accompliſhing ſhould pay;
When *Turnus* ſpight *Cybele* did inſpire,
To ſave the ſacred Ships from impious Fire.
Here firſt a ſudden Light dazles their Eyes,
And from the Eaſt [n] bright Cloud cuts the Skies,
Idæan Troops appear, and in the Air,
A Voice both *Trojans* and *Rutilians* hear.

o Haſt not my Ships to ſave, nor ſtir a Man;
Turnus as ſoon ſhall burn the Ocean,
As fire theſe ſacred Pines; Go, you are free,
Jove's Mother bids you, go, and p Sea-Nymphs be.
Straight they their Cordage Broke, to Sea they ſtood,
Dipping their Beaks, like Dolphins, in the Flood;
As many Ships (wondrous!) at ſhore did ride,
So many Beauties through the Billows glide.
The ſtout *Rutilians* tremble, ſtruck with Fear,
Meſſapus and his Troops affrighted were:
Then *Tyber* muttering, ſtrangely did complain,
His haſty Foot recalling from the Main.
But this bold *Turnus* not one jot amates,
Who thus at once his Soldiers chears, and rates.
Theſe Prodigies the *Trojans* threat, and *Jove*
By this, from them, all ſuccor doth remove:
Nor need the *Trojans* Sword or Fire affright;
The Seas block'd up, now there's no hope of flight,
Half of their Force being gone; the Land is ours,
And all *Auſonia*'s contributed Powers
Muſter'd in one; nor me theſe Omens daunt,
If any happy ones the *Trojans* vaunt.
Enough for *Venus* Fate hath done, that they
Found fertile Fields of rich *Auſonia*;
And I have Fates which ſtands with theirs at ſtriſe,
T'extirp that Race would rob me of my Wife:
Nor ſuch wrong onely the *Atrides* harms,
And *Greece* alone inforc'd to take up Arms.
Once was enough to periſh, once to ſin,
And Women then in deteſtation been.

Theſe

Theſe truſting Trenches, and a weak redoubt,
Which Death delays, but cannot long keep out;
Beheld they not theſe mighty Walls of *Troy*,
By *Neptune* built, conſuming Fire deſtroy?
But you, my choſen Friends, prepare to fall
On bravely now with me, and ſtorm their Wall.
Know, I not want *Vulcanian* Arms, nor come
A thouſand Sail ſtrong, 'gainſt one *Ilium*,
Though all *Hetruria* ſtraight for them declare.
Nor Loſs of their ¶ *Palladium* need they fear,
Which Thieves by Night's Protection did obtain,
The Warders of *Minerva*'s Tower being ſlain;
Nor in a Horſes Belly *Turnus* lurks:
But we by day will fire and ſtorm their Works:
That we no *Grecians* are, I'le make them know,
Whom ten long years one *Hector* baffled ſo.
But ſince the ‡ beſt part of the Day is gone,
What now remains, Affairs well carry'd on,
But to * refreſh and reſt our ſelves this Night,
And then with Joy prepare our ſelves to fight?
Mean while the Charge with fire to round the Walls,
And ſet the Watch, to bold *Meſſapus* falls.
Twice ſeven *Rutilian* choſen Captains ſtand,
Guarding the Works; a hundred each command,
Whoſe purple Plumes, and golden Helmets, ſhine.
They ſcout, they watch by turns, then drink rich wine,
And drain full Goblets, ſitting on the Graſs:
High blaze their Fires, the wakeful Night they paſs
Away in Sports.

All this the *Trojans* from their Tow'rs descry'd,
And carefully for every Part provide;
Thick on their Works and Battlements they stand,
By *Mnestheus* and *Sergestus* strict Command;
The Prince gave these, should any Chance befall,
A large Commission for to govern all.
Allotted Squadrons watch on every side,
And they by turns each others place supply'd.
Hyrtacus Son, bold *Nisus*, kept the Gate,
Whom th' Huntress [r] *Ida* did command to wait
On Prince *Æneas*; well he cast a Dart,
And drew a Bow with wondrous Strength and Art;
With him *Euryalus* joyn'd, than whom more fair,
Not any of the *Trojan* Off-spring were,
Nor better Arms became; Now first, his Face,
The Mark of Manhood, tender Doun did grace:
Like was their Love, alike in War they rag'd;
And then to keep one [s] Port, were both engag'd.
When *Nisus* said, doth [u] God our minds inspire,
Or each man makes a God of his desire?
My Genius prompts me to some great Design,
Nor will my active Soul to Rest encline.
Seest thou what watch careless *Rutilians* keep,
And how they buried lye in Wine and Sleep,
Their Fires nigh out, dumb Silence every where
What by observing I conceive, now hear.
Both Peers and People wish the King's return,
And some Intelligence to him be born.
If what I ask they shall confer on thee,
(Fame of th' Exploit enough shall honor me)

Under

Under yon Summit I a way have ſpy'd,
Will to the Walls of *Pallanteum* guide.
Ambitious of fair Fame, *Euryalus* burns:
Then thus unto his deareſt Friend returns.
In ſo great Danger doſt thou me decline?
Alone thy ſelf engage in this Deſign?
Not ſo, my Father bread me up in Arms,
'Mongſt *Trojan* Toyls, and *Grecian* Alarms;
Nor didſt thou find me, *Niſus*, ſuch a Friend,
Whilſt great *Æneas* Fortunes we attend;
A Soul this Boſom harbors, ſcorns to live
And would more Lives than one for Honor give.
Then *Niſus* ſaid, I from ſuch Thoughts am free,
Nor can thy Admirer ſo injurious be:
So may great *Jove* home me with Honors load,
Or any other juſt and favoring God.
But if (for ſuch Attempts great Dangers wait)
That I miſcarry by Miſchance, or Fate,
Thou ſhouldſt not dye, of Life thou worthier art,
That to my × ranſom'd Corps thou mightſt impart
A ſpot of Earth; which if my Chance denies,
Yet grant my Shade a Tomb, and Obſequies:
Nor to thy wretched Mother would I be
The Cauſe of ſo much Grief, who follow'd thee
Of all the Matrons, with a conſtant mind,
And great *Aceſtes* new-built Walls declin'd.
Then he reply'd; Excuſes are in vain,
Fix'd to my Reſolution I remain.
Then ſaid *Euryalus*, let us diſpatch,
And ſoon as ſpoken, he relieves the Watch;

All things in order, Sentinels being plac't,
They both together to *Aſcanius* haſt.
Now through the World both Birds & Beaſts in deep
Oblivion drown'd their Cares, and curing Sleep;
Commanders and prime Officers, ſo late,
Conſult concerning the Affairs of State,
What they ſhould do, whom to *Æneas* ſend;
Bearing their Shields, and all on Javelins lean'd.
Then *Niſus* and *Euryalus* did crave,
That they Admittance ſpeedily might have;
Great was the Buſineſs, dangerous being delay'd;
Aſcanius then bids *Niſus* ſpeak; who ſaid,
With Thoughts unbyaſs'd, hear, you *Trojan* Peers,
Neither prejudge the Matter by our years.
Rutilians buried lie in Sleep and Wine,
And we have found a Path for our Deſign,
That's near the Gate which next the Ocean lies;
Their Fires burns dim, and Smoke aſcend the Skies;
Grant us to uſe our Fortune, which, if kind,
At *Pallanteum* wee'll *Æneas* find,
Whom, with great ſlaughters, and rich ſpoyls, you may
Shortly behold; nor can we miſs our way,
Who daily hunting in dark Vales below,
Have ſeen the Town, and the whole River know.
Then old and grave *Alethes* thus reply'd;
You Gods, who always do for *Troy* provide,
No utter Extirpation you intend,
When you our Youth ſuch reſolution ſend.
Thus ſaying, at once he did them both embrace,
Whilſt ſalt Tears fill'd the Furrows in his Face.

What

What Preſents fit for you ſhall we deviſe,
That undertake ſo great an Enterprize?
Heaven and your Merits will return the beſt;
Let bountiful *Æneas* pay the reſt,
Nor ſhall *Aſcanius* this your great Deſert
Ever forget, but treaſure in his Heart.
Niſus, but I (*Aſcanius* then replies)
Whoſe onely Safety in my Father lies,
Thee by [y] *Aſſaracus* Gods, and Lars, deſire,
And Venerable *Veſta*'s ſacred Fire,
(For what my Fortunes, or my Counſels, are,
I caſt my ſelf and them upon thy Care)
Bring home my Father, let me ſee his Face,
And Woe ſhall vaniſh in his dear Embrace.
Two ſilver Cups, graven with Figures, take,
Which with [z] *Arisba* reſcu'd he brought back.
Two *Tripos*, two great Talents of pure Gold,
And *Dido*'s Gift, a Cup of antique Mold.
But if we e're o're conquer'd *Latium* ſway,
That Land enjoy, and ſhare by Lot, the Prey,
Haſt thou brave *Turnus* Horſe and Arms beheld?
His Crimſon Plumage, and his Golden Shield,
Shall not be [aa] ſhar'd, they are already thine.
To which my Father ſhall twelve Ladies joyn,
As many Captive Knights, compleat in Arms,
With all *Latinus* Manors, Parks and Farms:
But thee, whoſe Age mine in a nearer ſpace
Purſues, brave Youth, I take in full embrace;
Thee I'le conſult with, both in Peace and Wars,
Of all my private and my publick Cares.

When

When thus to him *Euryalus* replies.
No Day ſhall tax me e're of Cowardize,
Let Fortune happy or unhappy fall:
But one thing I requeſt, one above all;
My Mother, of King *Priam*'s ancient Stem,
To go with me did *Ilian* Fields contemn,
Nor would ſhe in *Aceſtes* City ſeat;
Of my Adventure ſhe knows nothing yet;
Night and thy Right-hand both my Witneſs be,
Becauſe her Tears I not endur'd to ſee.
Help her forſook, and comfort in her Care;
If I with me ſo much aſſurance bear.
I boldlier ſhall againſt all dangers go.
At which the *Trojans* Eyes with Grief o'reflow:
But from the fair *Aſcanius* Rivers rowl,
And filial Affection touch'd his Soul;
And thus he ſaid ——
All things I grant worthy thy great Deſign,
And ſhe that is thy Mother ſhall be mine,
Onely *Creuſa*'s Name ſhall want, nor ſhall
Her Glory for producing thee be ſmall.
What Chance ſoever doth attend thee now,
I ſwear by this my Head, my Father's Vow,
What he, return'd in ſafty, I would give,
Thy Mother and thy Kindred ſhall [bb] receive.
Weeping he ſaid, then pulling off his Belt,
His Sword preſents him with a Golden Hilt,
Which with admired Art *Lycaon* made,
And with an Ivory Sheath adorn'd the Blade.

A [cc] Lions Skin *Mneſtheus* on *Niſus* preſt,
And good *Alethes* chang'd with him his Creſt.
Now arm'd they march: as to the Gates they bend,
Both young and old with Vows and Prayers attend;
And fair *Aſcanius*, who above his Age,
In Manly Care and Courage did engage;
Many Commands they to his Father bear,
Which winds diſpierc'd, and ſcatter'd through the Air.
They paſs the Trench, through gloomy Night they go,
Carrying a great Deſtruction to the Foe.
Buried in wine and ſleep the Guards they ſpy,
And all along the Shore their Wagons lye;
Men amongſt Arms, Wheels, Reins, and Goblets, laid
Spread on the Graſs: When thus bold *Niſus* ſaid:
Now let us uſe our Arms, th' Occaſion calls,
This is the Path: But thou, leſt any falls
Upon our Rear, watch, and behind ſurvey;
Theſe I'le deſtroy, and make thee open way.
This ſaid, he ſilent to proud *Rhamnes* went,
Who lay loud ſnoring in his Tap'ſtry Tent,
A King and [dd] Augur to King *Turnus* dear:
But yet could not foretel the Miſchief near.
Three of his Train, and *Rhemus* Squire, he found,
And Charioteer, then pinn'd them to the Ground;
Lying 'mongſt Arms and Horſe, his well-edg'd Sword
Divides their Neck, and laſt beheads their Lord;
In Blood he leaves the ſobbing Body drown'd,
Which ſtains with purple Streams the Bed & Ground.
Next did on *Lamus* and *Lamirus* light,
And fair *Serranus*, who the tedious Night

A Had

Had ſpent in Sport; o'recome with Wine he lay,
Happy if he had gam'd it out till Day.
As when a hungry Lion Sheep invades,
(Invincible Neceſſity perſwades)
He, the poor Beaſt mute with ſurprizing Fears,
Growling, with bloody Jaws devours and tears.
Slaughter no leſs *Euryalus* did inflame,
That many now he ſlew without a Name;
Fadus, *Hebeſus*, *Abaris* he kill'd;
But *Rhætus* could not ſleep, he all beheld,
And, frighted, under a huge Charger lay;
Up to the Hilt his bright Sword found a way
Thorow his Breaſt, then drew it, ſtain'd with Blood;
His purple [ee] Soul he vomits in a Flood
Of Wine and Gore commix'd. Then on he went,
And to *Meſſapus* Quarters, raging, bent,
Where now almoſt conſum'd their Fires he ſpy'd,
And Horſes feeding, as the Cuſtom, ty'd.
Then *Niſus* briefly ſaid, let us be gone,
(Seeing him drawn with love of Slaughter on)
For th' envious Dawn appears: let this ſuffice,
Our way we made quite through the Enemies.
Nor did they Arms of beaten Silver mind,
Rich Hangings, maſſie Plate are left behind;
Rhamnes rich Trappings, and his Girts of Gold,
(Which *Cædicus* ſent *Remulus* of old,
When with that [ff] Preſent they in League conjoyn'd
This, dying, to his Nephew he aſſign'd,
Which War made after the *Rutilians* Prize)
Euryalus on his Manly Shoulders ties,

Claps

Claps on *Meſſapus* Cask, with Feathers grac'd;
Then left the Camp, and on in ſafety paſs'd.
Mean while a Party of their Horſe march'd down,
The reſt lay quarter'd yet about the Town,
That Orders from the King for *Turnus* had,
Three hundred Shield-men, all by *Volſcens* led.
Now near the *Trojan* Walls the Squadron drew,
When on their Left-hand turning, theſe they view:
Euryalus Helmet him far off betrays,
Through ſable Night reflecting ſilver Raies,
Something I ſee, cries *Volſcens* from the Band,
Stand, who goes there? why arm'd? your buſineſs? ſtand.
No anſwer they return, but haſten flight,
Truſting to ſhady Woods, and gloomy Night.
The Horſe beſet the Paths, all Parts reſound,
And with ſtrong Guards the ſeveral Paſſes Crown'd.
There was a ſhady Wood of ſpreading Oke,
Which Bryars and Thorns, & prickly Brambles choak;
Where a ſmall Tract leads through an obſcure way;
The tangling Boughs, and burthen of his Prey,
Euryalus ſtopt, and Fear his Feet intraps:
Niſus went on, and from the Foe eſcapes,
By Seats which after *Alba*'s Name did bear,
Where King *Latinus* ſtately Stables were.
As for his Friend, in vain he looking, ſtaid,
Ah poor *Euryalus*, where art thou? he ſaid,
How ſhall I find thee out? Then through the Maze
Of the dark Wood returns, and thouſand ways
Seeks his own ſteps, and roves through ſilent Briers.
Noyſe, Horſe, and ſounding Trumpets ſtraight he hears

And

And ſudden the huge Clamor underſtands,
And ſaw *Euryalus*, whom all the Bands,
With diſadvantage of the Night and Lane,
Had round beſet, much ſtriving, but in vain.
What ſhall he do? what Plot can he contrive?
Or by what Force bring off his Friend alive?
Shall *Niſus* 'midſt the Foe give up his Breath,
Haſt'ning by Wounds an honorable Death?
Raiſing his Hand and Spear, he ſtraight prepares,
And made, beholding the high Moon, theſe Prayers:
[hh] O Goddeſs, Glory of the Stars, O thou,
The Groves great Preſident, aſſiſt me now;
If e're for me, my Father Preſents paid,
Or I from my own Huntings Offerings made,
Or grac'd thy [ii] *Thole*, or ſacred Pillars deck'd,
Grant that I rout this Troop, my [kk] Spear direct.
This ſaid, with his whole ſtrength a Lance he caſt,
Through ſhady Night the flying Javelin paſt,
And piercing *Sulmons* Back, the Staff there broke,
Yet through his Bowels glides the knotty Oke.
From's Breſt a warm Stream vomiting, he fell,
And ſhort-breath'd panting makes his Boſom ſwell.
All look about: He takes another Spear,
Chear'd with Succeſs, and poiz'd it at his Ear;
Whilſt they're amaz'd, through *Tagus* Brows and Arms
Singing it flew, and in his hot Brain warms.
Fierce *Volſcens* rag'd, nor any he eſpy'd
Which threw the Spear, nor knew which way to ride.
But thou, for both ſhalt with warm Blood afford
Me ſatisfaction firſt. This ſaid, his Sword

He

He drew, and at *Euryalus* raging flies,
But then aloud affrighted *Niſus* cries,
Nor longer could conceal, nor ſuch Grief bear.
At me, me; I, who did the Fact, am here;
At me convert your Steel; *Rutilians* hold,
The Fraud is mine; he neither durſt, nor could;
(This Heaven, theſe conſcious Stars ſhall witneſs ſuch)
He onely lov'd his hapleſs Friend too much.
Such things he ſaid; but the drawn Sword his Cheſt
With violence pierc'd, and tore his ſnowy Breaſt.
Dead, he ſinks down, Blood from his Body ſprung,
His Neck declining, on his Shoulders hung.
A Violet on New-ear'd Ground ſo lies,
Cut by the Plough, and languiſhing, ſo dies;
Or full-blown Poppy hangs the Head, whoſe Flow'r
Wearies the Neck, o're-burthen'd with a ſhow'r.
But through them all bold *Niſus* charg'd alone,
And *Volſcens* ſeeks, *Volſcens* muſt find, or none;
Who, though ſurrounded every where with Foes,
Wheeling his glittering Sword, on bravely goes,
Till in his Mouth the deadly Stuck he threw,
And thus his Enemy in dying ſlew:
Then on his dead Friend falling, gives up Breath,
Repoſing ſo at laſt in quiet Death.
Both happy, if my Verſe have power, your Fame
Shall laſt, nor eating Time deſtroy your Name,
Whilſt [11] *Trojans* in the Capitol remain,
And o're the World a *Romau Cæſar* Reign.
The Spoyl the conquering *Rutilians* ſhare,
And weeping, to the Camp dead *Volſcens* bear;

Where

Where Sorrow was no leſs, *Rhamnes* being found;
Serranus, *Numa*, bloodleſs on the Ground,
In this ſad Slaughter ſlain, with many more,
In throngs the dead and dying they deplore;
A mighty Concourſe round about them ſtood,
In Crimſon Plaſhes, warm with ſomy Blood.
Meſſapus Spoyls all know, and glittering Cask;
And Reigns recover'd by ſo hard a Task.
Aurora now the early Dawn had ſpread,
And weary, left old *Tython*'s Golden Bed;
Soon as the Sun diſtinguiſh'd forms with light,
Arm'd *Turnus* arms his Squadrons for the Fight;
The mm Brazen Ranks makes ready to engage,
Each man with various Rumor whetting Rage:
With *Niſus* and *Euryalus* Heads th' advance,
A woful ſight! each on a nn pointed Lance,
And follow with a Shout.
Whilſt the bold *Trojans* the left ſide made good,
(The Right lay flanker'd with the ſwelling Flood)
On ſtrong Redoubts they patiently remain'd,
And with ſad Hearts their lofty Tow'rs maintain'd,
When both their Heads on Javelins fix'd they view'd,
Ah too well known! with purple Gore imbru'd.
Mean while, that winged Meſſenger, ſwift Fame,
Sounding through all the troubled City came,
And glides unto *Euryalus* Mothers Ears;
Straight wanting heat, ſhe motionleſs appears,
Down her Yarn tumbles, and her Spindle falls:
oo Tearing her Hair, and ſcrieching, to the Walls

She

She runs, whom Men, nor Arms, nor Danger, daunts,
Where arch'd Skies thunder with her loud complaints.
Ah my *Euryalus* do I behold
Thee thus? Art thou my Comfort now grown old?
Cruel, ah couldst thou leave me thus alone?
Nor, sent on such Adventures, make it known
To me at thy Departure? Nor afford,
To thy unhappy Mother, one poor word?
Wo's me! thou lyest to Dogs and Fowl a Prey,
In a strange Land; nor can thy Mother pay
Thee [pp] Funeral Rites, nor close thy [qq] Eyes at rest;
Or bath thy [rr] Wounds, and cover with the [ss] Vest
Which Night and Day I did for thee prepare
At my Web, curing an old womans Care.
Where shall I find thee? on what cruel shore
Lies thy torn Limbs and Body, drench'd in Gore?
Are these returns for my expected Bliss?
Went I to Sea and Land with thee for this?
Me, if y' have any pity, me oh kill,
Hansel, *Rutilians*, with my Blood your Steel;
Or thou great *Jove* thy self in Mercy shew,
O Father this my Body, hateful now,
Unto the *Stygian* shade with Thunder send,
Since else my woful Life I cannot end.
This pierc'd their Souls, a sad Groan past through all:
Their Courages, in War undaunted, fall.
Idæus and sad *Actor*, by Command
Of *Ilioneus*, whilst she thus complain'd,
Mov'd with *Ascanius* Tears, lead her away
By either Arm, and to her House convey.

But now they hear the Trumpets dreadful ſound,
Anſwer'd by ſhouts, Heav'ns Arches eccho round.
The *Volſcians* ſuddenly a tt Teſtude form,
They fill the Ditches, and their Trenches ſtorm
For entrance, ſome with Ladders ſcale the Wall,
Where Men ſtood thinneſt, and the Guards but ſmall.
Trojans on them all ſorts of Weapons throw,
And with ſharp-pointed Spears repel the Foe,
Train'd by long War, a City to defend;
Huge Rocks and mighty Milſtones down they ſend
To break their Fence-work, under which they ſlight
All Chances, and in Danger take delight.
Which now not ſerves: for where they thickeſt drew,
On them a mighty heap the *Trojans* threw,
Which beat the *Rutils* down, their Shield-work broke;
Nor more the hardy *Volſcians* undertook
Aſſaults with Engins, but by open force
To drive them from their Works.
On th' other ſide, dreadful *Mezentius* came,
Brandiſhing fire, and caſts in pitchy flame.
Meſſapus that brave Horſe-man, *Neptune*'s Race,
Paſt Trenches, and did Scaling-Ladders place.
My Numbers, O you ſacred Muſes, ſwell,
That I may all thoſe cruel ſlaughters tell,
And bloody Executions *Turnus* made,
And whom each man ſent to the *Stygian* ſhade;
With me thoſe wondrous Accidents recall,
For you know well, and can remember all.
With ſtately Tranſoms ſtood a lofty Tow'r,
Of great Defence, 'gainſt this, with all their pow'r,

Th'

Th' *Italians* draw; this work to overthrow,
Became the whole Endeavor of the Foe.
With [uu] Stones the *Trojans* in great Flocks defend,
And from their [xx] Loop-holes deadly Weapons ſend.
Prince *Turnus* then a Ball of [yy] Wild-fire caſt,
And fix'd it blaziug on the Out-work faſt,
Which with the Winds conſpiring ſtraight devour
Planks, then Supporters of the wooden Tow'r.
All are within amaz'd, confuſedly
They from the Danger, ſtrive, in vain, to fly;
Whilſt backward they in a wild throng retire,
And ſeek for ſafety further from the Fire,
The Tow'r o'reburthen'd tumbles to the Ground,
And all Heav'n thunders with the hideous ſound;
Under the weight they dying lye, that Steel
Should guard their Breſts, they in their Boſoms feel;
Lycus and *Helenor* ſcap'd with much ado;
But *Helenor* the eldeſt of the two,
Whom ſecretly *Lycimnia* forth did bring
Unto her Maſter, the *Mæonian* King,
And ſent to *Troy*, forbidden Arms to wield,
Light with a naked Sword, and [zz] ſilver Shield,
When he perceiv'd himſelf within Command,
And round about the *Latine* Squadrons ſtand;
As a wild Beaſt 'gainſt Weapons ſpends his Rage,
Whom cruel Hunters round about engage,
Reſolv'd to dye, made deſperate by his Fears,
Runs himſelf boldly on their threatning Spears;
With ſuch a Reſolution on he goes,
And breaks into the thickeſt of his Foes.

Lycus more ſwift, breaks through the Ranks and Files
And brazen Squadrons arm'd with threatning Piles,
Then ſtrives the Towry Battlements to catch,
And friendly Hands extended him to reach.
Turnus as ſwift purſu'd, and following, ſaid,
Hop'ſt thou our Right-hand, Mad-man, to evade?
And at the inſtant him faſt holding caught,
And down with great part of the Bulwark brought.
A ſilver Swan, or Hare, *Jove's* Eagle bears
So through the Sky, truſs'd in his hooked Sears,
Or *Mars* his Wolf takes from the Flock a Lamb,
Sought with much bleating of the mourning Dam.
They ſhout, they ſtorm, to fill the Trenches haſt,
And Fire-works in the lofty Bulwarks caſt.
Ilioneus with a Stone, part of a Hill,
Firing the Gates, did bold *Lucetius* kill,
Liger, *Emathion*; *Aſylas* did o'rethrow
Chorinæus; This the Dart us'd, That, the Bow,
Cæneus, *Ortygius*; *Turnus Cæneus* ſlew,
Dioxippus, *Promulus*, *Itys*, *Clonius* too,
Sagar, and *Idas* as he did maintain
Their Tow'rs; *Privernus* was by *Capys* ſlain;
This firſt a ſlight Hurt got from *Themilla's* Lance;
But he his Hand did to the VVound advance
Fondly to bind it, when a Shaft did glide
On nimble VVings, and pinn'd it to his ſide;
The breathing places of his Soul it found,
And panting Lungs pierc'd with a deadly VVound.
In gallant Arms ſtood *Arcen's* Heir, his Coat
Of *Spaniſh* Dye moſt curiouſly wrought;

The

The careful Father ſent his beauteous Son
To *Mars* his Grove for Education,
Gave breeding near [3] *Symethos* ſilver Flood,
Where pleas'd *Palicus* ſmoking Altars ſtood,
Mezentius, Arms off, thrice a ſounding Sling
About his Head with mighty force did ſwing;
And pierc'd his Temples with the [4] molten Lead,
He ſtretch'd at length upon the ſand lay dead.
Againſt the Foe in bloody Fight, they ſay
Aſcanius firſt an Arrow ſhot that day,
Wild Beaſts before accuſtom'd to purſue,
And ſtout *Numanus* with his own Hand ſlew,
Who *Turnus* youngeſt Siſter did eſpouſe
Himſelf ſo joyning to the Royal Houſe.
He 'mongſt the firſt, extreamly ranting ſtands,
Swoln with new Fortunes, and his proud Commands,
And thus in taunting words the *Trojans* blam'd,
Twice captiv'd [5] *Phrygians*, are you not aſham'd
Once more to ſculk, and Death with Walls decline?
Theſe would with us in Nuptial Bonds conjoyn.
What God, or rather Folly, made you ſteer
For *Italy?* there's no *Atrides* here,
Nor your fine Speaker *Ithacus*; we are
A hardy People that delight in War;
We in cold [6] ſtreams our ſucking Infants throw,
And harden, ſoon as born, in Ice and Snow.
To hunt wild Beaſts, we onely pleaſure take,
To draw ſtrong Bows, or ſtubborn Horſes break,
We in Toyl patient, and inur'd to want,
Manure the Ground, or arm'd, proud Cities daunt.

Both young and old amongſt us Weapons bear,
Our Ruſtick goads his Bullocks with a Spear,
Nor Age our ſtrength and Courages decays;
Helms cruſh gray Hair; In Plunder and freſh Preys
Is our delight, and how to ſpoyl the Foe.
You cloth'd in [7] Purple and proud Scarlet go,
You love your Eaſe, in wanton Dances pride,
Your Coats are ſleev'd, your tottering Myters ty'd.
True female *Phrygians*, Men you are not, go
To [8] *Dindymus*, whoſe Airy Tunes you know,
There, Cymbals mind, and [9] *Berecynthian* Lutes,
And let Men war with whom it better ſuits.
At no leſs Rate he talks, and proudly ſpoke,
Which, though ſo young, *Aſcanius* could not brook,
But his Bow bending, then with Arms diſplaid,
Thus to Great *Jove* his Supplication made.
Almighty *Jove* aſſiſt my bold Deſign,
And I will offer at thy ſacred Shrine;
Before thee at thy Altar I ſhall place
A Snow-white Steer, whom Gold and Garlands grace,
Who, like his Mother, bears a ſtately Head,
Butts with his Horns, Sand with his Feet doth ſpread.
Jove heard his Pray'r, and from a gilded Cloud
Th' Almighty on his [10] Left-hand thundred loud;
At the ſame inſtant ſounds the deadly Bow;
The ſhaft through eaſie Air did murmuring go,
Till winged ſteel did through his Temples glide.
Go now, and Vertue with proud words deride;
Twice-captiv'd *Phrygians* ſend ſuch Anſwers back
To the *Rutilians*; thus *Aſcanius* ſpake.

At

At which the *Trojans* raiſe a joyful Cry,
Their drooping Hopes advancing to the Sky.
Then from a Cloud bright *Phœbus* looking down,
Beheld th' *Auſonian* Army, and the Town,
And to the Conqueror thus himſelf declares;
Improve thy Vertue, and ſo ſcale the Stars.
Thou ſprung from Gods, Gods ſhall from thee deſcend;
Under *Aſcanius* Stock all Wars ſhall end,
Nor *Troy* ſhall thee contain. This ſaid, he flies
Through breathing Air, down from the vaulted Skies.
And ſeeks *Aſcanius* out, transforming now,
Like to old *Butes*, his illuſtrious Brow,
Who long before *Dardan Anchiſes* ſerv'd,
And well for his Fidelity deſerv'd;
Whom on his Son, *Æneas* did beſtow.
Like him in all things did bright *Phœbus* go,
Face, Voice, his Rattling Arms, and hoary Hairs,
And to *Aſcanius* thus himſelf declares;
Trojan, enough that thou in open Field,
And come off bravely, haſt *Numanus* kill'd;
To thee *Apollo* grants thy firſt Deſire,
Nor envies equal Arms; but now retire;
Venture no further Boy. Thus *Phœbus* ſaid,
And ſtraight from mortal Eyes himſelf convey'd.
The God, and Heavenly Shafts, the *Trojans* knew,
And ſaw his ſounding Quiver as he flew,
Straight from the Fight *Aſcanius* they convey,
And *Phœbus* Power and his Command obey;
But they return again to charge the Foes,
And 'gainſt all Dangers do their Lives expoſe.

The Clamor round the Walls, from Tow'r to Tow'r,
They bend their Bows, and Clouds of Arrows pour.
The Earth is ſtrew'd with Arms, with mighty Blows
Helms and Shields rattle; a huge Fight aroſe;
As from [11] moiſt Kids when boyſterous Storms aſſail
The yielding Earth, and ſhow'rs commix'd with Hail
Swell to a Flood, then angry *Jove* deſcends,
Tears wintry ſtorms, and Clouds to Attoms rends.
Pandar and *Bitias*, both *Alcanor*'s Seed,
Whom Nymph [12] *Hiera* did in *Ida* breed,
Tall, like their Country's Fir, like Mountains large,
Open a Gate, comitted to their Charge,
And boldly to the Walls the Foe invite,
Which to defend, on the Left-hand and Right,
In glittering Arms, and glorious Creſts, they ſhew
Like ſtately Okes on pleaſant Banks of [13] *Poe*,
Whoſe untrim'd Crowns above the Clouds ariſe,
Their curled Treſſes dangling in the Skies.
Rutilians, ſoon as open Gates they ſaw,
Up with *Equicolus* and *Quercens* draw,
Tmarus and *Hæmon*, either in the Gate retire,
Or to gain entrance, in the Paſs expire,
Then more and more diſcording Boſoms rage,
Trojans from all parts gather'd, now engage,
Drawn in cloſe order, Hand to Hand the ſtout
Auſonians meet, and boldly ſally out.
To valiant *Turnus* as he raging try'd
To force his entrance, on the other ſide
Harſh Tidings came, the Foe his men defeats,
And fleſh'd with ſlaughter, ſtood at open'd Gates;

His

His Work he leaves, his Boſom all on flame,
To *Dardan* Ports, and the proud Brethren came;
And firſt *Antiphates*, who did firſt oppoſe,
Sarpedon's natural Son, he overthrows
With a caſt Spear; the *Italian* Cornel glides
Through yielding Air, and in his Body hides;
Down from the dire wound flows a fomy Rill,
And in his Lungs warm grows the fixed ſteel.
Then *Merops* he and *Erymanthus* ſlew,
Aphidnus next, then raging *Bitias*, who
Not with a Javelins piercing point expir'd,
But ſent like Lightning a huge [14] *Phalarick* fir'd;
Which, nor his two Bull-hides, nor wrought with gold
His Coat of Mail, though double, could with-hold;
The mighty falls, the ſhaken Earth did groan,
And his huge Shield thunders on him o'rethrown.
So on the *Baian* ſhore a Turret falls,
Built in the Sea long ſince with ample Walls,
Amongs the ſhoals the ſunk down Ruine lies;
Waves mix'd with waves, and the deep ſands ariſe;
Then high [15] *Prochyta* trembles at the ſound,
And the hard Bed where *Jove* laid *Typhon* bound.
Here bloody *Mars* the *Auſonians* Courage ſtirs,
And in their Boſoms ſtrikes his ſharpeſt Spurs:
But to the *Trojans* ſends baſe Fear and Flight.
Each where they charge, occaſion given to fight,
The God of War inflames their minds.
As *Pandarus* beheld his Brother ſlain,
And what ſad Fortune might for him remain,

Straight

Straight his broad ſhoulders to the Gates he puts,
And with great ſtrength on turning Hinges ſhuts,
Where many of his Friends [16] lockt out he leaves
In cruel Fight, but others in receives
Ruſhing along with him, nor troubled, ſpi'd
Turnus burſt in amongſt the thronging Tide;
Who now within the City penn'd, appear'd
Like a huge *Tyger* 'mongſt the harmleſs Herd: (round
Straight wondrous Beams ſhoot from his Eyes, and
His glittering Arms moſt dreadfully reſound,
His bloody Plumes play with the wanton Wind,
His thundring Shield with darted Lightning ſhin'd.
They know his hated Face, and Gyant ſize,
Which much th' amazed *Trojans* terrifies.
Then up to him ſtraight mighthy *Pandarus* made,
And, raging for his Brother's ſlaughter, ſaid;
This not the [17] Royal Portion from the Queen
Which you expect, nor are you now within
Ardea, nor your Native Country (Prince;)
This the Foe's Camp; nor ſhalt thou ſcape from hence.
Then *Turnus* ſmiling, calmly did reply;
If you're ſo ſtout, come and your Proweſs try;
For thou ſhalt tell to *Priam* under ground,
That here a new *Achilles* thou haſt found.
He ſaid; whilſt *Pandarus* boldly did advance,
And caſt at him a rough and knotty Lance.
The Air receives the Wound, and [18] *Juno* ſtraight
Did interpoſe, and fix'd it on the Gate.
But this good Sword, which in my Right-hand I
Command with ſo much ſtrength, thou ſhalt not flie.

Our

Our Weapons are not like, nor ſhall the Wound.
Then with his Sword raiſing himſelf from Ground,
He with a mighty Blow his Forehead cleaves,
And 'twixt his downy Cheeks a huge Gaſh leaves.
Shook with his mighty weight, Earth did reſound;
He ſtretch'd his dying Limbs upon the ground;
His Arms beſmear'd with Brain, his cloven Head
On both ſides hung, over each ſhoulder ſpread.
The *Trojans* fly, routed with trembling Fear;
And if the Conqueror ſtraight had took the Care
T' have broke the Bars, and let his Soldiers in,
To th' War and Nation that Day laſt had been.
But ſtrange deſire of Blood, burning with Rage
Drove him upon the Foe.
And firſt he *Gyges* maim'd, and *Phalaris* ſlew,
And Spears from Flyers ſnatch'd at them he threw;
For *Juno* did both Strength and Courage yield.
Halys he kills, runs *Phegeus* through his Shield:
Alcander, *Halius*, *Næmon*, *Prytanis* ſlew,
Whilſt hot in fight, of this they nothing knew.
And *Lynceus*, as he charg'd, and others caHs,
With his bright Sword ſurprized on the Walls:
Whoſe Head and Helmet cut off at one Blow,
Tumbles far off. *Amycus*, then a Foe
To ſavage Beaſts, none better could annoint
Weapons, nor ſo with [19] Poyſon arm the Point.
[20] *Clytius* and *Creteus* next the *Muſes* friend,
Creteus, that lov'd the *Muſes*, Verſes pen'd,
Pleas'd with the Lyre, he Numbers ſet to Strings,
And ſtill of Horſe, and Arms, and Battels ſings.

At

At last the *Trojan* Leaders, at the fame
Of this great slaughter, in to Rescue came,
And up with *Mnestheus* bold *Serestus* bends;
They saw the Foe, and their amazed friends.
When *Mnestheus* said, where fly you? where d' ye go?
What other Strength or Bulwarks do you know?
Shall one Man, Sirs, and round inclos'd with Walls
Escape, and make so many Funerals?
And such great numbers of prime Men destroy?
Base Cowards! Of your selves and hapless *Troy*
Have you no pity? blush you not with shame
For your old Gods, and great *Æneas* Fame?
With words like these encourag'd, boldly then,
In a thick Body, they drew up agen:
But *Turnus* by degrees Retreat made good,
Tow'rds Walls that were entrenched with the Flood;
At which more fierce, the *Trojans* with a shout
Press boldly on, and gather round about.
As when a Troop a Lion hath beset
With cruel Spears, he makes a brave Retreat,
Although forbid by Valor and by Rage;
Nor can, though willing, 'gainst such pow'r ingage:
So, unresolv'd, bold *Turnus* did retire,
Whilst in his Bosom boyls a flood of Ire.
Yet twice, where Foes were thickest, on he falls,
And twice he drove that Party from the Walls.
When from the Camp, in a full Body made
'Gainst one, th' whole Army drew; nor longer aid,
T' oppose such Forces, *Juno* durst supply;
For *Jove* had sent bright [21] *Iris* from the Sky,

Who

Who to *Saturnia* carried ſtrict Commands,
That *Turnus* ſhould eſcape the *Trojan* Bands.
Therefore his Shield and ſtrength too weak he found,
Orewhelm'd wᵗʰ darts, wᵗʰ ſhow'rs of Arrows drown'd;
His hollow Cask, which arm'd his Temples, groans,
And ſolid Braſs gives way to battering Stones;
His Plumes are beaten off, nor could his Targe
Suſtain the Blows, nor thundring *Mneſtheus* Charge,
Whilſt thick their Javelins a whole Army throws.
Then a ſalt ſweat down all his Body flows;
In a black ſtream a briny River glides,
And faint ſhort-breathing ſhakes his ample ſides.
At laſt, with all his Arms, a Leap he gave
Into the ſtream, which on his ſilver wave
Receiv'd him, and on yielding Billows bore,
From the Slaughter cleans'd, ſafe to the other Shore.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Ninth BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS.*

[a] THe Messenger of *Juno* as *Mercury* of *Jupiter.* [b] *Turneb. l.* 23. *c.* 3. understands it of one that keeps Holy-day for the Dead; that *Pilumnus*, should be worshipp'd by *Turnus.* Yet I know not whether the Poet did not rather respect the Canonization of *Pilumnus.* The Consecration of Groves to *Heroes*, was us'd by the Antients; so that it is likely *Turnus* sate in a Valley consecrated to *Pilumnus*, as in a Religious place, and did yearly exhibit divine Honors unto him.

[c] Observ'd by *La Cerda* to be the posture of such as mourn, or perform Rites in memory of the Dead.

[d] *Iris* was suppos'd to be carry'd in the Rainbow, as in a Chariot, *Ovid. Met.* 11.

Effugit & remeat per quos modo venerat arcus.

[e] Alluding

[e] Alluding to the *Roman* Ceremony of making Vows and purifying themſelves with Water before the Battle. See the manner of it in *Turneb. l.* 25. *c.* 30.

[f] Which *La Cerda* refers onely to the frequent windings of that River through *India*, becauſe according to the Teſtimony of *Strabo*, *l.*15. it hath but on Chanel.

[g] *Nilus* is deriv'd from *νέας ἰλὺς i. e.* drawing new Slime which may make the Earth fertile. See *Georg.*2.

——*Summis liquuntur rupibus amnes,*
Felicemque trahunt Limum.

As the Rivers return out of the Fields into the Chanels; ſo the multitude of Soldiers which before was confuſedly in the Fields, is modell'd into an Army.

[h] When the antient *Romans* proclaim'd War, the *Pater-patratus* having ſpoken ſome ſolemn words, thruſt his Spear into the Ground, which was the beginning of the Fight, *Livy*.

[i] At that time Wolves are obſerv'd to prey; *Oppian* calls Twi-light, ἀμφιλύκην; with this Alluſion (ſaith *La Cerda*) *Apollo* is ſirnam'd *Lycius* or *Lupercus*.

[k] *Servius* ſaith, that this Fiction is condemn'd by ſome Criticks, as being without Preſident; but *Germanus* allegeth one more ſtrange out of *Apollonius*, who makes a Ship not onely vocal, but prophetick. So the *Phæacian* Ships are by *Homer* feign'd to go all Voyages without the help of Mariners.

[l] The Pine was conſecrate to *Cybele*, (who was alſo call'd *Mater Deum*, *Ops*, *Bona Dea*, *Terra*, *Veſta Rhea & Berecynthia*) the reaſon *Ovid* gives, *Met.* 10.

Priz'd

Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods, for ſhe
Her Luſt-ſtain'd Atys *turn'd into that Tree.*

Atys, a beautiful Boy belov'd of her, was created Preſident of her Ceremonies; for affecting the Nymph *Sangritis*, was by the jealous Goddeſs emaſculated, as afterwards all her Prieſts were; ſaid to be transform'd into a Pine, in regard of the infertility of that Tree.

[m] *Jupiter* did all things (*nutu & renutu*) with nodding; whence the word *Numen*, *Turneb. lib.* 26. *cap.* 30. See *Scaliger*, *l.* 5. *c.* 3. *Nannius Miſcell. l.* 7. *c.* 14. obſerves, that what in Men is a Nod, in *Jupiter* and *Juno* is Thunder.

[n] *Servius* interprets *Nimbus* (whenſoever apply'd to any Deity) a kind of ſplendor like a Cloud of Light, wherein the Heads of the Gods were invol'd, as often as they appear'd to Men.

[o] *Ne trepidate, ne feſtinate:* ſo all Interpreters.

[p] Of this Metamorphoſis, *Ovid. lib.* 14.

The Timber ſoft grows, Fleſh proceeds from Wood,
The crooked Stern to Heads and Faces grows,
The Oars to ſwimming Feet, fine Legs and Toes:
What were their Holds, to ſlender ſides are grown,
The lengthful Keel preſeming the Back-bone;
The Yards to Arms, to Hair the Tackling grew,
As formerly, ſo now their Colour, Blue;
And they but lately of the Floods afraid,
Now in the Floods with Virgin Paſtime play'd.
Mr. Sandys.

[q] The

q The Image of *Pallas* (of which *lib.* 2.) ſtoln by *Ulyſſes* and *Diomedes*.

r The *Romans* in the firſt ſeven Hours of the day were ſerious, the reſt they ſpent in Mirth, Baths and Feaſts. Thoſe *Horat. Od.* 1. calls *the ſolid days*; Virgil *the beſt part*.

* Alluding to the Cuſtom of the Soldiers, who uſe before they engage in Battel to refreſh themſelves with Meat and Drink. *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*, adviſes not to bring a ſtarv'd Army into the Field; and it is a Maxime that (perhaps) in Martial Policy ought not to be ſlighted. The *Dutchmen* find the advantage of it, by the uſe of their Brandy-wine. See *Lipſius de Milit. Rom. l.* 1. *c.* 9. upon this Proverb, *pranſus paratus*.

t By *Servius* and others, taken for the Mother of *Niſus*; but *Parrhaſius Erythraus*, and *La Cerda* underſtand the Mountain; ſuppoſing this Heroe to be of the number of thoſe who were ſo born, as others of Woods and Rivers; Fictions ariſing from the places of their Births.

t See *Lipſius de Milit. Rom.* 5. *Dial.* 8.

u Meaning (ſaith *La Cerda*) the *Genius*, or (as the *Greeks* call it) *Dæmon*, which they believe directed or encited every Man upon good or ill occaſions.

* *La Cerda* ſuppoſeth him to allude to the Stories of *Antigone*, who contrary to the command of *Creon* bury'd her Brother *Policines*; and of *Priam*, who purchs'd the Buryal of his Son *Hector*'s Body.

y The chief Gods worſhip'd by the *Trojans* were the *Penates*, the *Lar* of *Aſſaracus* (Son of *Tros*, Brother of

Ilus, Grandfather to *Æneas*) and old *Veſta*.

z It was nam'd ſo from the Daughter of *Merops*, or *Macareus*, who was *Paris* firſt Wife. Some ſay it was related by *Abas*, who wrote the *Trojan* Story, that after the departure of the *Greeks*, the Kingdom there was given to *Aſtianax*; he was expell'd by *Antenor*, who had aſſociated the neighboring Cities to him, among which *Arisba* was one; *Æneas* diſpleas'd at this, took Arms, and reſtor'd the Kingdom to *Aſtyanax*. If this be true, he is deſervedly mention'd for his Conqueſt, and the Spoyls he took.

aa In War the Common-ſouldiers onely ſhar'd the Spoyl by Lot, the Commanders by Choice, which *La Cerda* largely proves.

bb It was the *Roman* faſhion to ſettle Rewards *ILLI LIBERISQUE EJUS*, *to him and his Children*, that they might receive what the Parents could not.

cc This is according to the Cuſtom of the Heroical times; for as *Hercules* was clad in a Lions Skin, ſo were other Heroes with the Skins of other Beaſts.

dd Kings antiently executed the Office of the Prieſt; and afterwards, when the City was built, the knowledge of the South-ſaying was in ſuch eſteem, that Kings would be admitted into their Colledge. Such a one our Poet here makes *Rhamnes*.

ee According to thoſe who ſay the Soul is in the Blood, whom *Ariſtotle* confutes, *de Anim. l.* 1.

ff *Cædicus* ſends to *Remulus* Trappings and Girdles ſet with golden Studs; *Remulus* dying, leaves theſe to a Nephew of his own Name, who was afterwards ſlain by

by the *Rutilians*, after whoſe death they were found by *Euryalus* with *Rhamnes* the *Rutilian*. The Antients perform'd the Rites of Hoſpitality with mutual Gifts, either Perſonally, or by Meſſengers. But this, ſaith *Servius*, is one of *Virgil*'s twelve obſcure Places.

gg The *Roman* Diſcipline was ſuch, for they took ten out of every *Curia*, whereof there were XXX. and he calls them *Scutati*, becauſe the *Scuta* were the Arms of the Horſemen drawn out in length, as the *Clypei* of the Footmen were round.

hh With alluſion to the Religion of the *Romans*, who worſhip'd the Moon as a Goddeſs, and dedicated a Temple to her in the time of *Servius Tullius*.

ii The Antients us'd to expreſs their Devotion by their Donatives to their Gods; thus Huntſmen, by vowing or offering part of their Prey, Soldiers the Arms and Enſigns of their Enemies: ſometimes out of gratitude for Favors paſt, they us'd to hang up Tablets, repreſenting in Picture, the ſeveral Occaſions; as of old, Soldiers, by pourtraying thereon their Arms, Shipwrack'd perſons their Cloaths, in teſtimony of their Protection and Deliverance. Theſe Tablets or Donatives were not onely fix'd to the Pillars and Walls of their Temples, but hung up in the Top, and in the *Tholus*, which (as *Lactantius* upon *Statius*, *l.* 2. *Theb.* deſcribes it) was a Chamber in the middle part of the Temple, in which the Offerings and Donatives of Votaries were ſuſpended. Frequent with *Statius*.

——*accipit omnes*

——

Exuvias Diana Tholo. *captivaque tela*
Bellipotens. l. 1. Sylv. 4.

And in the ſecond of his *Thebais*,

——————*figamque ſuperbis*
Arma Tholis.

See *Dampſter. in Paralip. ad Roſin. entiqu. Rom. l.* 1. *c.* 2.

kk The Moon, who is here invok'd, being Preſident of the Art of Shooting, as well as her Brother *Phœbus*; which is here ingeniouſly obſerv'd by *Germanus*.

ll Though this may aptly enough be underſtood of all the Capitol, yet it is interpreted rather of the *Terminus* which was there; ſuppos'd that Stone which was given *Saturn* to devour in ſtead of *Jupiter*. Of whoſe immobility, *Ovid. Faſt.* 2.

And when the Royal Capitol was rais'd,
All Gods to Jove *gave way, and were diſplac'd:*
But Terminus (*ſays Fame*) *being ſeated there,*
Would not remove, but in Jove's *Houſe hath ſhare.*
And now, leſt ought but Heaven he view, right over
His Head, the Roof is fram'd without a Cover.
Mr. Gower.

But *Virgil* ſeems to have directed theſe Verſes to the Immortal Glory of the *Julian* Family, which by a ſpe-

cial

rogative liv'd there; a Favor deny'd to all the
ıns. *German.*

ıo we render *acies æratas*, not without the ap-
ɔn of the *Greek* Scholiasts, who upon all the
:asions interpret χαλκὸν, σίδηρον. They who to
this, allege that Brass was us'd in the times of
roes, in stead of Iron, consider not that *Homer*,
they cite, generally writeth according to the
ı of the times wherein he liv'd. See *La Cerda.*

ı Custom in general use, intended as well a
/ of Victory, as a Reproach to the Enemy: So
alba, *Piso*, and *Otho*, us'd by the Soldiers. Of him
rry'd the Head of the first, *Plutarch* saith, *That*
p and down like a Bacchanal, *turning himself about,*
rishing the Spear which run with Blood.

n *Greece* the Men upon a Funeral-lamentation
t Hair and Beards grow, the women clipt theirs;
Custom the *Roman* Women observ'd also, and
:ir cut Hair upon the Carcase, or Sepulchre.
' *Alex l. 3. c. 7.*

he neareſt Kindred, or Heirs, brought out the
'om the inner part of the House (where his dear-
ıds had receiv'd his last Breath, and where by
ssions he was conclamed, wash'd with warm wa-
ointed by the *Pollictores*) cloath'd with a white
ıt, into the Porch, and laid the Corps upon a
ı such manner, that the Face and Feet were to-
the Door. This the *Greeks* call'd προτιθέναι,
:ines, *Collocare.*

This was done by the Father, Mother, Children,

or near Friends, but in the Night by the *Manian* Law.

rr The Cuſtom of waſhing the Bodies of the dead, hath been already mention'd; in relation to which *Cleopatra* and *Socrates* bath'd themſelves before they dy'd, to ſave (ſaith he in *Plato*'s *Phædo*) the Women a labor.

ſſ It was the Cuſtom of the Antients, to bury their Friends in rich Garments made for that purpoſe: So *Andromache*, *Iliad.* 22. bewails her Husband.

——*Thy Garments in my Houſe are laid,*
Both rich and fine, by Hands of Women made;
Theſe I, as uſeleſs, will commit to fire,
Nor ſhall upon thy Bier thy Limbs attire.

It was in deriſion of this practice, that *Socrates* being offer'd a rich Garment by *Apollodorus*, one of his Auditors, refus'd it, adding, that the Cloaths he had liv'd in, would ſerve as well to dye in.

tt *Teſtudo* is a connexion of Shields in likeneſs of a Tortoiſe, when a City is beſieg'd, for the overthrowing a Wall. The Inventer of this and the *Aries*, was *Artemon* the *Clazomenian.*

uu Stones thrown out of Engins made for that purpoſe; which they call'd λιθοβόλους μηχανὰς, of which ſee *Æſchylus Sept. Theb.*

xx Theſe doubtleſs are the ſame which *Æſchylus* calls πύργων σάλματα *Sept. Theb.*

yy By *La Cerda* deſcrib'd a long round hollow Veſſel, the

the Mouth whereof a Hand-breadth wide decreasing to the end; the matter of the Vessel, Earth, or Iron, fill'd to the middle with combustible matter, the other part empty to be held by.

zz Without any Device or Motto, as modest *Amphiaraus* is describ'd by *Æschylus* and *Euripides*; for those Devices were onely proper to eminent Commanders, which the Common-soldiers not having, the whole Army was from thence call'd λευκάσπις, by the same Tragœdians; λευκὸν is frequently interpreted λαμπρὸν, and *Seneca* in this sense calls *Togam splendentem, candidam*: So is *Virgil* here to be understood.

1 Then (as *Servius* saith) the walls were not high, but onely made against an Assault. So *Salust* saith, that *Sertorius* lifted up upon Shoulders got upon the Walls.

2 Because in the War of the Gyants, an Eagle supply'd *Jove* with Arms: *Jupiter* and *Saturn* were Kings, and wag'd War upon a difference of Lands: to which *Jupiter* marching out, saw the prediction of an Eagle, by which when he had overcome, it was reported that the Eagle brought him Weapons. From this good luck it was that the Eagle is in the Imperial Ensigns.

3 *Symethos* is a River of *Sicily*, so call'd from a King of that Name, about which are the *Palici Dii*, whose story is, when *Jupiter* had gotten the Nymph *Ætna*, or as some say *Talia* with Child, fearing *Juno* (or the Maid her self) he committed her to the earth, where she was deliver'd. Others say, that after her Birth had

broken out of the Earth, the two Children were call'd *Palici*, from πάλιν ἰκεῖν to *come again*. They were first appeas'd with humane Sacrifices, but being mitigated, and the Sacrifices chang'd, their Altar was call'd *Placabilis*.

4 With the ſwift flying. *Lucret. l. 6.*

5 *Tzetzes* (upon *Theocritus*) ſaith thrice, by *Hercules*, the *Amazons*, and *Grecians*.

6 *Turneb. l. 22. c. 5.* Thinks this Cuſtom was taken from the *Germans*, who carry'd their new-born Infants to the *Rhine*, and laid them upon a Buckler; if they ſunk they believ'd them to be Baſtards; if they did ſwim, their own. *Claudianus in Ruffin.*

Et quos naſcentes explorat gurgite Rhenus.

For this reaſon *Nonnus.* calls the *Rhine* ἐλεγχίγαμον, as Judge and Avenger of Wedlock. *Cæl. Rhod. l. 18. c. 1.* Thinks this was taken from the *Spartans*, and alleges *Seneca* for it *Suas. l. 1. Eurotas amnis Spartam circumfluit, qui pueritiam indurat ad futuræ militiæ patientiam.*

7 He means *Veſtem* κροκωτόν, which by *Plau. in Feſt.* is ſtyl'd *Crocotula*, proper to women, round and fring'd. So he upbraids the *Trojans* as effeminate, and when he adds, *your Coats have Sleeves*; for the *Tunicæ manicatæ* or (as *Plautus in Pſeud. Act. 2. Sc. 4.* calls them) *Manuleatæ*, were diſgraceful for Men among the ancient *Romans*, who wore *Colobes* without Sleeves.

8 A Mountain of greater *Phrygia*, where *Cybele* was ador'd.

9 From

[9] From the Mountain *Berycinthus*, where the Box grew whereof they made their Inſtruments.

[10] *Dionyſius Halicar.* to this effect. That ſtation is beſt for Augury which looks towards the Eaſt, whence the Sun, Moon and Sars ariſe, and the whole World hath beginning. He who looks upon the Eaſt, hath the North on his Left-hand, the South on his Right; the firſt whereof is the more Noble, becauſe inclin'd moſt to the Eaſt, that Pole being always elevated to us, the other depreſs'd. Thus he adding the true Story, from which our Author recedes not, *viz. That* Aſcanius *being beſieg'd by the* Etrurians, *intending to break through them, pray'd to* Jupiter *and the reſt of the Gods, for a proſperous Sign to confirm his Attempt, whereupon* (αἰθρίας ἴσης ἐκ τῶν ἀριστερῶν ἀστράψαι τὸν θεῖον) *the Sky ſhone with Lightning on the Left-ſide; whereupon this Deſign ſucceeding fortunately, this was taken from thence forward for a good Omen.*

[11] Under the Horn of *Taurus* is the Sign *Auriga*, a clear Star joyns this with *Taurus*. *Auriga* holds two Stars in his Hand, call'd *Hædi*, and the Goat, whoſe Riſing and Setting raiſe great Storms. They Set at the Riſing of *Scorpio*.

[12] *Turnebus* reads *Hyæna*; ſuppoſing they were bred up by that Beaſt, as *Romulus* and *Remus* by a Wolf.

[13] A River of *Italy* toucheth ſome Provinces on the Right-hand, and ſome one the Left, among which part of *Venice*.

[14] The Deſcription of this Weapon *Iſidore* gives thus; *The* Phalarick *is a large Weapon, Headed with Iron,*

a Cubit

broken out of the Earth, the two Children were call'd *Palici*, from πάλιν ἰκεῖν to *come again*. They were first appeas'd with humane Sacrifices, but being mitigated, and the Sacrifices chang'd, their Altar was call'd *Placabilis*.

4 With the ſwift flying. *Lucret. l. 6.*

5 *Tzetzes* (upon *Theocritus*) ſaith thrice, by *Hercules*, the *Amazons*, and *Grecians*.

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9 From the Mountain *Berycinthus*, where the Box grew whereof they made their Instruments.

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a Cubit long, and having where it is faſtned to the Saff, a Globe of Lead, to which many us'd to add a Fire-trunk. With this Dart or Weapon, they uſually fought from Bulwarks or Tow'rs of Wood, which in the *Etruſcan* language they call'd *Phalas* (*a falando*, ſays *Feſtus*) from their height. This was ſometimes out of the *Baliſta*, ſometimes thrown with the Hand; as here in imitation of *Ennius*.

Quæ valido venit contorta Phalarica miſſu.

[15] *Inarime* and *Prochytæ*, Iſlands on the Coaſt of *Campania* near *Naples*. So *Pliny*, *Ovid*, *Statius*, and others; by whoſe Authority *Virgil* is here juſtifi'd from the Miſtake impos'd upon him by thoſe who think he meant the ſame with *Homer*'s Ἐν Ἀεἰμῳ, *where* Typhons *Bed was ſaid to be. La Cerda* to clear *Virgil* the better, contends that *Homer* writ it not diſjunctively, but Ἐναεἰμῳ in one word, which is but to defend a ſuppoſed Error by a real one, for they were the *antra Cilicia*, not *Sicilian Ætna*, where *Typhœus* his Bed was believ'd to be. See *Strabo*, *lib.* 13. But not deriv'd (as *Strabo*) from *Aram* a *Syrian*, but from *Harim*, deſolate, in the *Punick* Language..

[16] Alluding (ſaith *La Cerda*) to the ſtory of *Coriolanus*, who in a Fight againſt the *Volſci* purſued them into the Town, and was there ſhut in amongſt them, his men being without, where he made, as *Plutarch* ſaith, *an incredible Slaughter.*

[17] Which was threatned to be paid in blood, *lib.* 7.

Sanguine

Sanguine Trojano & Rutilo dotabere Virgo,
Et Bellona manet te pronuba.

[18] Who is properly thought to preſide over that Element; but ſuch Reliefs as this from Deities imagin'd in the Air are frequent with the Poets; ſo is *Paris* reſcu'd by *Venus* in *Homer*.

[19] The Invention hereof is attributed to the *Scythians*, who (as *Pliny*, 11. 53.) *annointed their Arrows with the Blood of Vipers, and human Blood, which brought ſudden incurable Death.*

[20] *Æolian Clytius.* Many *Æolians* it is likely went along with *Æneas*, eſpecially ſeeing that (as *Strabo* affirms) they were diſpierc'd through the *Trojan* Region ſo much, that ſome call'd it *Æolia*.

[21] So it was in the beginning of this Book. Here *La Cerda* obſerves, that *Iris* was not onely the Meſſenger of *Juno*, but imploy'd alſo by *Jupiter*, as *Val. Flac. l.* 4. Sent by him in a Meſſage to *Hercules*. So likewiſe in *Claudian*'s *Rapt. Proſ. lib.* 3.

Jupiter interea cinctam Thaumantida nimbis
Ire jubet———

Nonnius likewiſe makes her Meſſenger of all the Gods, even of the Furies, *Homer* of men.

[22] When they return'd from Battel, they waſh'd themſelves, to expiate the Blood they were defil'd withal; to which Ceremony *Virgil* alludes.

VIRGIL's



VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Tenth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Jove *calls a Council, and declares the Fates:*
Venus *complains:* Juno *recriminates.*
Æneas, Tarchon, *and the* Tyrrhens *joyn'd,*
Their Men aboard, they ſail with proſperous Wind.
The Martial Liſt. Ships turn'd to Nymphs appear,
And ſad Æneas *with their Counſel chear.*
Lauded, they fight; the Plain huge Slaughter fills.
Æneas, Lauſus; Turnus, Pallas *kills.*
Shap'd like Æneas, *a fantaſtick Shade*
Turnus *provokes, and thence to Sea convey'd.*
Mezentius, *to revenge his Son, again*
Entring the Fight, is by Æneas *ſlain.*

MEan while Heav'ns ſpacious Court ſpreads open, when
The Father of the Gods, and King of Men,

A [b] Counſel call'd, where from his Starry Throne,
Th' *Auſonian* Quarters, and beleaguer'd Town,
With the whole Worlds vaſt Regions he ſurvey'd:
Then to his Houſe of Deities thus ſaid.
You Gods, why change you what we once decreed?
And, Strife reviving, deathleſs Hatred feed?
That *Italy* 'gainſt *Trojans* War ſhould wage,
I granted not: why this forbidden Rage?
What Fears and Jealouſies ſtir'd theſe, or thoſe,
To take up Arms, and prove ſuch deadly Foes?
A lawful War comes poſt on winged Hours;
When cruel [c] *Carthage* to the *Roman* Tow'rs,
Through open *Alps* ſhall ſad Deſtruction ſend,
Then let them all their ſtock of Malice ſpend,
Then, uncontroul'd, ſpoyl, harraſs, and deſtroy:
But you muſt now the Peace of Heaven enjoy.
Thus briefly *Jove*: But beauteous *Venus* then
Anſwer'd at large.
O thou Eternal King of Gods, and Men,
(To whom our ſelves we onely muſt addreſs)
Thou ſeeſt how *Turnus*, ſwoln with Wars ſucceſs,
Up to our Walls, with his proud Followers, rides;
Nor Bulwarks *Troy* defend with flanker'd ſides:
They in the Gates diſpute it with the Foe,
Until with blood their Trenches overflow;
Æneas abſent, wants Intelligence.
Muſt we for ever ſtand on our Defence?
A ſecond Foe, new Armies block up *Troy*?
And e're ſhe's built endeavor to deſtroy?

Againſt

Againſt the *Trojans*, *Diomed* once more
Muſters new Forces on th'[d] *Ætolian* ſhore;
I ſhall be[e] wounded, and a mortal Hand
Again thy deathleſs Progeny withſtand.
If that the *Trojans* ſhew no Grant from thee,
Aſſiſt them not, and let them puniſh'd be:
But if ſo many large Commiſſions they,
Conſign'd by Gods and Oracles, obey,
Why then dares any alter thy Command?
And Fates eſtabliſhed Decree withſtand?
Of our[f] fir'd Ships need I this Houſe inform?
Or how the King of Tempeſts rais'd a Storm,
Which from *Æolia* ſo extreamly rag'd?
And *Iris* from the fleeting Clouds engag'd?
And now the Fiends (which onely were untri'de
Of all the World) ſhe raiſeth on her ſide,
And dire *Alecto* from the *Stygian* Waves,
Now thorow all th' *Auſonian* Cities[g] raves.
Nor am I mov'd for Power; whilſt Fortune ſtood,
We hop'd; but let them conquer thou thinkſt good.
Will thy hard Wiſe let them no place enjoy?
By ſmoky Ruins of conſumed *Troy*,
Thee I beſeech, his Son protection give,
Safe from dire Arms let my dear Off-ſpring live.
[h] *Æneas* may be toſs'd on unknown Seas,
And ſteer that Courſe which Fortune beſt ſhall pleaſe,
Let me from bloody Battels keep the Boy.
* *Amathus*, ſtately *Paphos* I enjoy,
Cythera and *Idalium*; free from ſtrife,
There let him live, though an inglorious Life;

Command

Command aſpiring *Carthage* then to lay
Huge Taxes on ſubdu'd *Auſonia*,
And that no Force her growing Power debar.
What help'd it them to ſcape the Plague of War;
And through *Argolick* Fires to force their way,
Tiring all Dangers both at Land and Sea,
Till *Latium* and *New Pergamus* they found?
Had we not better built upon the Ground
Where *Ilium* ſtood, and to Foundations truſt,
Rais'd on *Troy*'s Aſhes, and our Countrys Duſt?
[i] *Xanthus* to theſe, and *Simois*, reſtore,
And the ſame Fortunes we enjoy'd before.
Highly incens'd, then Royal *Juno* ſpake;
Why mak'ſt thou me deep ſilence thus to break,
And in this preſence hidden Grief declare?
What God, or Man, *Æneas* forc'd to War?
Or urg'd againſt *Latinus* to engage?
Yes, Fates commanded, and *Caſſandra*'s Rage
Drove him to *Latium*; but by our Advice,
Leaves he his Camp, and truſts Uncertainties?
A [k] Boy deputing amidſt fierce Alarms,
And quiet Nations forc'd to take up Arms?
What Plot of ours betray'd him? or what God?
Where's *Juno* here? or *Iris* from a Cloud?
That riſing *Troy*, *Italians* ſhould ſurrownd,
That *Turnus* ſhould maintain his Native Ground,
[l] *Pilumnus* Grandchild, bleſt [m] *Venilia*'s Son,
A high Inuſtice, parallel'd by none.
But yet the *Trojans* by Commiſſion may
Seize ot her Mens Eſtates, Rob, Kill and ſlay,

Match

Match where they pleaſe, [n] force Virgins without
For Peace petition, yet a War proclaim. (blame,
Thou from the *Greeks* thy Son could'ſt diſengage,
And mad'ſt them ſpend on [o] empty Clouds their Rage;
Thou could'ſt to Nymphs the *Trojan* Navy change:
But if *Rutilians* we aſſiſt, that's ſtrange.
Æneas abſent, wants Intelligence;
And abſent let him: Thou, for thy defence,
Idalium and *Cytherum* haſt; why then
Tempt'ſt thou Seats big with War, and valiant Men?
Did we declining *Phrygia* deſtroy?
Or they, who ſent revenging *Greeks* to *Troy*?
What Quarrel made *Europe* and *Aſia* wage
Such bloody Wars, and for a Rape engage?
Took that [p] Adulterer *Sparta*, led by me?
Did we Hoſtility feed with Luſt? did we?
Before thou ſhould have fear'd; but now, in vain,
Thou moſt unjuſtly doſt of us complain.
Thus *Juno*: When the Gods with mighty noiſe
For either Party paſſionately voice:
As murmuring Winds on Woods their fury ſpend,
Which Storms to woful Mariners portend.
The Worlds great King then reconcil'd their Ods,
And ſpeaking, ſilenc'd the whole Houſe of Gods;
(Earth ſhook, Skies fair, the mouthing Wind abſtains,
And briny Mountains melt to glaſſie Plains)
Hear my Reſolves: Since Fate will not conſign
Theſe Nations ſhall in laſting Peace conjoyn,
Nor your ſtill-growing Controverſies end,
I will ſtand Neuter, neither Foe, nor Friend;

Trojan, Rutilian, whatſoe're, this Day
Shall with his own Right Hand make out his way;
If Fates th' *Italians* brought before the Town,
Or *Trojan* Error, 'tis to me all one;
None I'le protect: King *Jove* to all is juſt,
And they unto their Deſtiny ſhall truſt.
This by his Brother's *Stygian* Streams he ſwore,
This by the Brimſtone Lake, and diſmal Shore,
By the black Gulph, and the Infernal Pit,
Whoſe [a] Nod *Olympus* ſhook, confirming it.
Then from his Golden Throne Great *Jove* did riſe,
[b] Attended to his Court by Deities.
Mean while th' *Auſonians* with great Clamor came
Up to their Gates, and Walls ſurround with Flame;
The *Trojans* keep their Works in woful ſtate,
Nor hope of Victory, nor fair Retreat:
They comfortleſs on lofty Bulwarks ſtand,
Their ſpacious Walls and Tow'rs but thinly Mann'd.
Aſius, Thymætes, both of Royal Blood,
Foremoſt, with *Caſtor* and old *Tybris*, ſtood;
Stout *Clarus*, and bold *Hæmon*, Men of Fame,
[c] *Sarpedon*'s Brothers, which from *Lycia* came.
Lyrneſſian Acmon, not inferior
To his moſt valiant Father *Clytius*, nor
His Brother *Mneſtheus*, with huge ſtrength and skill
Lifts a torn Rock, no ſmall part of a Hill.
Some ponderous Stones caſt, others Javelins throw,
And many Wild-fire hurl, or uſe their Bow.
Aſcanius, Venus Joy, his [d] Head diſarm'd,
The *Trojans* Breaſts with chearing Beauty warm'd.

So

So ſhews a ſparkling Jewel, made to deck
A ſnow-white Forehead, or ſome Roſie Neck:
Such Luſter Ivory doth to Box impart,
Or ſmootheſt Braſil poliſhed by Art.
His milkie Neck his flowing Curls receives,
And pureſt † Gold his Treſſes interweaves.
Aiming thy Shafts, and poys'ning Darts, the bold
Nations did thee, brave *Iſmarus*, behold,
In *Lydia* born, where Swains plow fertile Lands,
And rich *Pactolus* rolls his golden Sands.
Amongſt theſe, *Mneſtheus*, honor'd moſt of all,
That lately made bold *Turnus* leap the Wall
For his eſcape; and ᵘ *Capys*, of great fame,
From whom *Campania* derives her Name.
Whilſt thus they were engag'd in cruel Fight,
Æneas ſails through ſwelling Seas by Night.
As ſoon as to th' *Hetrurian* Camp he came,
He tells the General his Stock and Name,
What Force he wants, and what he hath, declares,
And what great Aids *Mezentius* prepares;
And him of *Turnus* violence informs;
Smiling Affairs are clouded ſoon with Storms:
Ready Aſſiſtance therefore humbly begs.
Tarchon aſſents; they joyn in ſolemn Leagues:
Thus ˣ freed by Fate, the *Lydians* haſte aboard,
Under the Conduct of a Forein Lord.
Æneas Ship, the Admiral, before,
Upon her Prow two ʸ *Phrygian* Lions bore;
Ida above, which *Trojans* highly rate.
Here Prince *Æneas*, and young *Pallas*, ſate,

Conſidering various Fortunes of the Wars;
Now he enquires the motion of the Stars,
By which their Courſe through gloomie Night they (ſtand,
Now would his Sufferings hear by Sea and Land.
Open, you Goddeſſes, your Sacred Spring,
And by your Inſpiration let me ſing,
What Ships, what Regiments *Æneas* bore
Through the broad Ocean, from the *Tuſcan* Shore.
I' th' Brazen *Tiger*, *Maſſicus* firſt ſtands,
From *Cluſus* he a thouſand Youth commands,
Who *Coſas* left; theſe Darts and Javelins throw,
And bear light Quivers, with a deadly Bow.
Fierce *Albas* next, with well-arm'd Troops, came on,
[z] On's lofty Stern golden *Apollo* ſhone;
Whoſe Country, [aa] *Populonia*, gave him then
Six hundred exercis'd, and valiant Men;
Three hundred th' Iſle of [bb] *Ilva* rais'd, whoſe Ground
For inexhauſted Mines of Steel's renown'd.
The Gods Interpreter, *Aſylas*, third,
Who Stars, Beaſts Hearts, and Tongues of ev'ry Bird,
And Voyce of dreadful Thunder, underſtood,
A thouſand brought, with Javelins like a Wood,
Who from [cc] *Hetrurian Piſa* had Commands
Him to obey. Next beauteous *Aſtur* ſtand,
A skilful Horſeman, and in gallant Arms;
He brought from *Minion* Fields, and [dd] *Cæret*'s Farms,
Old [ee] *Phrygians*, and *Graviſca*'s ſickly Air,
Three hundred Men, that all of one Mind were.
Nor ſhalt thou, bold *Ligurian*, want thy due,
Brave *Cycnus*, nor [ff] *Cupavus* leading few:

A Swans bright Plume did from his Creſt aſpire,
The Cognizance of his transformed Sire;
No other Charge, to thee, but Love, they laid.
For whilſt that [gg] *Cygnus* in his [hh] Siſters ſhade,
Amongſt the Poplar Boughs, for [ii] *Phaeton* mourn'd
In doleful Notes, his hoary Treſſes turn'd
To Silver Plumes, on which he mounted, flies,
Forſaking Earth, ambitious, to the Skies.
His Son, attended with an equal Troop,
Brings, with tough Oars, the mighty *Centaur* up;
Through threatning waves her courſe ſhe boldly ſtood,
Tearing the Bowels of the briny Flood.
[kk] *Ocnus* a Band rais'd from his Native Shore,
Prophetick *Manto* him to *Tyber* bore,
Who *Mantua* wall'd, and gave his Mothers Name.
Not from one Stock *Mantua*'s great Houſes came:
[ll] Three Progenies, four Tribes in each of them;
But ſhe the Honour of the *Tuſcan* Stem.
Hence came five hundred, which *Mezentius* Deeds
Arm'd 'gainſt himſelf, whom *Mincius* crown'd w[th] reeds,
Brought down from ancient *Benacus*; the Brine
They boldly plow, in a moſt warlike Pine.
A hundred Oars with bold *Auletes* come,
Who ſweep the Waves, and make the Billows ſome.
This mighty [mm] *Triton* bore, frighting the Tides
With his ſhrill Trump, his Face and hairy Sides
Above preſents a Man, a Whale the reſt,
And foamie Waves reſound beneath his Breaſt.
Thirty ſtout Captains thrice ten Ships contain,
Who plow, to aid new *Troy*, the briny Main.

Now Day deſcending, the bright Moon did riſe,
Scaling with nn Silver Wheels Heav'ns arched Skies;
The Prince (for no reſt grants his troubled mind)
Sits at the Helm, and fills the Sails with Wind.
But then, behold! amidſt his Voyage, bends
To him a Train of Nymphs, his ancient Friends,
Whom bleſt *Cybele* bid to rule the Seas,
And had from Ships transform'd to Goddeſſes;
They ſwam together, and the Waves divide;
As many Ships did once at Anchor ride:
They know their King, and round about him throng.
Cymodoce, who had the fluent'ſt Tongue,
Seiz'd with her Right his Stern, her Left Hand laves
(Raiſing her ſelf from Sea) the ſilent Waves;
And thus ſhe ſpake: oo Sleep'ſt thou, O Goddeſs Son?
Awake, great Prince, and clap more Canvaſs on.
We are thoſe Pines that once crown'd ſacred *Ide*,
Thy Fleet, now Nymphs, which ſwelling Waves di-
When *Turnus* Sword and Fire did us engage, (vide.
We broke thy Cables to eſcape his rage,
And ſought thee out; theſe Shapes *Cybele* gave,
Making us deathleſs in a ſwallowing Wave.
But young *Aſcanius* lies beleaguer'd round
With *Latins*, long for War-like Deeds renown'd.
And now th' *Arcadian* Horſe joyn with the bold
Hetrurians, and allotted Quarters hold;
To ſend a Party, 's *Turnus* main Deſign,
To keep the Paſs, leſt both their Forces joyn.
Riſe, and command thy Friends with early Dawn
To arm themſelves, and brace thy Target on,

Which

Which *Vulcan* gave thee, and with Gold did gild
The large Circumference of the Brazen Shield.
To morrow, if thou think'ſt my Words not vain,
Thou ſhalt behold Heaps of *Rutilians* ſlain.
This ſaid, ſhe takes her leave; and, as ſhe dives,
Her skilful Hand the luſty Veſſel drives:
Swift as a Dart, through Billows flies the Ship,
Or winged Shafts, that nimble Winds outſtrip.
So the whole Fleet divide the briny Seas.
This much amaz'd Great pp *Anchiſiades*;
But yet the *Omen* did his Spirits raiſe,
And thus, beholding Heavens high Convex, prays.
Oh bleſt *Idæan* Mother of the Gods,
Who in qq Tow'rd Cities dwel'ſt, and high Aboads,
Whoſe Chariot rr Lions draw, our Cauſe befriend,
And to the *Trojans* Aid in Battel ſend.
Whilſt thus he pray'd, Day put the Stars to flight,
And routs the glittering Regiments of Night.
Of Order firſt he bids take ſpecial care,
Then for the Fight courageouſly prepare.
And now his *Dardan* City he beheld,
Then from the Stern he ſhews his glittering Shield,
At which a *Trojan* Shout ſurmounts the Stars,
And Hope thus added, more their Fury ſpurs.
Then thick they Javelins caſt; Cranes not ſo loud
Extend their Voyces from a gloomie Cloud,
When they with Clamor cut the yielding Sky,
And from a threatned Tempeſt ſounding fly.
But the *Rutilian* King, and all the bold
Auſonian Chiefs, with wonder did behold,

Till they to Shore ſaw the tall Navy ſtood,
And winged Veſſels hide the ample Flood.
For his [rr] Creſt burns, Flames from his Plumes aſpire,
His golden Shield reflecting Beams of Fire.
As in moiſt Night a blazing Comet ſtreams
With bloody *Omens*, and hot *Sirius* Beams
Hang Heaven in black, by which ſad Influence nurs'd,
Comes on poor Mortals [tt] Sickneſſes and Thirſt.
But nothing daunts bold *Turnus* Confidence
To march to Shore, and drive th' Adventurers thence;
And thus with Words did ſleeping Valour rouſe:
You have obtain'd what long you ſought with Vows,
And now you have it in your power to fight;
Then let your Wives and Fortunes you excite;
[uu] Your Fathers Facts and Fame to memory call:
Come, let us charge, aud on them bravely fall,
Whilſt now they landing reel, with ſtaggering Feet:
[xx] *Fortune aſſiſts the Bold.*
This ſaid, he caſts what Forces to draw down,
And whom to leave 'gainſt the beleaguer'd Town.
Mean while *Æneas* from the lofty Stern
Plants Bridges for his Soldiers; ſome diſcern
How ebbing Waves retreated from the Shores,
Then leap to Land; but others truſt their Oars.
Tarchon ſuppoſing he deep Coaſts had found,
Becauſe no murmuring Billows there reſound,
But a calm Water, with a ſwelling Tide,
In thither ſtands, and to his Men thus cry'd;
Now ply your Oars, and give the Ship her race,
Let's ſtem the Enemies Country in the face,

And

And let the Keel in its own furrow ſit;
To gain that Landing, I'le my Veſſel ſplit.
This ſaid, at once all ſtoutly ply their Oars,
And brought their foaming Ships to *Latin* Shores,
Until their Fleet ſafe on dry Ground did ſtand,
And without harm th' whole Navy came to Land.
But thy Ship, *Tarchon*, did not ſave her ſelf;
For whilſt it hung upon a ſpiteful Shelf,
Beaten with Billows, it was bilg'd at laſt,
And all her Soldiers in the Ocean caſt;
Whom floating Planks and Oars to Land deny'd,
And ſliding Feet retreated with the Tide.
Nor valiant *Turnus* ſlow Delays benum,
Who with a ſpeedy March did fiercely come
Againſt the *Trojans*, and on higher Ground
Stood to receive th' Alarm: The Trumpets ſound.
Firſt Prince *Æneas* charg'd, and overthrew
The Ruſticks, (a good ſign) and yy *Thero* ſlew.
This mighty and moſt valiant Man enrag'd,
Sought out the King, and boldly him engag'd;
But through his Brazen Shield, and Mail of Gold,
With a deep Wound, his Body he diſ-ſoul'd.
And *Lycas* next, ripp'd from his Mothers Womb,
zz Sacred to thee, O *Phœbus*, he o'recome:
Whilſt thou wert young, the cruelty of Steel
Thou didſt eſcape, which thou, ah now, muſt feel.
Stern *Ciſſeus* next, and *Gyas*, overthrows,
Who dealt with knotty Clubs ſuch deadly Blows;
Nor their own Strength, nor great *Alcides* Arms,
Nor Giant ſize, nor could in thoſe Alarms

Their

Their Father help, who *Hercules* did aid
In all th' Adventures which on Earth he made.
A Spear at ranting *Pharon* throwing next,
And in the Bablers Mouth the Javelin fix'd.
After unhappy *Cydon*, whilſt he ſeeks
His new Love *Clytius*, fair with downie Cheeks,
Æneas ſlew, lamented there he lay,
Who always lov'd with Youth to ſport and play:
Until the Brothers up againſt him drew,
Seven, *Phorcus* Off-ſpring, who ſeven Javelins threw:
Some from his Helmet and his Shield rebound,
Others fair *Venus* ſuffers not to wound.

Then to his faithful Friend the Prince did call,
Achates, bring thoſe Darts (Nor this Hand ſhall
'Gainſt the *Rutilians* laviſh one in vain)
In *Trojan* Fields we drew from *Grecians* ſlain.
Then ſnatch'd from him a mighty Spear, and caſt;
Through *Mæon*'s Brazen Shield the Javelin paſt,
And through his Breaſt and Breaſt-plate paſſage made,
Alcanor ruſhing in to's Brother's Aid,
Striving to fetch ſaln *Mæon* off, by chance
In his rais'd Arm receiv'd the flying Lance;
Faſt to the bleeding Wound the Javelin clung,
And his dead Hand down from his Shoulder hung.

From's Brother's Body *Numitor* a Lance
Draws forth, and towards *Æneas* did advance:
But him it muſt not wound, the Spear paſt by,
And fix'd it ſelf in great *Achates* Thigh.
Here youthful *Lauſus* up a Squadron brings,
And at bold *Dryopes* a Javelin flings;

Under

Under his Chin, in's Throat, faſt ſtuck the Lance,
Bereaving him of Speech and Life at once;
Down on his Face he tumbles on the Earth,
And a deep Sea of Purple vomits forth.
Three *Thracians* next, of [3] *Boreas* high Deſcent,
And three of *Ida*'s Sons from [4] *Iſmar* ſent,
By ſeveral ways he ſlew; *Hales* bring on
[5] *Auruncian* Bands; *Meſſapus*, *Neptune*'s Son,
Charg'd with his Horſe: Now theſe got Ground, now they:
They fought in th' entrance of *Auſonia*.
So warring Winds in Heavens vaſt Fields engage,
Alike their Forces, and alike their Rage;
Storms louder grow, nor Clouds nor Waves retire;
The more they fight, the greater is their Ire:
So came the *Trojans* and the *Latins* on,
Set Foot to Foot, and cloſe up Man to Man.
But on the other ſide, where Streams had born
Down rolling Stones, & Shrubs from Banks had torn,
Pallas beheld th' [6] *Arcadian* Horſe, unskill'd
To fight on Foot, to ſhrink, and leave the Field;
Whom diſadvantage of the Ground compels
To quit their Horſe, having no Succor elſe.
Now with Requeſts, now with upbraiding Words,
Thus Virtue he inflames, and whets their Swords.
Where fly you? By your valiant Facts, and Fame,
By Prince [7] *Euander*'s Victories and Name,
And my Hope, Sirs, which for the Honor ſtands
Of the *Arcadians*, truſt not Feet, but Hands,
And where the Ranks are thickeſt, venture through;
Your Prince, your Country this requires of you.

No

No Gods, but Mortals, Mortals put to flight;
We are as many, and as well ſhould fight:
Before the Oceans VVaves oppoſed be,
No Land is left; are you for *Troy* by Sea?
This ſaid, he charg'd amongſt the thickeſt Foes,
Whom *Lagus* by ſtern Fates did firſt oppoſe;
Who whilſt he lifts at him a mighty Stone,
Was with his Spear run through the Shoulder-bone;
Then back again he drew the faſtned Lance:
Whom *Hisbon* could not, though he did advance,
Relieve; for *Pallas*, whilſt he ruſh'd betwixt,
Him, in his rage, with the ſame Javelin fix'd,
And gave him his Companion's cruel death;
For he his Sword in's ſwelling Lungs did ſheath.
Next *Helenus*, and *Anchemolus* he kill'd,
VVho boldly his Step-mothers Bed defil'd.
And you bold *Ducian* Twins were alſo ſlain,
Laride, and *Thymber*, on th' *Auſonian* Plain;
VVho were ſo like, none could a difference make,
VVhoſe Parents oft rejoyc'd at the miſtake:
But *Pallas* now a ſad diſtinction made,
Lops *Thymber*'s Head off with th' *Euandrian* Blade;
Larides Hand for its loſt Maſter felt,
And half dead Fingers, quavering, ſeek the Hilt.
Mov'd wth theſe words, & ſeeing their Prince engage,
Th' *Arcadians* ſhame and ſorrow turns to rage
Againſt their Foe. Then *Pallas*, *Rhætus* ſlew,
As by him ſwiftly he in's Chariot flew;
(This onely ſtay there was of *Ilus* chance)
For he at *Ilus* aim'd his mighty Lance,

And

And *Rhæteus* hits, as cowardly he ſhuns,
Bold *Teuthrus*, thee, and from thy Brother runs:
With his Deaths-wound he from his Chariot reels,
And beats *Rutilian* Plains with dying Heels.
As in the Spring, when riſing VVind conſpires,
A Swain the VVoods in ſeveral quarters fires;
The Out-groves ſeiz'd, ſtraight the whole Foreſt yields,
And [9] blazing Squadrons fright amazed Fields,
VVhilſt the Inſulter views the conquering Flame:
So *Pallas* Friends each way t' aſſiſt him came.
But ſtout *Haleſus* bends 'gainſt all Alarms,
Putting himſelf in poſture with his Arms;
Demodocus, *Ladon*, *Pheretas* diſpatch'd,
Lops *Strymon*'s Hand off, which his Throat had catch'd:
Then with a ſtone, o' th' Head took *Thoas* full,
Beating into his Brains his batter'd Scull.
Haleſus Father, having Fates reveal'd,
His Son in VVoods, there to grow old, conceal'd;
VVhom [10] Deſtiny a Sacrifice now made
T' *Euander*'s Spear; when thus Prince *Pallas* pray'd:
Grant, Father *Tyber*, Fortune to this Lance,
And that this Javelin, which I now advance,
May through *Haleſus* Boſom paſſage make;
And let thy Oke his Spoils and Armor take.
The God, whilſt he *Imaon* ſpoil'd, did hear,
And fix'd in's naked Breaſt th' *Arcadian* Spear.
But *Lauſus*, expert in the VVar, kept all
His Men undaunted at this Captains fall;
And firſt ſends *Abas* to eternal Night,
The [11] ſtop and ſole obſtruction in the Fight;

Arcadians

Arcadians and *Hetrurians* fly, and you
Bold *Trojans*, ſcap'd the *Greeks*, they overthrew.
With equal Leaders, and like Strength, they charge,
Their Ranks they double, and their Front enlarge;
So thick the Bodies, ſuch an Iron Grove,
Some could not uſe their Hands, nor Weapons move:
Here *Pallas* charg'd, there *Lauſus* did engage,
Brave Perſons both, not differing much in Age:
But Fortune did their home-return deny,
Nor the great Ruler of th' Imperial Skie
Granted they ſhould in Battel each oppoſe,
Whoſe Fates attend for them from greater Foes.
Mean while his Siſter *Turnus* did adviſe
Lauſus to help: he through the Battel flies
On winged Wheels; and there where he eſpy'd
His Men engag'd, he ſpake; Stand all aſide,
And let me onely now with *Pallas* joyn,
The Honor of his Death muſt needs be mine:
I would his Father were Spectator here.
This ſaid, the Field at his Command they clear.
But *Pallas*, when the *Rutils* had retir'd,
Then *Turnus* proud Commands the Youth admir'd;
And viewing his brave Perſon, ſtood amaz'd:
Yet with undaunted Eyes upon him gaz'd,
And ſaying thus, againſt the Tyrant came.
I ſhall obtain his Spoils, and mighty Fame,
Or noble Death; Each will my Father pleaſe.
Then briefly ſaid, Forbear ſuch Threats as theſe.
And with the Word, drew to the open Plains.
Cold Fear th' *Arcadians* Blood drives from their Veins.

Turnus

Turnus from's Chariot lights, on Foot to fight;
And as a Lion comes, who from a Height
Hath ſeen a Bull for Battel to prepare:
So in his March the King himſelf did bear.
When *Pallas* did believe now with his Lance
He well might *Turnus* reach, if any Chance
Aſſiſts the Bold, and would the Weaker aid,
That he beſought, and thus to high Heaven pray'd:
Great *Hercules*, ah! by my Father's Board,
VVhich thou didſt honor once, now help afford;
Let *Turnus* ſee his bloody Arms my Prize,
And me a Conqueror view with dying Eyes.
Alcides heard, then ſtifling a deep Groan,
Pour'd forth ſome Tears in vain; when to his Son,
In words of comfort, thus Great *Jove* did ſay;
To every one ſtands a [13] prefixed Day;
Short is Man's Life, irreparable Time:
But Men by Virtue to high Honor climb,
And Facts extending Fame. Under *Troys* VVall,
How many *Heroes*, Sons of God, did fall:
There fell *Sarpedon*, my dear Progeny,
And *Turnus* woful Deſtiny is nigh;
Soon he to his appointed Date muſt yield.
This ſaid, his Eye forſakes th' *Auſonian* Field.
But *Pallas* with huge ſtrength his Javelin threw,
And's glittering Sword ſtraight from the Scabbard drew;
It through Ætherial Orbs reſounding flies,
VVhere the high Coverings of his Shoulder lies;
Then through the Skirts of's Shield a paſſage found,
And gave to mighty *Turnus* a ſmall VVound.

Here

Here *Turnus* having poys'd a Spear of Oke,
Pointed with Steel, aiming at *Pallas*, ſpoke:
See if our Javelin will not better paſs.
This ſaid, his Shield, plated with Steel and Braſs,
So thick with Bull-hides lin'd, trembling, it preſt,
And through his Corſlet pierc'd his ample Breaſt.
He from the VVound in vain the warm Spear drew,
VVhilſt the ſame way Blood and his Soul purſue.
Falling on's VVound, his Arms above reſound,
And dying, bites with bloody Mouth the Ground.
O're whom thus *Turnus* ſpake; *Arcadians* bear
This pleaſing Meſſage to *Euander*'s Ear;
As he deſerves, I ſuch a *Pallas* ſend;
VVhate're the Joy or Honor to attend
His Funerals, on my Account be laid;
VVell *Trojan* Entertainments ſhall be paid.
Treading on him with's Left Foot, thus he ſpoke,
And off his Belt, richly embroider'd, took,
[14] Wrought with a Crime; in one nights Nuptials ſlain
So many Youths, Blood, Bridal Chambers ſtain;
And with pure Gold skilful *Eurytion* wrought,
VVhich Spoils now *Turnus* boaſts, proud to have got.
Mortals, unskilful of enſuing Fates,
Seldom obſerve a Mean in proſperous States.
The time ſhall come, when *Turnus* will in vain
VViſh, with a Kingdoms price, *Pallas* unſlain,
And with thoſe Spoils he ſhall abhor the Day.
VVith Groans and Tears his Servants *Pallas* lay
Upon a Shield, and round about him mourn,
Great Grief and Glory to thy Sire return;

This

This thy firſt day in VVar, and this thy laſt:
But yet the Slaughter of thy Foes were vaſt.
Not of ſo great Misfortune onely Fame,
But certain Tidings to *Æneas* came,
Which told his Army in great danger ſtands,
And now, or never, aid his ſhrinking Bands.
Whoe're he meets, he levels with his Sword,
And Steel to him a Paſſage did afford,
Seeking thee, *Turnus*, with new Slaughter proud.
Pallas, *Euander*, Favours they allow'd
To him a Stranger, and thoſe Aids he brought,
Preſent themſelves to his revengeful Thought.
Four gallant [15] Youths he took, at *Sulmon* bred,
As many which cold *Ufens* nouriſhed,
VVho to his [16] *Manes* muſt in Flames expire,
And drown'd with Captive Blood the Funeral Fire.
Then at ſtrange diſtance he a mighty Dart
At *Magus* threw, which *Magus* wav'd by Art:
The Lance flies on, down on his Knees he falls,
And thus, a Supplicant, for Quarter calls:
For thy fair Iſſue, and departed Sire,
For their ſakes, I this Life of thee require;
I have a ſtately Houſe, and Silver ſtore,
Sums of coyn'd Gold, VVedges, and Golden Ore:
Nor this can from the *Trojans* Victory take,
Nor one Man's Life ſo great a difference make.
VVhen thus *Æneas* did himſelf declare;
Thy Gold and Silver for thy Children ſpare,
Turnus forbids any for Quarter ſue,
Since he ſo barbarouſly dear *Pallas* ſlew:

This will my Father's Ghoſt, *Anchiſes*, pleaſe,
This will rejoyce *Aſcanius*. Saying theſe,
His Left Hand ſeiz'd his Cask, his Right a-tilt,
Sheath'd in his Throat his Sword up to the Hilt.
Hard by was *Phœbus* Prieſt, *Æmonius* Son,
With all his Robes, Surplice, and [17] Miter on,
Known by his glorious Arms, and glittering Shield;
Him firſt he charg'd, and drives through all the Field,
Then of him fal'n, a Sacrifice he made,
And ſtanding o're, hides with his mighty Shade.
Sereſtus takes his curious Arms to be
A laſting Trophey, Father *Mars*, to thee.
Cæculus, *Vulcan*'s Son, and *Umbro*, who
Came from the *Marſian* Fields, the Fight renew;
Whom the Prince meets: as *Anxur* did advance,
He lops off both his Shield and Arm at once.
This to [18] Great Words, he ſaid, did credit give,
And that ſuch Charms were powerful, did believe;
Raiſing his Mind with hopes of his Affairs,
Granted himſelf long Life, and ſilver Hairs.
Well-arm'd *Tarquitus* then charg'd boldly on,
The fair Nymph *Dryope*, and [19] *Faunus* Son;
Towards him *Æneas*, raging, did advance,
And through his Shield and Corſlet drives his Lance:
Whilſt he did many ways beg Life in vain,
And us'd Perſwaſions Quarter to obtain,
Cuts off his Head, the warm Trunk down did roll;
Then ſtanding o're him, from a bitter Soul
Thus much he ſaid; Thou ſo much fear'd, lie there;
Nor ſhall thy woful Mother thee inter,

Or

Or in thy Fathers Tomb thy Body lay:
Thou ſhalt be left for Birds and Beaſts a Prey,
Or Waves ſhall roll thee in the Ocean drown'd,
And greedy Fiſh ſhall lick thy bleeding Wound.
Next *Lycas* and *Anthæus* did purſue,
Of *Turnus* Troop, *Numa*, *Camertes* too,
Volſcens thy Son to *Amyclia* did Command,
Who of th' *Auſonians* richeſt was in Land.
Such they the hundred-handed Giant fame,
Who belch'd from fifty Mouth devouring Flame,
When arm'd againſt *Jove*'s Thunderbolts, he wields
As many Swords, as many ratling Shields.
So rag'd *Æneas*, Conqueror in Arms,
Through all the Field, as his bright Falchion warms.
Next, towards *Niphæus* Chariot, and his Steeds,
In a moſt furious manner he proceeds:
But they, as they beheld him all on fire
Come raging up, affrighted, ſtraight retire,
And ruſhing back, their Captain overthrew,
And to the Shore, with Fear diſtracted, flew.
Whilſt on bold *Lucagus* in's Chariot rides,
Whoſe ſnow-white Steeds his Brother *Liger* guides;
But furious *Lucagus* wheels his dazling Sword;
Æneas no ſuch boaſting would afford,
But dreadful, meets them with an adverſe Spear.
To whom then *Liger* ſaid;
Achilles Chariot thou beholdſt not here,
Tydides Horſes, nor the *Phrygian* Plain;
Now War ſhall end, and here thou ſhalt be ſlain.

Thus vapouring *Liger*: But *Troy*'s Prince made no
Reply, but caſt his Javelin at the Foe:
When *Leucagus* bending, having caſt his Spear,
His Left Foot out, did for the Fight prepare,
Under his Shield *Æneas* Javelin found
Way to his Left Thigh, with a mighty Wound:
He from his Chariot tumbles down half dead;
When in ſtern Language thus *Æneas* ſaid.
Sir, your ſlow [21] Steeds your Chariot not betray'd,
Nor did they boggle at an empty Shade;
But thou thy ſelf thy Chariot haſt forſook;
And ſtraight he ſeiz'd the Horſes, as he ſpoke.
His Brother then diſarm'd, himſelf ſubmits,
And craving Quarter, he his Office quits.
Now for thy ſelf, and thy great Parents ſake,
Brave Prince, O ſpare my Life, and pity take.
Æneas ſaid, You other Language gave;
Die, and a Brother not a Brother leave.
Then he his Souls warm Cloſet open laid
With his bright Sword. The *Dardan Heroe* made
Such Slaughters then, and like a Whirlwind raves,
Or ſome huge Deluge with o'rewhelming Waves:
Nor *Trojans* longer could themſelves contain,
But out they ſally to the open Plain.
Mean while to *Juno* thus beſpake great *Jove*;
My deareſt Siſter, and my dearer Love,
As thou believ'ſt, (nor doth thy Judgment erre)
Venus upholds the *Trojans* in this War;
Not their great Strength, nor Valour in the Fight,
And Reſolutions that all Dangers ſlight.

Then

Then *Juno* ſaid, Dear Lord, why griev'ſt thou me,
Oppreſt with ſorrow at thy ſad Decree?
Had I that Power by which I overcame
Once thy Affections, and ſhould ſtill the ſame,
Thou would'ſt not then deny, Almighty King,
That I in ſafety off ſhould *Turnus* bring
To his old Father's Court. Now let him go,
And ſatisfie with Royal Blood the Foe,
Though he from us derive his Stock and Name,
Who from *Pilumnus* the fourth Off-ſpring came;
In his own Perſon thee he Preſents paid,
And with rich Offerings did thy Altars lade.
To whom Heavens King briefly this Anſwer gave;
Would'ſt thou from preſent death bold *Turnus* ſave?
And think'ſt that I may grant a ſhort Reprieve?
Then fetch him off, and from ſad Fates relieve.
This I may grant: but if in your Requeſt,
Conceal'd, you drive a further Intereſt,
So the whole Fortune of the War again
To bring about, thou foſter'ſt Hope in vain.
Then *Juno* weeping, ſaid, You may connive
At what you dare not grant, and he may live.
But now his woful Deſtiny draws near,
Or elſe I am tranſported with vain fear.
Oh that falſe Terror ſtill would me delude,
And thou, who may'ſt, would'ſt better things conclude!
Guirded with Clouds, then from Æthereal Skies,
Bearing a Tempeſt, through the Air ſhe flies;
And to th' *Auſonian* Camp, and *Trojans* made.
Then ſhe an Aiery Cloud, a hollow Shade,

Form'd like *Æneas*, which (moſt ſtrange!) ſhe dreſt
In *Dardan* Arms and Shield; a flowing Creſt
Puts on his honor'd Head; then made it talk,
Speak without Lungs, and like *Æneas* walk.
Such ſhapes, they ſay, that dead Mens Spirits have,
Or thoſe in Dreams our drowſie ſenſe deceive.
But the inſulting Shadow takes the Van,
Calling aloud, and challeng'd out the Man.
Turnus advanc'd, and 's ſounding Javelin threw;
The Shade retreats, and ſuddenly withdrew.
As ſoon as *Turnus* did himſelf perſuade
Æneas fled, ſwoln with vain hope, he ſaid;
What, fly'ſt thou, *Trojan*, and thy Bride doſt leave?
The Land thou ſought'ſt by Sea, this Hand ſhall give.
Thus, brandiſhing his Sword, he eas'd his Mind;
Nor thought his Hope did fleet before the Wind.
Behind a Rock, by chance, in a calm Bay,
With ready Ladders a tall Veſſel lay,
Which King *Oſinius* brought to [23] *Cluſine* Shore;
Hither it ſelf the fleeting Shadow bore,
And takes the Hold: Nor ſlower were *Turnus* Steps;
All ſtay he conquers, o're high Bridges leaps.
No ſooner ſhipt, *Juno* the Cable cuts,
And to the Sea the floating Veſſel puts.
But through the Fight mean while *Æneas* goes,
Turnus to find, and many overthrows.
Nor longer the phantaſtick Shadow lies
Hid under Deck, but, vaniſhing, it flies
Up to the Stars, and with dark Clouds conjoyn'd:
Whilſt *Turnus* drives to Sea before the Wind,

And

And both his Hands did to high Heaven advance,
For Safety thankleſs, ignorant of the Chance.
O *Jove*, he ſaid, deſerve I this from thee?
And is't thy will, thus, thus to puniſh me?
Ah, whither muſt I go? from whence came I?
Where ſhall I Land? or whither do I fly?
Shall I *Laurentian* Tow'rs behold agen?
View my own Camp, where all thoſe gallant Men
Which did my Fortune and my Arms attend,
Ah, I have left, to meet a woful end!
I hear their dying Groans; now, now I view
My routed Army fly: what ſhall I do?
Oh that the Earth would gape, and ſwallow me,
Or rather gentle Winds more favouring be,
(For your Aſſiſtance *Turnus* now invokes)
Ah, drive this Veſſel on obdurate Rocks,
Or ſplit on Sands, where Friends ſhall never ſee
My Corps, nor blaſted Fame ſhall follow me.
This ſaid, his Mind on no Reſolve could place,
Whether he ſhould, for this ſo vile diſgrace,
Upon himſelf a Puniſhment afford,
And deſperate, in his Bowels ſheath his Sword;
Or leap into the Sea, and ſwim to Shore,
And 'gainſt the *Trojans* arm himſelf once more.
Thrice he attempted both; great *Juno* thrice
His Raſhneſs ſtaid with ſoberer Advice.
The Ship cut Billows, and, with favouring Tides,
To th' ancient City of old *Daunus* glides.
Great *Jove* mean while *Mezentius* Soul enlarg'd,
That he the Conquerors with freſh Forces charg'd.

'Gainſt whom the *Tyrrhens* joyn; all 'gainſt one Man,
With deadly Hate, and cruel Weapons, ran.
He, as a Rock, amongſt vaſt Billows, ſtood,
Scorning loud Winds, and raging of the Flood,
It fixt remains, and all the Force defies,
Muſter'd from raging Seas, and thundring Skies.
Hebrus, *Dolichaon*'s Son, he overthrew,
Latagus with him, and *Palmus* as he flew:
But with a Stone, no ſmall part of a Hill,
Daſhing in's Face, he *Latagus* did kill;
Palmus comes o're, maim'd with his wounded Knee,
And gave his Arms, bold *Lauſus*, unto thee.
Next *Phrygian Evans*, *Mimas* was orethrown,
Of *Paris* Age, and his Companion,
Whom, the ſame Night the [24] Queen gave *Paris* birth,
Pregnant with Fire, *Theano* did bring forth
To old *Amycus*: he at home was ſlain,
But *Mimas* fell in the *Laurentian* Plain.
And as a hunted Boar from Mountains bends,
Whom long Pine-bearing [25] *Veſulus* defends,
[26] Or many years *Laurentian* Marſhes bred,
Where he with Maſt and Bull-ruſhes was fed;
After he finds himſelf amidſt their Nets,
He ſtands, and foaming, up his Briſtles ſets:
Againſt his Rage the boldeſt dare not go,
But with ſafe ſhouts at diſtance Javelins throw.
So ſtood *Mezentius* 'gainſt his Subjects Rage,
Yet none ſo hardy durſt their King engage,
But, out of reach, at him they caſt their Spears
With mighty ſhouts: He not the proudeſt fears;

But,

But, angry, rageth through the ſpacious Field,
Bearing a Grove of Javelins on his Shield.
Acron, a *Greek*, but in *Coritus* bred,
Drawn to this VVar, left his new Marriage-bed:
Him when he ſaw amongſt the Squadrons, dreſt
In Wedding-garments, and a Purple Veſt;
As a ſtarv'd Lion, who doth oft invade
Some lofty Stall (for, *Hunger will perſwade*)
If he a nimble Goat eſpy by chance,
Or elſe a Deer his lofty Creſt advance,
Gaping, he raves, and briſtles up his Main,
And growling lies, devouring of the ſlain;
Then bathes his Mouth with Blood:
So fierce *Mezentius* rag'd 'mongſt thickeſt Foes,
And moſt unhappy *Acron* overthrows.
Breathing his laſt, beating the Earth, he lies,
And with his Blood th' unbroken Javelin dyes.
Yet ſcorns *Orodes* flying to o'rethrow,
And through his Breaſt to give the deadly blow,
But runs and meets him: He by Proweſs can
More than by Art, and charges Man to Man:
Then on him, down, ſetting his Foot, and Spear,
Said, Great *Orodes*, once ſo fear'd, lie there.
His Soldiers raiſe a ſhout: But, [27] dying, he,
Whoe're thou art, ſaid, I reveng'd ſhall be;
Nor ſhalt thou long triumph, thy Fate draws nigh,
And thou with me in the ſame Field ſhalt lie.
With a grim ſmile, *Mezentius* then replies,
Thou firſt ſhalt die: Who rules both Earth and Skies,

Let

Let him diſpoſe of me as he thinks beſt:
Thus ſaying, he drew the Javelin from his Breaſt.
A hard and Iron Reſt ſeal'd up his Sight,
And clos'd his Eyes in everlaſting Night.
[28] *Cædicus*, *Alcathous*; and *Socrator* ſlew
Hydaſpes; *Rapo*, *Parthens* overthrew,
And valiant *Orſes*; but *Meſſapus* ſpeed
Clonius, and *Ericates* he left dead;
This tangled in the Trappings of his Steed,
On Foot makes th' other ſure: Next did proceed
Lycius 'gainſt him, whom *Valerus* did kill,
Being moſt expert in his Grandſires skill.
Salius, *Atronius*; *Neacles*, *Salius* ſlew,
Who us'd the Dart, and well a Long-bow drew.
Like Fortune now made even bloody Stakes,
And Chance of Battel equal Slaughter makes;
Victors, and thoſe are worſted, both come on,
And both retreat: Flight is to neither known.
The Gods in *Jove*'s high Court pity their Rage,
That thus poor Mortals ſhould themſelves engage.
Here *Venus* ſits, there cruel *Juno* ſtands,
And pale *Tiſiphone* raves amidſt the Bands.
But here *Mezentius* a huge Javelin ſhakes,
And to the Field, highly incenſed, makes.
So tall [29] *Orion* through the ſwelling Tides
Marcheth on Foot, the Waves ſcarce reach his Sides;
Or when he ſtalks more proudly on dry Land,
Bringing from Hills an old Aſh in his Hand,
Whilſt his proud Head amongſt the Clouds he hides:
So in his mighty Arms *Mezentius* prides.

Æneas

Æneas having ſpy'd him through the Bands,
Marches againſt him: He undaunted ſtands,
Waiting th' approach of his magnanimous Foe;
And having took the meaſure of his Throw,
This Hand, which is my God, and this my Spear
Which now I poiſe, grant your aſſiſtance here;
That cruel [30] Pyrat's Spoils and Arms I now
For thee a Trophey, deareſt *Lauſus*, vow.
This ſaid, at him he caſt a ſounding Lance;
But the ſwift Spear did through his Target glance,
And far from thence, through noble *Anthor* run:
This was great *Hercules* Companion,
Who ſent from *Argos*, with *Euander* ſtaid,
And his abode now in *Auſonia* made.
Thus hurt, he falls, and hapleſs views the Skies,
Remembring his dear Country as he dies.
His Javelin then valiant *Æneas* threw,
Which through his Brazen quilted Target flew,
Where three Bull-hides tann'd did their force conjoyn,
And faſt it ſtuck in bold *Mezentius* Groyn;
Whoſe ſtrength now fails. Soon as *Æneas* ſaw
The *Tyrrhen*'s Blood, ſtraight he his Sword did draw,
And whilſt he was aſtoniſh'd, ruſheth on.
This *Lauſus* viewing, fetch'd a heavy Groan
For his dear Father, and ſalt Tears he ſheds.
Here thy ſad Death, and moſt renowned Deeds,
If ancient Stories have related Truth,
I ſhall not ſilence, O moſt Noble Youth.
Mezentius hurt, began ſome Ground to yield,
Drawing the Hoſtile Weapon from his Shield;

Lauſus

Lauſus ſteps in, and brought his Father aid,
Taking the Blow which fierce *Æneas* made
On his own Shield, receives him with delays,
At which a ſhout his glad Companions raiſe,
Whilſt his hurt Father from the Fight withdrew,
Defended by his Son; Javelins they threw,
And 'gainſt the Foe their Lances thick diſcharge:
Æneas rag'd, protected with his Targe.
As when a Tempeſt falls of Hail and Rain,
Straight all the Husbandmen forſake the Plain;
Till the Storm's o're, a Houſe the Trav'ler ſaves,
Buſhes, or ſheltring Banks, or vaulted Caves;
That when bright *Phœbus* ſhall his Beams diſplay,
They may make uſe of the ſucceeding Day.
So was *Æneas* overwhelm'd with Darts,
Bearing the Tempeſt thundring from all parts;
And *Lauſus* he rebukes, now menaceth
The bold Youth thus: Why haſtneſt thou thy death?
And doſt ſo much above thy ſtrength eſſay?
Thy Piety, fond Youth, doth thee betray.
But he no leſs raſhly himſelf engag'd;
At which the *Dardan* Prince extremely rag'd:
And now his Thred of Life the Fates had ſpun,
In him to th' Hilt his Sword *Æneas* run,
And through the Threatner's Shield & Arms it paſs'd,
And Coat, his Mother with pure Gold had grac'd:
Blood drown'd his Breaſt, his Soul her Progreſs makes
Down to pale Shades, and the cold Corps forſakes.
But when his Face, Great *Anchiſiades*,
And Cheeks, now wonderfully pale, eſpies,

He

He ſtretch'd his Hand, then ſigh'd, with Grief oppreſt,
And now his Father's Love affects his Breaſt;
Saying, Poor Youth, what Fame for thee is due?
What worthy Gift ſhall I beſtow on you?
[32] Take thy lov'd Arms (if thoſe thou doſt regard)
And with thy Royal Parents be interr'd;
This Comfort have in thy ſad Funeral,
That thou by Great *Æneas* Hand didſt fall.
Then checks his lingring Friends, himſelf before
Raiſing him up, his Hair defil'd with Gore.
Mean while his Father at the Cryſtal Streams
Of *Tyber* cleans'd his Wounds, and eas'd his Limbs
Againſt a Tree, on which his Helm he hung,
And on the Ground his ponderous Armor flung;
A choice Guard round: Panting, his Neck did reſt,
Which bowing, with his Beard cover'd his Breaſt;
Then asks for *Lauſus*, and oft ſends to find,
And call him off, ſince 'twas his Father's Mind.
But the dead Youth, his Friends in ſorrow drown'd,
Bore on a Shield, ſlain by a mighty Wound:
Far off the Chance his Soul preſaging knew;
Then on his Silver Hair [33] foul Duſt he threw,
And both his Hands at once to Heaven he heaves;
Then thus complaining, to the Body cleaves:
Dear Son, was Life to me ſo ſweet, that thou,
Whom I begot, for me ſhould'ſt ſuffer now?
Muſt I, thy Father, draw this Vital Breath,
Sav'd by thy Wounds, and live by thy ſad Death?
O let me now to woful Exile go,
Since I behold this Wound, this fatal blow.

Oh

Oh Son, my Acts have blaſted thy Renown,
Expuls'd by Malice from my Throne and Crown;
'Twas I ſhould ſuffer in this hateful ſtrife,
And many Deaths pay for this wicked Life;
Yet ſtill I live, view Heaven, converſe with Man;
But I'le forſake them all. Then he began,
Thus ſaying, to raiſe his feeble Thigh from Ground,
And though it fail'd him with ſo great a Wound,
Undaunted, he commands his Horſe provide.
This was his Comfort, this his onely Pride,
On this through all his Fights did Conqueror go;
34 To whom he ſpake, declaring thus his woe:
Of long Life (*Phœbus*) we have had the proof,
(If any time to Mortals were enough)
Either we muſt *Æneas* Head this day,
And bloody Spoils in Triumph bear away,
Revenging *Lauſus*; or, if Fates deny
Aſſiſtance, we will both together die:
For ſure, moſt valiant Steed, thou'lt not admit
A *Trojan* Rider, nor a Stranger's Bit.
Thus having ſpoke, up ſad *Mezentius* gets,
And ſoon himſelf in comely manner ſeats:
Then both his Hands did with ſharp Javelins load;
On his bright Helm whole Mains of Horſes flow'd.
And ſtraight he marches up; whilſt mighty Shame,
Grief, and Diſtraction, did his Soul inflame,
Love provokes Rage; and loſs of Honor, all,
Then thrice aloud did for *Æneas* call.
The *Trojan* knew the Voice, and thus he pray'd;
So may Great *Jove* and *Phœbus* now perſwade,
That thou begin the Fight;

And

And praying, with a dreadful Spear march on.
But he; VVhy haſt thou robb'd me of my Son,
Moſt cruel Man, and terrifi'ſt me thus,
Since no way elſe thou hadſt to ruine us?
Nor fear we Death, nor any God regard;
Leave off thy Pray'rs, to die I come prepar'd;
But firſt I'le Legacies on thee beſtow.
This ſaid, he caſt a Javelin at the Foe,
Another after, then another flings,
And ſwiftly wheels about in mighty Rings.
Æneas Shield receives them. Thrice he goes
About him, ſtanding, and ſharp Lances throws;
Three times the *Trojan* turning where he ſtood,
Bore on his Brazen Shield a mighty Wood.
Vext with delay, and plucking from his Targe
So many Spears, and with the dangerous Charge,
Plotting all means, at laſt he did advance,
And through his Horſes Head he ſent his Lance;
Who riſing then, beats with his Feet the Skies,
And, tumbling backward, on his Rider lies,
Oppreſſing much his Arm extended out.
Trojans and *Latins* ſend to Heaven a Shout.
In leaps *Æneas*, and his bright Sword drew,
And thus he ſaid; Where's proud *Mezentius* now?
And that fierce Courage made him once ſo bold?
But he, as ſoon as Heaven he did behold,
And, coming to himſelf, recover'd Breath;
Why triumph'ſt thou, proud Foe, & threatneſt Death?
To die's no Crime, of Death I'm not affraid,
My Son for me no ſuch Conditions made.

One

One thing (if vanquiſh'd Men may Suits prefer
To Foes) I beg, my Body to inter:
I know my Subjects Hate; their Rage prevent,
Granting my Son and me one Monument.
This ſaid, his Throat receives th' expected VVound,
VVhoſe Soul his Arms in a red Deluge drown'd.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Tenth BOOK* OF VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS.*

a *Turnebus*, 29. 24. expounds *omnipotens* here, that which includes and enjoys all things; *potens à potiri*: better than they who read *omniparentis*, or *omnipatentis.*

b The Ancients, especially the Poets, believ'd the Gods to convoke Councils and Parliaments, and attributed to *Jove* his Counsellors, as we to our Kings and Princes. Hence it is that the malicious Designs of *Juno* are frustrated and defeated, in regard the Fortune of *Æneas* was directed and order'd by Fate, that is to say, the Publick Decrees of the Gods, as *Scaliger* deduces from the *Horoscope* of *Æneas*, *lib.* 3. *Poet.*

c He reflects on the second *Punick* War, when *Hannibal* having entred *Italy*, at *Cannæ* overthrew the whole *Roman* Army; describ'd by *Silius Italicus.* Of

his opening a Paſſage through the *Alps* with Fire and Vinegar, ſee *Livy*, *l.* 21. *c.* 35. *&* 38.

[d] Thoſe of *Arpos*; for *Diomedes* came out of *Ætolia* into *Apulia*, and there built *Arpos*.

[e] In alluſion to the Fiction of *Homer*, that ſhe was wounded by *Diomedes*; or (as *La Cerda*) in deriſion of that impoſſibility.

[f] *Erycino in littore*; but others ſay, at *Cajeta*.

[g] *Alecto* under pretence of *Bacchus* Rites had made frantick the Women of *Laurentium* and *Ardea*.

[h] *Venus* here intercedes not for *Æneas*, not becauſe ſhe was unconcern'd for him, but becauſe ſhe knew his fatal day was near at hand; or, becauſe the Empire of *Italy* was not deſtin'd to him, but to *Aſcanius*; *Cui regnum* Italiæ, Romanaque *tellus debentur*. Gloſſ. MS. Lugd.

* Places in the Iſland *Cyprus*, where *Venus* was much honour'd.

[i] He either deſires to be re-eſtabliſh'd in *Troy*, or (which is more probable) in *Italy*, where he may renew the Names belonging to old *Troy*.

[k] *Virgil*, as *Germanus* conceives, ſeems in this place tacitly to flatter *Auguſtus*, who, as *Cicero* reports, by Decree of the Senate was made General of the Army againſt *Antonius*, when but a Youth.

[l] *Juno* here reckons up *Turnus* his Original, that he might appear as nearly ally'd to the Cœleſtials as *Æneas*, and be no leſs eſteem'd in the Court of Heaven than he. Yet more boaſtingly than truly doth ſhe call him *Pilumnus* his Heir; for afterwards it is ſaid

Pi-

Pilumnuſque *illi quartus pater*. *Pilumnus* (as *Servius* out of *Varro* affirms) was the God of Infants, *quia pellit mala Infantis*.

[m] A Nymph, whom others call *Salacia*, and make her the Wife of *Neptune*; ſo call'd *à ſalo*, as *Venilia*, *quod veniam dat exigentibus*. (Serv.)

[n] *Germanus* thinks this is ſaid with alluſion to the *Julian* Law concerning Brides.

[o] *Iliad* 5. *Venus* frees him from *Diomedes*. *Iliad* 7. *Neptune*, in favour of *Venus*, frees him from *Achilles*, by interpoſing a Cloud.

[p] *Paris* ſent by his Father *Priam* (as *Servius* tells the ſtory) over-run *Sparta*, and took *Helena* by force from her Husband *Menelaus*.

[q] The Nod of *Jupiter*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, according to *Homer*, calls τελίμήμενον, whom the reſt of the Poets following, affirm him (χρύσας χαίτας ἐλελιζόμενον τὸν ϑεᾶνον) *to ſhake Heaven with his Golden Hair*. Ovid. Met. 1.

He twice or thrice his Treſſes ſhook, which make
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars, (though fixed) quake.

Whence *Interpret. Pindar. Nem. Od.* 1. κἀλενεύσεν τὲ ὁι χαίτας, *he nodded with his Hair.*

[r] In alluſion to the *Roman* Cuſtom of bringing the Conſul from the Court home to his own Houſe.

[s] Sons of *Sarpedon*, *Clarus* and *Hæmon*.

[t] Perhaps *Virgil* had regard to the Faſhion of the *Romans*, which was to go bare-headed ever, but in the

time of the Sacrifices, Sports, Saturnals, Peregrinations, and War. See *Turneb. l.* 8. *c.* 4. *Euſtathius, l.* 1. *Odyſſ.* will have this Cuſtom deriv'd from the *Greeks*, who in the Heroical times us'd no Coverings of the Head. *Germanus* applies it to *Julius Cæſar*, who us'd to fight bare-headed, whom the Poet takes all occaſions to applaud.

† That it was uſual with the Ancients, as well Men as Women, to braid or tie their Hair in Knots, with Gold or other Ribbonds, is evident. So *Seneca in Tragæd. Hippolyt.* ſpeaking of *Hercules*,—*Dedit leges rudibus capillis*; and of *Theſeus*,—*Preſſerant vittæ Comam.* So *Valerius Flaccus*,——*Territi crinis ſubnectitur Auro.* Particularly among the *Romans*, though as a Mark of Effeminacy. *Lampridius* ſpeaking of the Emperor *Commodus*, ſays, that he us'd to powder his Hair with Filings of Gold; *Fuit forma quidem corporis juſta, vultu inſubido ut ebrioſi ſolent, ſermone incondito, capillo ſemper fucato, & Auri Ramentis illuminato.* Many times to theſe Fillets or Ribbonds, they added Jewels and Precious Stones, as *Dempſter* inſtances out of *Luitprandus, in legatione ad* Nicephorum Phocam; *Nemo* (*inquit ille*) *ibi Auro, nemo Gemmis ornatus erat*; which he applies to theſe kind of Fillets. *Vide Dempſter. in Roſin. Antiqu. Rom. lib.* 5.

ᵘ This *Capys* ſome make Kinſman to *Æneas*, others the Son of *Capetus*, and Uncle to *Tyberinus*, who gave Name to the River *Tyber*. Others will have him to be a *Samnite*, and Founder of *Capua*, ſo call'd after his own Name, though *Livy* will have it to take its Name

à locis campeſtribus, in which it is ſeated. It is likewiſe reported, That the *Tuſcans* were its Founders, and that it was ſo call'd from the Augury of a Falcon, which in that Tongue is call'd *Capys*; and *Varro* makes *Campania* to be ſo call'd from the Temperateneſs of the Clime, and Fertility of the Soil. See *Serv.*

x Meaning that the *Etrurians* might freely go to War, without oppoſition of the Fates, when they were under a Foreign Commander, *Æneas*: For they were admoniſh'd by their *Vates* not to fight againſt *Mezentium* under an *Etrurian* General. *Turneb. l. 2. c. 21.*

y Denoting the Enſign, or παράσημον of the Ship, which was always plac'd in the Prow, and from whence the Ship took its Name, and was an Image or Picture of ſome Creature or Thing. So *Agatharcides* ſays of the Bull that carried away *Europa*, that it was a Ship that had for its παράσημον the Bull; and ſo of the Eagle that carried away *Ganymed.* So likewiſe when *Hercules* is ſaid to ſail to the *Ethiopians* in a Kettle, by *Euphorion*, and *Alexander Epheſius*, in this Verſe of his;

Καλκείῳ λήβητι μέγαν διενήξατο πόντον.

It is to be underſtood of a Ship ſo call'd, bearing that *Inſigne* or ἐπίσημον. Yet theſe *Inſignia* were not by all Ships born in their Prows: thoſe of Burthen or Traffick carried them on their Maſts. We at this day promiſcuouſly, and contrary to the Ancients, bear them in our Sterns.

z *Hic, Tutela, & Inſigne Navis, &* παράσημον πλοίου

ſignificatur, ſays *Germanus*; but not without a palpable miſtake, in confounding the *Tutela* and *Inſigne*: For (as is already noted) the *Inſigne* was always plac'd in the Prow, never in the Stern; the *Tutela* always in the Stern, never in the Prow. *Valerius Flaccus* expreſly, when he makes frighted *Medæa* fall down in ſupplication before the Picture of *Minerva*, or the tutelary Image.

Puppe procul ſumma vigilis poſt terga Magiſtri,
Hæſerat aurato genibus Medæa Minervæ.

The *Tutela* likewiſe was always the Image of ſome Deity; ſo was not the *Inſigne*, or παράσημον. Nor did the *Tutela* ever give denomination to the Ship, but the *Inſigne* onely. See *Heinſius in Crepund. Silian. ad l.* 15.

aa A City of *Tuſcany*, whom he here calls the Mother of thoſe that were ſent, as being their native Country. So elſewhere,—*Inſignem quem Mater* Aricia *miſit.*

bb An Iſland lying near the Coaſt of *Tuſcany*, and in the ſight of *Populonia*, ſo fertile in Iron Oar, that (contrary to other Places) as faſt as it is digg'd, it encreaſes, as *Pliny* teſtifies. *Varro* writes ſomething yet more ſtrange of the Iron of that Iſland, That it is not workable upon the Place, nor obedient unto the Hammer, until it be tranſported unto the neighbouring *Populonia.*

cc *Alpheus* is a River between *Piſæ* and *Elis*, Cities of *Arcadia*, where the Temple of *Olympian Jove* is. Hence came they who built *Piſæ* in *Italy.*

dd A famous City in *Hetruria*, notable for Religion; whence *Feſtus* derives *Ceremonia.*

ee This

ee This was the Metropolis of *Etruria* when the *Thuſci* were Pyrats, diſtant from *Graviſcæ* (an unwholeſom place) 22000 Paces; ruin'd by *Dionyſius the Sicilian* Tyrant.

ff Son of *Cycnus*, who mourn'd for *Phaeton* till himſelf was transform'd into a Swan. *Ovid. Met. lib.* 2.

gg The Hiſtorical meaning of this Fable *Pauſanias* gives us (*in Atticis.*) Cycnus (ſaith he) *was King of* Liguria, *much affecting, and excellently well skill'd in Muſick, who immoderately bewailing the untimely Death of his beloved Kinſman* Phaeton, *through grief thereof is ſaid to have ended his days; whereupon the Poets Fabled, That by commiſerating* Apollo *he was converted into a Fowl of that Name.*

hh The Siſters of *Phaeton*, which here are ſaid to have been turn'd into Poplars; *Eclog* 6. into Alders, becauſe ἄγαρος. in the *Greek* includes both.

ii The Phyſical Interpretation of the Fable is given by *Lucretius*, *lib.* 5. *De rerum Natura.*

kk Who, *Eclog* 9. is call'd *Bianor*, from whom they ſuppoſe *Bianor*, near *Bononia*, is ſo call'd. He was Son of *Tyber* and *Manto*, the Daughter of *Tereſia* a *Theban* Propheteſs.

ll *Mantua* had three Tribes, divided into four *Curiæ*, and they ſeverally govern'd by their *Lucomones*, of which there were twelve in all *Tuſcany*, diſpos'd into ſo many *Præfectures*: *Mantua* was the Chief of all.

mm The name of a Galley with three ſets of Oars, on which *Triton* was painted. So *Scylla* and *Pegaſus* are thought by *Palæphatus*, ὡς ἀπὸ ναῦς, to be Names of

Ships, not Monſters. Yet *Pliny*, *l.* 9. *c.* 5. brings great Proofs, that in the Reign of *Tiberius*, *Triton* was ſeen in the form wherein he is deſcrib'd, and heard ſounding his Shell.

nn The Moon had ſometimes Stags, and ſometimes Horſes for her Chariot. Stags, as ſhe was *Diana*, Governeſs of the Woods, or to ſhew her ſwiftneſs beyond any of the other Planets: Sometimes Mules, in reſpect (ſaith *Germanus*) to her borrow'd Light.

oo *Æneas* being both a King and Prieſt, in our Author's Character, *Cymodocea* ſpeaks to him in the ſame Words which the Veſtal Virgins us'd to ſpeak to the King of the Religious Ceremonies. Thus *Servius* and *Scaliger*, 3.11. *Guellius* thinks this reſpects the Cuſtom of crying, when they went to War, *Mars*, *vigila*, whereby they implor'd his help.

pp *Æneas*, from his Father *Anchiſes*.

qq *Cybele*, or *Terra*, Mother of the Goddeſſes, is figur'd thus: With a Coronet of Towers and Cities on her Head; in her Hand a Key, wherewith the Earth is open'd in the Spring, and ſhut up in Winter. *Propert.*

Vertice turrigero juxta dea magna Cybele.

See *Verderius*, *De Imag. Deor.*

rr Into which *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta* were tranſform'd for prophaning her Temple. *Ovid. Met.* 10.

ſſ So in the ſeventh Book,

On's Creſt Chimera, *through a triple Tire*
Of buſhie Horſe-mains, breath'd Ætnæan *Fire*,

The

The Ancients not onely bearing upon their Helmets the ſhapes of ſuch Creatures as might be for Ornament, but for Terror likewiſe; as *Plutarch* inſtances of the *Cimbrian* Horſemen (*in Mario*): and from this Military Cuſtom afterwards were taken up the diſtinctive *Inſignias* of Families; deriv'd (as may be obſerv'd out of *Diodor. Sicul. lib.* 2.) from the *Ægyptians*, whoſe Kings us'd to wear on their Helmets the Head of a Lion, Bull, or Dragon, as an Enſign of *Majeſty*; from thence transferr'd to the *Greeks*, and from the *Greeks* to the *Romans*. See *Stew. Com. in Veget.*

tt He mentions the peſtiferous Star, with reference to that Calamity which *Æneas* was to bring upon the *Rutilians*. He intimates as much by the Comet, *v.* 272. and the Cranes, *v.* 265.

uu *Saluſt* reports of the *Spaniards*, That when the Young Men went to the Wars, their Mothers us'd to recount to them the Valiant Acts of their Fathers.

xx This Sentence is primarily owing to *Philetas* the *Coan*, a moſt ancient Poet, from whom not onely our Author, but divers others of the *Latins* have borrow'd it.

yy This Name is onely read in *Pindar*; and well doth he ſet forth the Victor's Honor by the praiſe of the Vanquiſh'd. (*Serv.*) *Hortenſius* thinks he alludes to *Thero* King of *Spain*, who going to expugnate the Temple of *Hercules* at *Gades*, was ſtruck dead with a Thunderbolt.

zz Becauſe this was done by the help of Chirurgery, of which *Phœbus* was God. Such Men were call'd *Cæſones*, not *Cæſares*.

1 *Servius* takes this to be apply'd to the *Cretans*, who were notorious παιδεραστας; which Crime was from thence transferr'd to the *Spartans*, and thence spread through all *Greece*: So that *Cicero*, in his Books *De Republica*, says it was accounted a shame to Young Men to be without their Lovers. Hence our Author appositely introduces *Cydon* (under which Name the *Cretans* are tacitly meant) pursuing (though unfortunately) his beloved *Clytius*.

2 *Scaliger*, *l.* 3. *Poet.* conceives by *Achates* to be meant the good *Genius* of *Æneas* (according to the Doctrine of the *Pythagoreans*, ascribing to every Man a good and a bad *Genius*) the Name seeming to be compos'd of αχ & ατης; *Not that* (says *Scaliger*) *Vir tantus mæreat, sed quod inter tot ærumnas ad summam virtutem perpetuandam excitetur.*

3 Born in the *Hyperborean* Mountains, whence *Boreas*.

4 *Ismarus*, a City of *Thrace*.

5 *Aurunci*, Inhabitants of *Italy*. From *Tyber* to *Laurentium* are *Pelasgi*, *Sicani*, and *Aurunci*. *Scal. ad Fest.*

6 How the *Arcadians*, eminent for Horsemanship, and dwelling in Mountainous places, should not be able to fight here, *Germanus* resolves, whom consult. But our Author gives the Reason in the following Verses, where he says, they were inforc'd by the disadvantage of the Ground to fight on foot, a thing to them unusual.

7 No greater instigation to Soldiers to fight, than to to conjure them by the Name and Memory of their Prince, the Honour of their General, and their own Noble Atchievements. Thus *Doryalus*, General to *Mithridates*

Mithridates, fighting at *Orchomenus* againſt *L. Sylla*, when he ſaw his Men ready to fly, ſnatching an Enſign from one of them, charging towards the Enemies, he cries out to his Soldiers, If any ask you where you loſt your General, remember that you tell them at *Orchomenus*: Which words provok'd both their Shame and Valour, and made them turn, to the defeat of their Enemies. Thus *Cæſar* at the Battel of *Munda* recover'd the Spirits of his fainting Soldiers, in theſe ſadly upbraiding Terms; *Hic milites, hic mihi vitæ finis vobis militiæ terminus*: Commands and Threats being in this Caſe leſs prevalent than Exhortation: And that *Thucydides* hath it, *Magis in memoriam redigens, quam jubens*; which in this Speech of *Pallas* is judiciouſly obſerv'd by our Author.

[8] This Fable (ſaith *Servius*) is no where to be found in any *Latin* Author: Yet *Abienus* (who is reported to have written *Virgil* over in *Iambick* Verſe) ſays, that it is a *Greek* Fiction, which he thus delivers: Rhœtus *was King of the* Marrubii *in* Italy, *who married for his ſecond Wife* Caſperia, *whom his Son* Anchemolus *abus'd*; *and for that fact being purſu'd by his Father, fled to* Daunus *for protection*; *and in requital thereof, now took up Arms in defence of his Son* Turnus.

[9] *Acies Vulcania, vis ignis, qui veluti exercitus eſt Vulcani.*

[10] *Manus injectio* almoſt implies *mancipium*; properly, when without any Legal Authority, or Formality, we lay hold on any thing, and challenge it as our own: Whatſoever is deſtin'd to the Gods, may be ſaid to be *ſacred:*

ſacred: to whom there is no coming, but by freeing the Soul from the thraldom of the Body. Here he calls *Haleſus* appoſitely ſacred, in reſpect to his near Death.

11 *Pugnæ nodus* is properly a thick Body of Foot, as *Turma* is of Horſe in the Military Language.

12 A Noble Conqueſt, or Death, is *Pallas* his aim; each deſervedly commendable. Thus *Accius* (*in Armorum judicio.*)

Trophæum ferre me à forti viro pulchrum eſt,
Si autem & vincar, vinci à tali nullum eſt probrum.

13 Our Author many times inſerts Philoſophical Opinions contradictory to one another: For in the fourth Book he ſaid, *Miſera ante diem, &c.* and here, *Stat ſua cuique dies, &c.* but this as *Servius* notes, is no defect, but an excellency in *Virgil*, in not onely applying, but expreſſing the variety of Opinions. For the firſt is to be attributed to the *Epicureans*, who aſcribe all to Chance; the ſecond to the *Stoicks*, who will have all to be govern'd by inevitable Fate. And therefore the firſt, as light, is ſpoken by himſelf, as a Man (for *Servius* makes it a *Proſopopeia* of the Poet;) the latter is apply'd to *Jupiter*, as the weightier, and more becoming a God.

14 The Story of the fifty Daughters of *Danaus*, who all of them (except the youngeſt, *Hypermneſtra*) in one Night kill'd their Husbands.

15 An equal Number, becauſe the Sacrifice was to be made to the *Inferi*.

16 *Inferiæ*

[16] *Inferiæ* are Sacrifices for the Dead. The Cuſtom was, to kill the Captives upon the Tombs of ſuch as had taken them; which afterwards being thought too cruel, they caus'd Gladiators to fight at the Sepulchres, call'd (*à buſtis*) *Buſtiarii*.

[17] An Attire for the Head, like a Crown, from which hung on each ſide a Linnen or Woollen Fillet, wherewith the Prieſts bound their Hair.

[18] *Turneb. l.* 2. *c.* 21. ſaith, *Nemeſii* was ſignified here to puniſh him, who is an Enemy to the proud; and that his Inſolence had provok'd the Envy of the Gods, which was the cauſe of his Overthrow. But *Pimpontius* and *Thorius*, for *magnum* read *magicum*, as if he had fortified himſelf with Amulets, and Magical Conſecrations, againſt Wounds: and, *Vimque affore verbo* they apply to the Magick Charm.

[19] Here the Name of a Ruſtick, or elſe of *Faunus*, before he was receiv'd into the Number of the Gods. And ſome take the Nymph not for a Goddeſs, but a Bride, leſt it ſhould be thought incredible that a Mortal ſhould be begotten of a God and Goddeſs; although ſuch ſometimes were believ'd to die, as *Eryx* the Son of *Venus* and *Neptune*, ſlain by *Hercules*.

[20] A Town betwixt *Cajeta* and *Terracina*, us'd ſo much to falſe Alarms, that they made a Law to forbid any Man to ſpeak of the coming of an Enemy; by which means, when the Enemy came indeed, they were betray'd by their own ſilence. *Pervig. Ven.*

So did Amyclæ *once, whilſt all*
Silence obſerv'd, through Silence fall.

Others

Others ſay they were *Pythagoreans*, by their Orders bound to keep ſilence five Years; who refraining from killing all Living Creatures, were devour'd by Serpents breeding in the adjacent Lakes. So *Pliny* 3. 5. Amyclæ *à Serpentibus deletæ ſunt*: whence *Dalecamp* expounds *tacitos* here, *dead, buried in oblivion.*

[21] In anſwer to the Reproach of *Liger*, who objected his Flight from *Diomedes* and *Achilles*: *The ſlowneſs of your Horſes* (ſaith he) *did not betray you, as they did me, when* Pandarus *fighting in the ſame Chariot with me, was ſlain by* Diomedes; *nor were they frighted by any Apparition.* See *Homer*.

[22] This *Sulpitius* obſerves as taken from the depth of Philoſophy, *viz.* That Sempiternal Truth flowing out of Eternity, cannot be chang'd, eſpecially as it reſpects the whole Species of Man; but Particulars are ſubject to the Alterations of the Fates.

[23] *Cluſium* is a City of *Thuſcany*.

[24] *Theano* brought forth *Mimas* the ſame Night that her Siſter *Hecuba*, the Daughter of *Ciſſeus*, brought forth *Paris*, who a little before dream'd that ſhe was deliver'd of a Fire-brand.

[25] A Mountain of *Liguria*, neighbouring to the *Alps*. *Liguria* joyns to *Thuſcany*, of which was *Mezentius*.

[26] *Servius* takes *multoſque* for *multoſve*; for the *Laurentian* Plains are not near *Veſulus*.

[27] The Poets attribute a Prophetical Spirit to ſuch as lie upon their Death-beds. So *Hector* foretells the death of *Achilles*; whoſe words *Scaliger*, *l.* 5. *c.* 3. compares with thoſe of *Orodes*.

[28] Fron

28 From thoſe who reprehend the Poet for confounding Names, *Turnebus* vindicates him, affirming, that to the *Rutilians* he gives *Latin* Names; to the *Trojans*, *Greek*, *l.* 29. *c.* 24.

29 Others ſay, That *Orion*, a Hunter, of extraordinary ſtature, had this Gift from his Father *Neptune*, that he could walk upon the Sea, as *Iphiclus* upon Corn. See *Servius* on the place, further explaining the Fable.

30 *Æneas*: Nor did (ſaith *Servius*) the Piety of *Lauſus* any thing profit him, becauſe his Father, ſacrilegious, conferr'd upon him the Gifts of the Gods, and vow'd the Spoils of the Dead to him.

31 So *Scipio Africanus*, not thirteen years old, defended his Father in Fight, not yielding, though he receiv'd twenty ſeven Wounds.

32 It was the Cuſtom to bury with any Man thoſe things which in Life were moſt affected by him.

33 It was uſual among the Ancients in mourning to ſtrew Duſt upon their Heads; ſolemn among the *Jews*, as among the *Romans*, as appears by the Twelve Tables. Conſonant to that Expreſſion of our Authors, is that of *Catullus*,

Caniciem terra, atque infuſo pulvere fœdans.

Vide Alex. ab Alex. lib. 3. *cap.* 7. *ibidemque Teraquellum.*

34 *Homer* makes theſe kind of Creatures to have a preſcience of their Maſters Fates, and to preſage their Misfortunes by their Sadneſs. And as *Virgil* makes *Mezentius* here, ſo *Homer* likewiſe makes *Achilles* ſpeak to his Horſe *Xanthus*, *Iliad.* 1. See *Macrob. l.* 4. *c.* 6.



VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Eleventh Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Mezentius *Trophey.* Pallas *Funerals:*
Ceſſation made. The King a Councel calls.
Diomed's *Anſwer* Venulus *relates.*
Drances *and* Turnus *loud in hot Debates.*
Æneas *gives the City an Alarm.*
The King his Council leaves, and Latins *arm.*
Camilla's *Story. Troops of Horſe maintain*
A doubtful Fight: The bold Virago *ſlain.*
The Trojans, *flying* Rutuli *purſue.*
Turnus *inform'd, ſtraight from his Ambuſh drew:*
Æneas *takes the Paſſage; then march'd down*
To th' open Plain, and lies before the Town.

MEan while *Aurora* from the Sea aſcends,
Æneas (although Care t' interr his Friends

The time requir'd, much for their loſs diſmay'd)
Early his [a] Vows to Heaven a Conqueror paid.
A ſtately [b] Oke on riſing Ground he plac'd,
And Boughs diſ-rob'd, with glorious Armor grac'd;
With King *Mezentius* Spoils the Trunk he loads,
Grear *Mars* thy [c] Trophey, warlik'ſt of the Gods;
His Breaſt-plate run twice ſix times thorow, rears,
And Plumes bedew'd with Blood, and [d] broken Spears;
His Brazen Shield on the left Shoulder ty'd,
Hanging his Sword in Ivory by the ſide.
Then to his glad Commanders (for a Guard
They made about him) thus himſelf declar'd:
Renowned *Trojans*, the great Work is done;
Now ſhake off Fears, and gallantly go on,
Since we enjoy the [e] Firſt-fruits of our Toils:
Here ſtands *Mezentius*, and that proud King's Spoils.
To march ſtraight towards the City, I intend,
There of dire War expect a glorious end.
Leſt any ſhould by Ignorance neglect,
When firſt Cœleſtial Auguries direct,
Our [f] Standard rais'd, we'l draw our Forces out;
And let none cloke baſe Negligence with Doubt.
Mean time in Earth our Friends departed lay,
And to the Dead our laſt ſad Duties pay.
Go, and thoſe Worthies Funerals attend,
Who did their Lives, this Land to purchaſe, ſpend.
Firſt *Pallas* mournful Obſequies prepare,
And to his Father's woful City bear;
Whom, not for want of Valour, bitter Death,
In a ſad Hour, depriv'd of Vital Breath.

Thus

Thus saying, to the Herse he weeping bends,
Where old *Acetes*, *Pallas* [g] Corps attends;
Who, when *Euander*'s Squire, much Honor won,
But not so happy waiting on his Son.
Round him his Servants, and a *Trojan* Band,
And *Ilian* Dames, with Hair dishevell'd, stand.
But when *Æneas* enter'd, a huge Cry,
Beating their Breasts, they raise unto the Skie,
And the whole Court with loud Complaining fill'd.
Soon as he had dear *Pallas* Corps beheld,
And the wide Wound upon his lovely Breast,
With many Tears, his Grief he thus expresst:
Brave Youth, when better Fortune came, did she
For very spite deprive us straight of thee,
Lest thou should'st see our Conquest, and return
Unto thy Father's Court, in Triumph born?
I to *Euander* no such Promise made
At my departure, when with mighty Aid
He me dismist, and, fearful, did foreshew
We should encounter with a dangerous Foe.
But now perhaps fond Hope his Mind doth raise,
That he his Vows at loaden Altars pays;
Whilst to the Dead, [h] who's not indebted now
To any God, vain Honor we allow.
These are the promis'd Triumphs thou shalt see
Perform'd by us, thy Son's sad Obsequie.
Thus I discharge my Trust. But no [i] base Wound
Shall by *Euander* on his Corps be found;
Nor shall he wish his Life at Honors cost.
What Strength hath *Latium* and *Ascanius* lost?

This ſaid, to raiſe the ſad Corps he commands,
And ſends a thouſand choſen from the Bands,
Who ſhould attend his laſt Solemnity,
And with *Euander*'s Tears their Sorrow vie,
And to a mourning Father Comfort be,
Though ſmall, yet grateful in great Miſery.
Some buſie joyning verdant *Arbuts* were,
And deck with Oaken Leafs the ſtately Bier:
Then the ſad Herſe with Boughs and Branches ſhade,
Where, on green Ruſhes, the brave Youth they laid.
Such the pale Daffodil, or Violet,
Pluck'd by a Virgins Hand, whoſe Beauty yet
And Form remains; though from the Stalk now rent,
Their Mother Earth affords no Nouriſhment.
The Prince [k] two Robes of Gold & Purple brought,
Which with her own Hand beauteous *Dido* wrought,
And to *Æneas* did preſent of old,
And mixt the curious Web with pureſt Gold;
Which for a Herſe-cloth on the Corps he laid:
Then with a Veil his comely [l] Hair did ſhade,
And with *Laurentian* Spoils did him adorn;
Bids what he won, in order to be born,
And Horſe and Arms were taken from the Foe:
Then thoſe to Shades a Sacrifice muſt go,
Quenching the cruel Flame with lukewarm Blood,
Their Hands behind them bound, prepared ſtood.
Next bids prime Captains Hoſtile Arms to bear,
And [m] Names of ſlaughter'd Foes upon their Spear.
They old *Acetes* led, with Grief oppreſt,
Tearing his Hair, beating his woful Breaſt;

Who

Who falling down, on th' Earth extended lay:
They Chariots ſtain'd with *Rutile* Gore convey.
[n] *Æthon* his Horſe in Mourning next took place,
And weeping, with great Tears blubber'd his Face.
This bore his [o] Lance, and that his ſhining Creſt,
For *Turnus*, being Conqueror, had the reſt.
The *Trojans* follow, and the *Tyrrhen* Peers,
And ſad *Arcadians*, [p] trailing of their Spears.
Then all the Mourners march'd in order on,
When ſpake *Æneas* with a heavy Groan,
Next we muſt others mourn, in Battel fell;
Dear *Pallas*, now eternally farewell,
For ever now adieu. Nor more he ſpake,
But to the City march'd directly back.
And now Ambaſſadors were come to Treat,
With [q] Olive veil'd, from King *Latinus* Seat,
Requeſting Licence to [r] Interr their Slain,
Scatter'd by cruel Slaughter through the Plain;
None with the Dead, and Vanquiſh'd Men, contend:
This grant his once ſtyl'd Father, and his Friend.
Noble *Æneas* hears their juſt Requeſt,
And thus himſelf in courteous terms expreſt;
What ſpiteful Chance you in ſuch Wars engag'd,
And at our proffer'd Friendſhip ſo enrag'd?
Make you for Dead Men Peace, and thoſe are ſlain?
I'le rather grant it unto them remain.
I had not come, but that the Fates did call,
Nor is the War on my part National;
Your King did from his League and Covenant ſlide,
And more in *Turnus* Forces did confide.

Turnus had better now adventure Life,
To drive the *Trojans* hence, and finiſh Strife:
Let Us decide the Quarrel; let him live,
To whom his God, or Valour, Life ſhall give.
Now go, and let your hapleſs Friends be laid
On Funeral Piles, pious *Æneas* ſaid.
They at his Noble Offer ſtood amaz'd,
And ſilently on one another gaz'd.
Old *Drances* then, who bore eternal ſpleen
'Gainſt valiant *Turnus*, did at laſt begin.
O *Trojan*, great by Fame, greater by Wars!
How ſhall I match thy Honor with the Stars?
Shall I thy Power or Juſtice firſt admire?
Humbly our King ſhall know of thy Deſire:
If Fortune favour, we a Peace ſhall make;
Let who will *Turnus* Quarrel undertake.
We ſhall your promis'd City build with joy,
And bear upon our Backs the Stones of *Troy*.
All with one Voyce approve the Words he ſaid,
And for twelve Days a firm Ceſſation made.
Trojans and *Latins* wander here and there,
Through Woods and Mountains, and no Danger fear.
Now mighty Aſhes with the Axe reſound,
And Pines, that kiſt the Stars, now kiſt the Ground;
Whole Okes they cleave, ſweet Cedar falls o're-thrown,
And Cars continually with wild Aſh groan.
Now flying Fame this to *Evander* tells,
And with ſad News his Court and City fills;
Which ſaid but now, *Pallas* the Victory won.
Swift to the Gates amaz'd *Arcadians* run,

And,

And, as the ancient Cuſtom, [u] Torches bear;
With a long Train of Light the Ways appear,
And all the Fields with Funeral Tapers ſhine,
Whilſt to theſe Mourners the ſad *Trojans* joyn;
Whom, when the Matrons did behold draw nigh,
They through the City rais'd a woful Cry:
When no Perſuaſions could *Euander* ſtay,
But in he comes, and falling on him, lay
Fix'd to the Herſe, weeping and groaning there,
And long, e're thus his Grief he did declare.
Pallas, thy Promiſe thou to me haſt broke,
That thou ſtern *Mars* would'ſt not too much provoke;
I knew how much new Glory did inflame,
And in firſt Service the deſire of Fame;
For a Beginner theſe ſad Handſels are,
Thy Leſſon hard in the firſt part of War;
And no God hears my Pray'r, nor minds my Vow;
And thou, bleſt Wife, in [x] Death moſt happy now,
That did'ſt not live to ſee this Sight; whilſt I
Do now ſurvive my own ſad Deſtiny,
And a moſt wretched Father muſt remain.
I ſhould have dy'd, and *Rutils* me have ſlain,
For joyning with the *Trojans*; and for me,
Not *Pallas*, ſhould have been this Obſequie.
Nor *Trojans* blame I, nor ſhall be declin'd
Th' Offenſive and Defenſive League we joyn'd;
This Chance belongs to my grey Hairs: But ſince
Untimely Death hath took my Son from hence,
I joy that thouſand *Volſcians* fell before
Him, leading *Trojans* to th' *Auſonian* Shore.

Nor other Rites, dear *Pallas*, ſhalt thou have,
Than what *Æneas*, and bold *Phrygians* gave,
What *Tarchon*, and their Captains did ordain,
Who bear of thoſe the Trophies thou haſt ſlain:
For thee a huge one, *Turnus*, we had ſeen,
If he of equal Strength and Age had been.
But I the *Trojans* keep too long from War.
Farewell, and to your King this Meſſage bear;
That I loath'd Life prolong, *Pallas* being gone:
His Valour muſt a Father, and a Son,
Revenge on *Turnus*; this remains for him,
Whom Worth hath plac'd in Fortunes beſt eſteem.
Nor Joys of Life I wiſh for, but to ſtay
Till I theſe Tidings to my Son convey.
Mean while *Aurora* clears the darkned Air,
And brought to wretched Mortals Toil and Care.
Æneas then, and *Tarchon*, on the Shores
Huge Piles erect; and as their Anceſtors,
Here their dead Friends they brought, then kindle fire,
And to high Heav'n Clouds of thick Smoke aſpire.
Thrice round about the y burning Piles they go,
Girded in ſhining Arms; thrice Fires of VVoe,
Mounted on mourning Horſes, they ſurround:
A doleful Cry they raiſe, loud Trumpets ſound;
Arms, and the Earth, are water'd with their Tears,
And Lamentations ſcale the higheſt Spheres.
Some in the * Fire the *Latin* Spoils do burn, (torn;
Helms, Swords, and Reins, and Wheels from Chariots
Some their Friends Shields, well known in all Alarms,
Caſt after them, and their unhappy Arms.

Whole

Whole Herds of Cattel, and of Swine, were kill'd,
And Flocks of Sheep brought in from every Field.
Their burning friends they view through all the ſtrand,
And round about the half-burnt Structures ſtand;
Nor could be taken off, till waning Light
Dreſt Heaven with all th' Embelliſhments of Night.
No leſs on th' other ſide the *Latins* rear
Innumerable Pyres, many interr,
Many are to the neighboring Confines born,
And many to the City do return.
The reſt they burn, rais'd to a mighty Stack,
No Ceremony, no diſtinction make:
Vaſt Champains they with frequent Fires ſurround.
When the third Day drove Darkneſs under Ground,
Mourning, they ſweep the Aſhes from the Hearth,
And mingled Bones, yet warm, they load with Earth.
Now in the City, and *Latinus* Court,
A greater Sorrow there did them tranſport:
Here Mothers, Siſters, there the woful Nurſe,
Children depriv'd of Parents, weeping, curſe
The cruel War, and *Turnus* hapleſs Sute,
That he alone the Quarrel ſhould diſpute,
Who hopes to gain all *Latium* with the Bride.
Fierce *Drances* urg'd, nor could it be it be deny'd,
That *Turnus* had been challeng'd to the Fight.
Theſe warm Debates their Votes made oppoſite;
But he ſtands ſhaded with the Queens great Name,
And laſting Trophies of deſerved Fame.
'Midſt theſe Commotions, and tumultuous heat,
Th' Ambaſſadors from *Diomed* the Great,

No

No pleaſing Anſwers brought; they nothing could,
With ſo much Toil, Expences, Gifts, nor Gold;
No Sute avail'd, they muſt ſeek elſewhere Aid,
Or with the *Trojans* muſt a Peace be made.
Latinus faints, with ſwelling Grief oppreſt,
The Wrath of angry Gods made manifeſt,
And recent Funerals before their Gates,
Æneas had Commiſſion from the Fates.
He his Great Council calls; the Lords reſort,
By Writ commanded, to the Royal Court:
There being met, in ſtately Order all,
Through thronging Streets, march to th'Imperial Hall.
Then firſt his Place old King *Latinus* took,
Holding his Scepter, with a heavy Look,
And ſtraight commands th' Ambaſſadors declare
What they had done, and what thoſe Anſwers were
Tydides ſent. Lord *Venulus* obey'd,
And after all in ſilence ſate, thus ſaid:
We ſaw [aa] *Tydides*, and his Royal Seat,
And tedious Ways, turmoil'd with Dangers great,
My Lords, we overcame, and kiſt that Hand,
Which prov'd the Ruine of the *Phrygian* Land.
Stil'd from his Country, on th' *Apulian* Plains
He [bb] *Agrippa* built, where now he Reigns.
After Admittance, we had Audience, where
Gifts we preſented, telling whom we were,
Who rais'd this War, why we this Voyage made.
He courteous, thus in Princely Language ſaid;
Bleſt *Saturn*'s People, old *Auſonian* Race,
What ſad Miſchance diſturbs your happy Peace?

And

And in a dangerous Quarrel ſo engag'd?
Thoſe that dire War 'gainſt ſacred *Ilium* wag'd,
(Beſides whom *Simois* drown'd, or near *Troy*'s Walls,
In Battel met untimely Funerals)
Through the wide World ſuch Perſecutions felt,
Would unrelenting *Priam*'s Boſom melt.
Euboick Rock, [cc] *Minerva*'s woful Star,
And cruel [dd] *Caphareus*, witneſs are,
How we from *Troy* were driven from Coaſt to Coaſt;
To *Proteus* Pillars, *Menelaus* toſt;
And *Ithacus*, *Ætnæan Cyclops* view'd.
Why ſhould I mention *Pyrrhus* Realms ſubdu'd?
Or how his Crown [ee] *Idomeneus* loſt?
Or *Locrian*'s planting on the *Lybian* Coaſt?
The famous *Grecian* General, by the Hands
Of his falſe Wife, was murther'd as he Lands.
O're conquer'd *Aſia* an Adulterer Reigns.
That e're my [ff] *Calydonia*'s fruitful Plains,
My Country, or dear Wife, I ſhould enjoy,
The Gods oppoſe, revenging ruin'd *Troy*,
Still daunting us with dreadful [gg] Prodigies.
On Wings my People lately ſcal'd the Skies,
And div'd like Birds, ſtrange Puniſhments they found,
Whoſe doleful notes made Woods and Rocks reſound.
This was but juſt with me, that unapal'd,
With Mortal Arms a [hh] Deity aſſail'd,
And *Venus* Hand impurpled with a Wound.
To me ſuch Wars, do not to me propound:
Since *Troy* is faln, no more 'gainſt *Troy* I'le fight,
Nor to remember former Woes delight.

What

What you preſent us, to *Æneas* bear,
We grappled once, and often chang'd a Spear.
Experience truſt; How bravely he'd advance,
With what a VVhirl-wind he would ſend his Lance!
Two ſuch Commanders more, had *Phrygia* ſhewn,
The Conquering *Trojans* had to *Grecia* gone,
And of inconſtant Fortune we complain'd.
VVhat e're at their long Leaguer us detain'd,
Hector, and he, our Victory with-held,
VVhilſt tedious Years ten lingring Periods fill'd;
Brave Leaders both, and both for Valour crown'd;
But this for Piety the more renown'd.
Make Peace by any means, and not excite,
VVith Arms, a People, that in Arms delight.
And now your Royal Majeſty hath heard
VVhat he concerning this great VVar declar'd.
Their Speech ſcarce ended, a loud Murmur roſe,
Of Votes divided: As when Rocks oppoſe
A rapid Stream, impriſon'd VVaters rore,
Angry VVaves thundring on th' adjacent Shore.
VVhen all were quiet, once more Silence made,
The ii Gods invoking firſt, *Latinus* ſaid;
This weighty Buſineſs long before I mov'd
To ſettle; and, my Lords, 't had better prov'd,
Than now in ſuch an Exigence to call
A Council, when the Foe ſurrounds our VVall.
VVe undertake a VVar againſt all odds,
VVith an undaunted Off-ſpring of the Gods,
VVhom no VVar tires, People that never will
Give o're, though vanquiſh'd, but be fighting ſtill.

Your

Your ſwelling Hopes from Great *Tydides* fall;
Your Hope lies now at home, and that's but ſmall:
Affairs like a diſorder'd Ruine lies,
All's in your Hands, or elſe before your Eyes.
None I accuſe: VVhat Force we could, we brought,
And with the Power of our whole Kingdom fought:
But now how we this troubleſom Affair
May beſt compoſe, I briefly ſhall declare.
I have ſome ancient Foreſt-lands, which lie
Near *Tyber*, VVeſt, [kk] bordering on *Sicanie*,
VVhich old *Auruncians* and *Rutilians* plow;
The worſt is Paſture, and their beſt they ſowe.
Let all that Tract of Mountains crown'd with Pine,
Trojans enjoy, and we with them conjoyn,
And thoſe Aſſociated Countries call;
There let them build their promis'd Cities VVall:
But if their Reſolution ſtand to take
Some other Kingdom, and our Realm forſake,
Let's twenty Ships, or more, for them provide;
All our Materials near the River ſide:
Let us their Burthen and their Number know,
Ship-wrights and Tackle both we ſhall beſtow.
But firſt, let ſome Commiſſioners be choſe,
Impow'rd, with theſe Conceſſions, to compoſe
A ſetled Peace, and Olive-branches wear;
Let them rich Preſents, Gold and Ivory bear,
The Nations Honor, [ll] Gown and Chair, be ſent;
Conſult, and help in this great Exigent.
Then the ſame *Drances*, vext with *Turnus* State,
VVith ſquint-ey'd Envy ſpurr'd, and bitter Hate,

[mm] Rich;

mm Rich, and moſt Eloquent, but cold in War,
Yet in Debates, a moſt grave Counſellor;
In ſtirring of Sedition, excellent:
Who nn from his Mother ſprung of high Deſcent,
But in obſcurity his Father's Name,
Roſe, and with violent Words ſtirs up the Flame.
An't pleaſe your Majeſty, this Point of State
On Conſultation needs no long Debate;
What our Succeſs will be, there's none ſo weak,
That clearly not preſages, durſt they ſpeak.
Let him not threaten, and make Voting free,
By whoſe Contrivements, and croſs Counſel, we
(My Mind I'le utter, though my Life it coſt)
In Field ſo many brave Commanders loſt;
And we behold this City, once renown'd,
O're-whelm'd in Tears, in her own Sorrow drown'd,
Whilſt he attempts the *Trojan* Camp, and ſtorms,
Himſelf retiring, Heaven with fond Alarms.
To thoſe ſo large Immunities, which thou
Would'ſt graciouſly the *Trojan* Prince allow,
One more in ſpecial Favour on him ſhow'r,
(Let no Man's Rage thy Reaſon over-power)
And to a worthy Match thy Daughter give,
That we in everlaſting Peace may live.
But if ſuch Terror have our Souls poſſeſt,
With all Humility let us requeſt
Him to reſtore the King his former Right,
And free this Kingdom from injurious Might.
Why to apparent Dangers would'ſt thou bring
So oft this wretched State, thou Source and Spring

Of

Of all our VVoes? No ſafety is in VVar:
Therefore we ſue thou would'ſt for Peace declare,
And th' onely Pledge of that eternal League,
VVhom thou conceiv'ſt thy Foe, I, *Turnus*, beg;
Pity thy Country, qualifie this Heat,
And, ſince thou art defeated, Rage defeat.
VVe too much Blood ſhed ſee, o're ſpaciocs Plains;
Too long that Tyrant, Deſolation, reigns.
But, if thy Valour, or deſire of Fame,
Or if the Royal Dower thy Soul inflame,
In ſingle Fight that from thy Foe obtain.
That *Turnus* may the Princeſs-Royal gain,
VVe °° inconſiderable Souls muſt lie,
Slaughter'd, unpitied, wanting Obſequie.
But if that thou ſo wondrous Valiant art,
Nor of thy Royal Anceſtors fall'ſt ſhort,
Behold who dares thee forth!
Chaſt at this Speech, as if his Heart had broke,
Fetching a Sigh, thus furious *Turnus* ſpoke;
Still thy pernicious Eloquence abounds,
When War calls, *Drances*, and the Trumpet ſounds;
Firſt thou appear'ſt of all the ſummon'd Lords:
But Parliaments muſt not be fed with Words,
Which thou haſt ſtore, whilſt Walls keep out the Foe,
E're Streams of Blood our Trenches overflow.
Then mayſt thou in ſwoln Language me at large
Of Cowardize, unworthy *Drances*, charge,
VVhen thy Right Hand *Auſonian* Fields ſhall dye,
And leave ſo mony ſlaughter'd Heaps as I.

Thy

Thy Reſolution, if th' haſt any, ſhew;
Nor needs remote inquiry for the Foe,
About our Walls their Regiments appear,
Ready to block us up: What ſtays thee here?
In huffing Speeches lies thy Valour ſtill,
And in the Art of Flying, all thy Skill?
Was I repuls'd, baſe Man? turn'd I my Face?
Dares any lay on me ſo high Diſgrace,
That ſaw how *Trojan* Blood ſwoln *Tyber* cloy'd,
And Root and Branch *Euander*'s Stock deſtroy'd;
When from the Field diſarm'd *Arcadians* ran?
Pandar and *Bitias* found me no ſuch Man,
When I, with Walls and Arms incircled round,
A thouſand Souls ſent to the *Stygian* Sound.
No Safety is in War! Prognoſticate
This to the *Trojan*, and thy own Eſtate;
Then with vain Terrors give us falſe Alarms,
Heightning twice-vanquiſh'd *Trojans* Force in Arms;
But ours, as inconſiderable ſlight.
The *Phrygians* now, the Conquering *Grecians* fright,
Achilles People quake, *Tydides* ſhuns,
Nor PP *Aufidus* in th' *Adriatick* runs;
Or elſe this Maſter-piece of Wickedneſs
Counterfeits Terror, when but Truth we preſs,
Us ſcandalizing by pretended Fear:
Nor ſhalt thou loſe that Soul of thine (forbear
To tremble thus) by this Hand; let it reſt,
And coldly ſtill inform that narrow Breaſt.
Now, Sir, to thee, and thy Commands, Great Prince;
If in our Arms thou hold'ſt no Confidence,

Seem

Seem we ſo much deſerted, ſo forlorn,
By one Defeat, nor Fortune will return:
Let us for Peace, our Arms laid down, intreat.
But oh, if any antient Valor yet
Remain'd, he ſeems the Nobleſt, and moſt bleſt,
Before all others, who did Life deteſt,
Rather than ſee ſuch things as theſe brought forth,
Quarter he ſcorn'd, and dying, qq bit the Earth.
Still we have Treaſure, Armies yet untry'd,
Which will by all *Auſonia* be ſupply'd:
Neither the *Trojans* blood-leſs Victory boaſt,
This Iron Tempeſt them as many coſt;
Why then at firſt ſo poorly loſe we Ground,
And tremble e're we hear the Trumpet ſound?
The various work of Time, and many Days,
Often Affairs from worſe to better raiſe;
rr Fortune reviewing thoſe ſhe tumbled down,
Sporting reſtores again unto the Crown.
Will the *Ætolians* ſend no Aid at all?
Meſſapus will, and rich *Tolumnius* ſhall,
And many Princes; nor leſs Glory boaſts
Thoſe march from *Latium*, and *Laurentine* Coaſts.
Camilla, of the Royal *Volſcian* Line,
Leads Squadrons, which in glorious Armor ſhine.
If me the *Trojan* to the Field demand,
And I alone the Common Good withſtand;
So far from us not Victory took her flight,
I ſhould refuſe for ſuch a Prize to fight.
I'le meet him, had he great *Achilles* Charms,
And, wrought above high Proof, *Vulcanian* Arms.

To thee, best King, "this Life I *Turnus* now,
Second to none of my Great Fathers, vow:
Doth me *Æneas* call? Oh may he still,
Rather than worthy *Drances*, by the will
Of the incensed Court of Gods, should die,
Or, rais'd by Prowess, proudly scale the Skie.
Whilst these hard Questions thus debated were
With differing Votes, the *Trojan* Prince drew near;
A speedy Messenger the Tidings brought,
Which Court and City with strange Terror fraught,
That all the *Trojans* march'd from *Tybers* Banks,
And the whole Fields were fill'd with *Tyrrhen* Ranks.
All are distracted; but the Vulgar rag'd,
Whom no small Provocations engag'd:
Arm, arm, they cry; the Youth are mad for Arms,
Old Men mourn silently, whilst loud Alarms,
With factious Tumults mix'd, ascend the Sky;
Like Sea-fowl, which through spacious Forests fly,
Or murm'ring Swans, that sound their fanning Wings
Near *Poe*'s delightful Streams, or ecchoing Springs.
On this occasion, Sirs, then *Turnus* says,
Call Councils; do, and Peace, thus sitting, praise,
Whilst they the Town invade. Nor more he spoke,
But straight the Hall and lofty Court forsook.
Volusus, "Draw forth now thy *Volscian* Force,
And dear *Messapus*, let thy *Rutile* Horse,
Joyn'd with thy Brothers, march to th' open Plain.
Let some make good the Gates, and Tow'rs maintain:
Those in my Conduct forth with me shall go.
Straight to the Walls the Towns whole Forces flow.

The

The King his Council and Deſign forſook,
And vext with Stirs, for better Times did look,
Blaming himſelf, that he did not declare
The *Trojan* Prince his Son, and make his Heir.
Some trench the Gates; theſe *Palliſado* round:
For War, loud Trumpets bloody Signals ſound.
Women and Children to the Walls are ſent:
All muſt aſſiſt in this great Exigent.
When, bearing Gifts, the ſad Queen, with a Train
Of Matrons, went to *Pallas* uu lofty Fane;
Next her, the Virgin, fair *Lavinia*, goes,
Thoſe Eyes dejected had procur'd ſuch Woes.
The Matrons enter, and the Quire perfume,
And with ſad Voyces from high Portals come.
Pallas, arm'd Virgin, Patroneſs of War,
O break thy ſelf the *Phrygian* Pyrats Spear;
Moſt warlike Maid, tumble him to the Ground,
And near our Gates give him his deadly Wound.
Whilſt *Turnus* for the Battel arms in haſte,
And, rough with Brazen Scales, ſtraight on he brac'd
Rutilian Arms, and Golden Cuiſhes ty'd,
His Head unarm'd, a Sword girds to his Side,
Shining in Gold; then quits the lofty Towers,
And in his hope the Enemy devours.
So when a Horſe flies out in broken Reins,
And Stables left, enjoys the open Plains;
Either through Meads he ſeeks a ſtud of Mares,
Or to accuſtom'd Waterings repairs;
Wanton, his Head erected, loud he neighs,
His Mane upon his Neck and Shoulder plays.

Camilla meets him with her *Volſcian* force,
And bravely in the Gates xx leaps from her Horſe:
Then all the Squadrons imitate the Maid,
And quit their Steeds. Bold *Turnus*, then ſhe ſaid,
If any confidence of the Valiant be,
To charge the Foe, I dare; and promiſe thee,
Alone the *Tyrrhen* Horſmen to defie;
Grant that I firſt may charge the Enemy;
Let your Force guard the Walls. Then *Turnus* ſaid,
Fixing his Eye upon the valiant Maid;
Bold Virgin, Glory of *Auſonia*,
Theſe great Obligements how ſhall I repay?
But now, ſince all the Danger of the War
Thy Soul contemns, with me the Honor ſhare.
Æneas (as Fame tells, and Scouts inform)
Sends through the Plains Light-horſe to give th'alarm,
Whilſt from the Rocks and Mountains he comes down
With the Main-Body, to aſſault the Town.
An Ambuſh in the Woods I have deſign'd,
And in the Paſs, the Hedges ſtrongly lin'd:
Meſſapus ſhall, and *Tyburt*, march with thee,
And to thy Care ſhall the whole Conduct be.
Meſſapus, and the other Leaders, ſo
Encouraged, ſtraight march againſt the Foe.
There is a winding Vale, for Feats of War,
And Ambuſh fit; the dark ſides ſhelter'd are
With a thick Wood, where leads a narrow Path,
Through a ſtrait Paſs, and dangerous Entrance hath.
Above the Valley, in the Mountains heights,
Lay unfrequented Plains, and ſafe Retreats;

If on the Right or Left thou wouldſt come on,
Or guard the Top, and huge Stones tumble down.
This place bold *Turnus* knowing well the way,
Poſſeſt, and in the Woods in Ambuſh lay.
Mean while *Diana* from ſuperior Seats
Swift yy *Opis* calls, one of her Virgin-mates,
And ſacred Train, and thus her Grief declares;
The Maid, *Camilla*, goes to cruel Wars,
And with our Arms ſhe girds her ſelf in vain;
More dear to us than any of our Train;
Nor new acquaintance takes me with her Love,
Which doth the mind with ſudden ſweetneſs move.
zz *Metabus* drove from's Realm by Force and Hate,
When he *Privernus* left, his antient Seat,
Scaping through fierce Alarms of cruel War,
With him the Infant did Companion bear,
And from her Mother's Name, the change but ſmall,
Caſmilla, did the Child, *Camilla*, call;
Her in his Lap, he ſeeks the higheſt Parts
Of deſart Woods, oppreſt with cruel Darts,
Which from each ſide came from the *Volſcian* Ranks.
Whom *Amaſenus* hindred, whoſe high Banks,
A ſmoking Shower had ſwell'd above the Brim;
He careful of his Charge, prepar'd to ſwim,
Delay'd with her dear Love, all means revolves,
And ſuddenly at laſt on this reſolves.
The Warrior then in his ſtrong Hand did bear,
Of ſolid Oke, a rough unpoliſh'd Spear;
His Daughter ſwadling up in Cork-tree Rinds,
Faſt to the middle of his Javelin binds;

Then poiſing it in his large Hand, thus pray'd:
Great Queen of Foreſts, bleſt *Latonian* Maid,
To thee, the Father doth this Servant vow,
Bearing thy Arms through Skies, a Suppliant now
To ſcape the Foe; Goddeſs, receive thy own,
Which to th' inconſtant Winds is left alone.
Thus having ſaid, with mighty ſtrength he flung
The ſounding Spear, the ſwelling Billows rung,
And poor *Camilla* the wing'd Javelin bore
O're the ſwift Stream, ſafe to the other Shore.
But *Metabus*, as th' Enemy drew near,
Swam o're the River, pulling with the Spear
Diana's tender Votreſs from the Shore.
Nor dwelt he in Wall'd Towns, or Cities more,
Diſpleas'd with Vulgar Rage, and Popular Strife,
But in high Mountains liv'd a Shepherds Life;
His Daughter in dark Caves and Groves he bred,
And there with Wild Mares Milk the Infant fed,
Draining betwixt her pretty Lips the Teat.
Soon as to Ground her tender Feet ſhe ſet,
He loads her Hands with a ſharp Spear, and ty'd
A Bow and Quiver to the Virgins ſide;
For Golden Hair, for a long Courtly Gown,
A Tygers Spoils hung flowing from her Crown.
From her ſoft Hand now Childiſh Darts ſhe flings,
And skilful, round her Head whirls ſmooth-thong'd Slings.
Kills a fair Swan, or a *Strymonian* Crane.
Her many *Tyrrhen* Matrons wiſh'd in vain

To

To wed their Sons; but to [2] *Diana* she
For ever vow'd unstain'd Virginity,
And the eternal Love of Arms did swear.
Would she were not engag'd in such a War,
Nor did 'gainst *Turnus* Hostile Acts maintain,
But fill'd the number of my Beauteous Train.
Yet now, since she draws nigh a cruel end,
Glide from high Heaven, and to *Ausonia* bend,
Where a sad Fight begins, with signs of Woe.
Take thou this vengeful Arrow, and this Bow:
Whoever with a Wound shall violate
Her sacred Person, give with this his Fate;
Let him be *Trojan*, or *Italian*, he
In Blood shall be accountable to me.
Her Corps unspoil'd, wrapt in a Cloud, I'le bear,
And with her Royal Ancestors interr.
This said, through Skies swift *Opis* thunder'd loud,
Born with a Whirlwind, in a duskie Cloud.
Mean while the *Trojans* to the Walls drew nigh,
Hetrurian Chiefs, and the whole Chivalry
In order were drawn up; through all the Plains
Proud Horses neigh, and strive with curbing Reins,
Here, there they turn; dreadful are th' Iron Fields
With Spears, the Champaign shines with glittering Shields.
Messapus, *Coras*, and his Brother brings
[3] Swift *Latins*, and the Maid [4] *Camillas* Wings
Appear against them, and far off the Bands
Shake their proud Javelins, raising high their Hands,

With threatning Points: th'advance of men at Amrs,
And neighing Steeds, make dreadful the Alarms.
And now march up in distance of their Lance,
They make a Stand, then with a Shout advance,
Spurring their Steeds; at once from all sides pow'r
Darts thick as Hail, [5] Heaven darkned with the show'r
And now *Tyrrhenus*, and *Aconteus*, first
Each other charg'd, and their huge Javelins burst
With a loud Crack; full Breast to Breast they met;
As Lightning bold *Aconteus* fell from's Seat,
Or Stone, which from some thundring Engine flyes,
And leaves his life behind him in the Skies.
The Bands are broke, and flying *Latins* cast
Their Shields behind them, and to th' City hast.
Trojans pursue, *Asylas* follows hot.
Now drawing nigh the Gates, the *Latins* shout,
And turn their ready Horse: then through the Plains
The *Trojans* fly, and slack their curbing Reins,
As when the Sea mov'd with [6] alternate Tides,
Hasts to the Shore; o're Rocks now proudly rides
A fomy Wave, the swelling Billow beats
'Gainst highest Banks, then swift again retreats;
Loose Stones with him in much disorder sweeps,
And Shores forsaking, sinks into the Deeps.
Twice *Tuscans* drive the *Rutils* from the Fields,
And twice they save their flying Backs with Shields:
But the third time they charg'd with all their might,
Break through & through, and [7] man to man they fight.
Then dying Groans, then in a Crimson Sea,
Helms, Shields, and Slaughter'd Men commixed be,

And

And over all were half-dead Horſes row'ld,
And a moſt cruel Fight thou might'ſt behold.
Orſilocus caſt at *Remulus* Horſe a Spear,
(who durſt not meet) and fix'd beneath his Ear;
The Horſe then rag'd, vex'd with the grievous wound,
And riſing, laid his Rider on the Ground.
Great-ſoul'd *Iola*, *Catillus* o'rethrew,
And huge in Arms and Size, [8] *Herminius* ſlew;
His Head and [9] Shoulders naked, Golden Hair
He wore for Arms, nor ſo did Danger fear:
Through his broad Shoulders the ſwift Javelin flew,
And in his Body did it ſelf imbrew.
The Fields wax red. Such Funerals they bequeath,
Seeking by Wounds an honorable Death.
But 'midſt theſe Slaughters th' *Amazon* delights,
Quiver'd *Camilla*, one Breſt ſear'd for Fights;
Now thick ſhe Javelins caſts, and now ſhe takes
In her ſtrong Hand a mighty Battel-axe.
Her Golden Bow, *Diana*'s Arms reſound,
Hanging behind; if flying, ſhe gave ground
At any time, as much ſhe gall'd the Foe,
With deadly Shafts from her reverſed Bow.
Larina, *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia*, were
Her choſen Guard, who brazen Axes bear,
Italian Maids; the bold *Camilla* theſe
Choſe to attend on her, in War or Peace.
So Arm'd, the *Thracyan Amazons* came on,
Warring about the Streams of [10] *Thermidon*;
Such guard [11] *Hyppolite*, or with Martial Pride,
About bold *Pentheſilea*'s Chariot ride:

Then

Then Female Shouts reſound through all the Fields,
And Virgin Troops triumph with Creſcent Shields.
Whom, firſt or laſt, didſt thou o'rethrow, bold Maid?
How many dead on th' Earth by thee were laid?
Eumenius, *Clytius* Off-ſpring, firſt ſhe ſlew,
And his bare Boſom with a Spear thruſt through;
Caſting a ſtream of Blood, the purple Ground,
Dying, he bites, and turns upon his Wound.
Then *Liris*, *Pagaſus* on his Horſe being ſlain,
As ſtooping down to recollect his Rein;
The other, whilſt he ſtretch'd his Hand to aid,
Tumbles with him, ſlain by the valiant Maid.
Amaſtrus next was by her Lance o'rethrown,
Tereas, *Harpalicus*, *Chromis*, *Demophoon*.
As many Javelins as the Virgin threw,
So many valiant *Phrygians* ſhe ſlew.
Ornitus in ſtrange Arms far off ſhe ſpy'd,
The Hunter rode on a [12] *Japygian* Steed;
O're his huge Shoulders a Bull-hide was caſt,
And gaping with huge Jaws upon his Creſt,
With ſilver Teeth, a Wolf's Head he did bear,
His Hand being arm'd with a [13] rough knotty Spear.
Amidſt the Battel he a Squadron led,
And wheeling, taller ſhews by all the Head;
Him (and 'twas eaſie whilſt he turn'd) ſhe laid
Dead on the Ground, and, like a Foe, thus ſaid:
Think'ſt thou wild Beaſts thou hunt'ſt? I ſhall inform
Thy Judgment better from a Womans Arm,
Nor to thy Father's Ghoſt leſs Honor bear,
Than to have ſuffer'd by *Camilla*'s Spear.

Next,

Next, at *Orſilochus* and *Butes* flies,
Two valiant *Trojans*, of a Giant ſize;
But daring *Butes* felt her deadly Point
Betwixt his Cask and Corſlet, where a Joynt
Of his bright Mail way to his Neck did yield,
His Left Arm hanging with a heavy Shield.
Mean while, *Orſilochus* ſhe with Flight did flout,
And wheeling in a mighty Ring about,
The [14] Follower purſu'd; then up ſhe heaves
Her ponderous Battel-ax, which falling, cleaves
His Cask and Scull, and whilſt he begs for Grace,
A gaping Wound with warm Brains waſh'd his Face.
At this ſtrange ſight much troubled and diſmaid,
[15] *Apennine Aunus* Warlike Off-ſpring ſtaid;
Who whilſt pleas'd Fate and Deſtiny gave leave,
Was not the worſt *Lygurian* to deceive;
He, when to ſhun the Fight no way was ſeen,
Not knowing how t'eſcape the following Queen,
Try'd what his Art could do, and thus began;
What Fame is't that a Woman charge a Man,
And worſt him, better mounted? Dar'ſt thou fight
With me [16] on Foot? If ſo, then quickly light,
And know to whom Vain-glory grants the Fame.
Straight the bold Maid, whom Anger did inflame,
Gives to the next her Horſe, and in the Field
Stands with a naked Sword and ſilver Shield.
But the Young Man, thinking his Plot had took,
Swift as the Winds, the Place and her forſook,
And turning, with looſe Reins his Courſer rides,
Digging his bloody Rowels in his Sides.

Fool,

Fool, though thy Breſt ſcarce can thy Pride contain,
Thou try'ſt thy cheating Country's Arts in vain;
Tricks ſhall not thee to thy falſe Father bear.
The Queen, theſe ſaid, on Foot cuts yielding Air,
His Horſe out-ſtripping; ſtraight his Reins ſhe ſeiz'd,
And with an Enemy's Blood her Rage appeas'd.
As eaſy from a Rock a [17] Falcon flyes
After a Pigeon ſoaring through the Skies,
Then truſſing up, whilſt ſhe in death complains,
Feathers commix'd with purple Drops it rains.
Whilſt the great Father both of Men and Gods,
Regardleſs view'd not from his high Aboads,
But *Tarchon* did in cruel Fight engage,
And inſtigated with no little Rage.
'Mongſt ſlaughters he, and ſlaughtering ſquadrons rides,
And by their Names his Soldiers chears, and chides.
What ſtaggers you, O *Tyrrhens*? always baſe?
O never ſenſible of your Diſgrace?
Whence comes this Terror? Shall a Woman beat
Our ſtraggling Troops, and our whole Force defeat?
Why Swords? why uſeleſs Spears? not half ſo ſlow,
To *Venus* and Nocturnal Fights, you go;
Or when for [18] *Bacchus* Sports [19] loud Trumpets ſound,
Or Boards with Banquets, and full Goblets Crown'd.
This is your Care, and when the Prieſt approves
Inwards, and Offerings calls to ſacred Groves.
This ſaid, he 'mongſt the thickeſt ſpurs his Horſe,
And from his Steed pulls *Venulus* by force,
And graſping deſperately the troubled Foe,
Laid him a-thwart upon his Saddle-bow.

At

At this, a thundring Shout to Heaven they raiſe,
And all the *Latin* Squadrons turning, gaze:
But furious *Tarchon* flies through all Alarms,
Bearing before him both a Man and Arms:
Then from his Javelin breaks the cruel point,
Seeking to give the cruel Blow, a Joynt:
But ſtruggling under, he, with armed Hands, (ſtands,
Preſerves his Throat, and ſtrength with ſtrength with-
So with a Serpent a ſwift Eagle flies,
Wreath'd in her Feet, and Tallons, through the Skies;
The wounded Snake winding, himſelf defends,
Briſling his Scales, a hiſſing Tongue extends;
She with her Beak and Pounces tears, and eats,
And the ſoft Air with ſpreading Pinions beats:
Triumphing ſo, bold *Tarchon* did convey,
From the *Tyburtine* Troops, the woful Prey;
Their Chief's Example, and Succeſs, inlarg'd
The *Tuſcan* Courage, that again they charg'd;
When ſubtil *Aruns*, one condemn'd by Fate,
Did with much cunning on *Camilla* wait,
And to diſpatch her, ſafeſt means he try'd.
Where e're the Virgin through the Troops did ride,
Thither by ſtealth a ſpeedy Courſe he makes,
And now attempts on this, now that way takes;
Here, there he pries, round ſearching every where,
Then cruel, ſhakes at her his deadly Spear.
Chloreus, *Cybele's* Prieſt, did now by chance,
Shining far off, in *Phrygian* Arms advance,
And rid a foming Steed, whom Skins infold,
Plume-wiſe commix'd, with brazen Scales, and Gold;

In

In [20] *Tyrian* Purple bravely he did ſhew,
And *Cretan* Shafts ſent from a *Lycian* Bow,
Which golden, hung at's Back; gilded his Creſt,
His ſwoln Train ruſtled, and his Scarlet Veſt,
With burniſh'd Gold drawn in a Knot, he ties,
Coſtly his Coat, rich Cuiſhes on his Thighs.
The Queen, that ſhe the Temple might adorn
With *Trojan* Arms, or would her ſelf have worn
The golden Spoil, this Man of all the Foes
She ſingles out, t' encounter him ſhe goes,
And careleſs, through whole Squadrons made her way,
Inflam'd with Female Love, and mind of Prey.
Taking th' occaſion, *Aruns* threw his Spear,
And to the Powers above thus made his Pray'r:
O *Phœbus*, thou the greateſt of the Gods,
Who ſway'ſt *Soracte*, t' whom we burn [21] whole Loads
Of blazing Pine, where, by Devotion led,
We paſs through Fire, and on hot Embers tread;
Almighty Father, grant, I with this Spear
May the large ſcore of our Diſhonor clear:
Nor I at Spoils, nor Virgins Trophies, aim,
Other Atchievements ſhall preſerve my Name;
But that I may this Murtherers confound,
So home return in ſafety unrenown'd.
Apollo heard, and partly grants his Pray'r,
The other part flies with the fleeting Air:
He yields by him *Camilla* ſhould be ſlain,
But not to ſee his Native Land again,
That, the ſwift Winds did carry from his Ear.
Then through the Clouds reſounds the flying Spear:

The

The Squadrons look about, and all begin
To caſt their Eyes upon the *Volſcian* Queen:
But ſhe the murm'ring Spear did not regard,
Nor ſoft Air rent with the ſwift Javelin heard,
Till in her naked Breaſt the Weapon ſtood,
And thirſty, drinks a Draught of Virgin-blood.
Trembling with fear, her Ladies all ruſh in,
To keep ſupported up the falling Queen.
But *Aruns* frighted, did not now forbear
Baſely to fly, his Joy commix'd with Fear;
Nor longer now would truſt unto his Lance,
Nor durſt againſt the Virgins Spear advance.
And as a Wolf, when he ſome Shepherd kills,
Or mighty Steer, flies to the lofty Hills,
Before that Hoſtile VVeapons him diſtreſs,
And conſcious of ſo bold a VVickedneſs,
Cowring, betwixt his Legs his Tail he caſts,
And ſtruck with Terror, to the Foreſt haſtes:
So from their Eyes affrighted *Aruns* bends,
Haſting his Flight, and mingles with his Friends.
To pull the Javelin out, ſhe, dying, try'd,
But faſt the Steel ſticks in her wounded ſide.
Pale, ſhe ſinks down, and cold Death ſeals her Eyes,
And from her Cheeks her Roſie Colour flies:
Breathing her laſt, to [22] *Acca* then ſhe ſpake,
One moſt ſhe lov'd, who always did partake
Her Cares and Counſels, the moſt truſty Maid
Attended her, and thus ſhe groaning ſaid:
Siſter, I once had ſtrength; but now I fall
By a ſad Wound, and Darkneſs covers all.

To

To *Turnus* haſt, and theſe my laſt words ſpeak,
That he fall on, and drive the *Trojans* back.
Farewel. Thus ſaying, no more her Reins ſhe guides,
But to the Earth, though moſt unwilling, ſlides,
Her Arms forſaking; Coldneſs by degrees,
Benumbs her locomotive Faculties;
In Death's Arreſt her Head and Body lies,
And to the Shades her Soul diſdaining flies. (gild;
Shouts ſtorm thoſe Sphears which Golden Planets
Afreſh the Fight begins, *Camilla* kill'd,
And a hot Charge with all the *Trojan* Force,
The *Tyrrhen* Captains, and th' *Arcadian* Horſe.
But *Opis* ſent by *Trivia*, undiſmay'd,
The Battel on a riſing Hill ſurvay'd:
Amongſt the raging Soldiers Shouts and Cryes,
As ſhe *Camilla*'s woful Fortune ſpies,
With a deep Groan her Grief expreſſing, ſaid;
Virgin too much, ah too much thou haſt paid,
Becauſe the *Trojans* boldly thou aſſail'd!
Diana's Service little thee avail'd,
Or to have born thy Quiver at thy Back:
Nor will thy Princeſs thee digrac'd forſake;
Nor ſhall the World hear this alone, nor ſhall
Fame ſay that thou didſt unrevenged fall;
Who e're that ſacred Corps depriv'd of Breath,
Shall without Mercy ſuffer preſent Death.
A ſtately Tomb, for King [14] *Dercennus* made,
Stood near a Summit, with an Oken ſhade;
Hither the beauteous Goddeſs ſwiftly flies,
And *Aruns* from the Sepulcher eſpies.

As with vain Fancy ſwelling him ſhe ſaw,
Why, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou ſhun us? Hither draw,
Come, and *Camilla*'s Legacy receive;
Diana's Shafts ſhall thee of Life bereave,
The [24] *Thracian* from her Golden Quiver drew
An Arrow, and enraged, bends her Bow;
And ſo much ſtrength to draw the Tree ſhe ſet,
Until the crooked ends together met;
To th' Iron Head her Left-hand ſhe did bring,
Her Right unto her Boſom brought the String.
Aruns at once did hear the Air reſound,
And in his Breaſt the Feather'd Weapon found.
He, now expiring, as he groaning ſends
His laſt Breath forth, neglected by his Friends,
In Duſt of Forein Lands forſaken lies:
And winged *Opis* mounts unto the Skies.
Camilla ſlain, in Flight her Squadrons led,
Rutilians next, then fierce *Atinas* fled;
Enſigns they quit, and ſafety ſeek at large,
Till their own [25] Cities Wall th' amazed charge;
Nor any could the *Trojans* Force withſtand,
By Arms or Strength, Death bearing in their Hand;
Their Bows un-bent, hung at their weary Backs,
And Iron-hoof'd Horſes ſhake the rotten Tracks.
Then black and troubled Clouds of Duſt appear,
Darkning the Sun, and to the Walls drew near;
Beating their Breaſts, the Matrons female Cries
Send from the Tow'rs, and Clamors ſcale the Skies.
Who firſt through open Gates did entrance make,
The Foe with them commixed, in did break:

Nor could the wretches woful death avoid,
But are at home juſt at their Doors deſtroy'd,
And under their own Battlements their Fates
Receive by Steel, when others ſhut the Gates,
And durſt not open to receive within
Their calling Friends, ſad ſlaughters now begin
Of thoſe the Paſs kept, and maintain'd the Fight.
Some ſhut out, in their weeping Parents ſight,
Into the Trench are tumbled headlong down;
Others with looſe Reins deſperately ride on,
And Tilt againſt the Gates and maſſie Bars.
The Matrons, in ſuch danger of the Wars,
Mov'd with *Camilla*, and their Country's Love,
Logs, Blocks and Stones do tumble from above,
And theſe in ſtead of better Weapons uſe;
To ſave their Country, [26] Death they not refuſe.
Turnus, mean while ſad News heard in the Groves,
And him with mighty ſorrow *Acca* moves;
Volſcians were ſcatter'd, and *Camilla* ſlain,
Favor'd by *Mars*, they did the Battel gain,
Who now purſue, and drove them to the Gates,
For ſo had *Jove* decreed, and cruel Fates.
He from the Hills then roſe, with Fury ſtruck,
And the rough Groves, and dangerous Paſs forſook.
Scarce out of ſight, into the Plains he drew,
When Prince *Æneas* marching he might view
Down to the open Champaign, and at laſt
The danger of the Hill and Forreſt paſt.
So to the Walls both ſwiftly marching go,
Nor much the diſtance betwixt Foe and Foe.

At

At once *Æneas* ſaw the ſmoking Fields
In Clouds of Duſt, and the *Laurentian* Shields,
And *Turnus* him, marching with all his Force,
And heard the Neighing of his panting Horſe.
Straight they had Battel joyn'd, and ſhed much Blood,
But that bright *Phœbus* in [27] th' *Iberian* Flood
Dipp'd his tir'd Steeds, Night vanquiſhing the Day.
Intrench'd before the Town both Armies lay.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Eleventh BOOK* OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS.*

[a] THe *Roman* Custom was, that the defil'd with a Funeral might not sacrifice: but if it chanc'd that any one at the same time were defil'd, and forc'd to sacrifice, he endeavor'd to compleat the Sacrifice before he acknowledg'd the Funeral. Whence *Horatius Pulvillus* in the dedication of the Capitol, when his Enemies told him his Son was dead, said, *Cadaver sit. La Cerda* dissenting from *Servius*, interprets the paying of his Vows, his sacrificing for, and celebrating of his Victory.

[b] *Nicolaus Syracusanus* (*apud Diodorum Siculum, l.* 13) says, that it was not usual with the Antients to erect Trophies of Stone, but of Wood, that so the Monuments of their Enmity might be the less durable and lasting; and these after Consecration to ruine or deface, was held a piece of Irreligion, (*Vitruv. l.*2.) wherefore

Cæsar

Cæſar after his *Pontick* Victory did not deface the Trophy that was ſet up by *Mithridates* for his Defeat of *Triarius* the *Roman* General, but rather obſcur'd it by erecting his own for the Conqueſt of *Pharnaces*. *Dion Caſſ. l.* 42. But of the ſeveral ſorts of Trophies, and when firſt taken up by the *Romans*, ſee *Aurelius in nov. Cogitat in Tacit. Annal. l.* 2. *p.* 208.

[c] This Cuſtom of hanging up the Spoyls of the Enemies in ſacred places, referring the Victory to ſome Deity, hath been deriv'd to Chriſtians, as if it were by the Law of Nations, from *Greece* and *Italy* concerning the word *Trophy*, ſee *Alex. ab Alex. l.* 1. *c.* 22.

[d] *Donatus* underſtands thoſe which *Æneas* had receiv'd in his Shield, *l.* 10. *v.* 887. and which, *Mezentius* yet carry'd. Or *Trunca*, becauſe they could neither ſlay the Enemy, nor preſerve their Maſter.

[e] Of my Victories. By *Primitiæ* (which we properly attribute to thoſe things which are taken from new Fruits, or from the Flock) *Virgil* would ſignifie ἀεθλία, which are Spoyls, and the firſt Fruits of Fruits; λάφυρα particularly being thoſe which are taken from the Living, σκυλεύματα from the Dead.

[f] The *Roman* Enſigns were ſtuck in the ground within their Camps; if they eaſily were pluck'd out it was a good Sign; if not, a bad Omen. So before the unfortunate Battel of *Craſſus* with the *Parthians*, the Enſigns could hardly be pluck'd out, as both *Appian* and *Plutarch* teſtifie; and therefore they never took them up without the due Augury, and Invocation of the Gods. So *Xerxes* in *Herodotus*, *l.* 7. intending his Ex-

pedition againſt *Greece*, uſes this expreſſion, *Let us march, having firſt pray'd to the Gods*; which anſwers to *Æneas* his words, *cum primum Superi annuerint*. Whence the Leaders of Armies in all their Enterprizes may learn, both to uſe mature Counſel, and to implore the divine Aſſiſtance; that by the one they may carry on their Deſigns prudently, by the other ſucceſsfully, as *Vernulæus, diſſerta. Polit. 2. dec. 2.*

g It was the Cuſtom after the Body was dead, to carry it out of the Chamber, and ſet it in the Entry near the Door. (See *Lipſ. Elect. l. 1. c. 16.*) where (according to the quality of the Perſons) there were ſome ſet to wait upon it, as among us at this day, the Herſes of Princes and Nobles are attended, and generally the dead Herſes are watch'd. The reaſon of this Ceremony to the Dead among the Ethnicks, *Apollonius* ſays, was (eſpecially in *Theſſaly*) leſt the Corps ſhould be abus'd by Magicians and Socerers, *Ubi Sagæ Mulieres ora mortuorum paſſim demorſicant, eaque ſunt illis artis Magicæ ſupplementa.* But though that were one, and the chief cauſe, yet that of this Ceremony here, is the honor and affection to the Dead.

h *Servius* ſaith, we owe all to the Gods whilſt we live, becauſe when we began to be born, we took ſpirit from the Sun, Body from the Moon, Blood from *Mars*, Wit from *Mercury*, Deſire from *Jove*, Luſts from *Venus*, Humor from *Saturn*, every of which we return to them when we dye.

i That is, on his Back, which was accounted ignominious, as receiv'd in flight, or turning from the enemy;

Of

Of which, *Ælian. l.* 12. *Var. Hiſtor. c.* 21. *The* Lacedemonian *Mothers* (ſays he) *when they hear of their Sons being ſlain in fight, uſe to go forth and view their Wounds, as well before as behind; if they find that the greater number of their Wounds are before, then with a ſtately pace, and grave Countenance, they carry them in honor to the Monuments of their Fathers; but if they perceive any Wounds elſewhere, blaſhing for ſhame, and blubber'd with Tears, they return home privately, leaving the Dead to the Rites of common Funeral, or elſe by ſtealth bear them to the Sepulchers of their Friends.*

[k] Garments were antiently accounted the Chief Treaſures, and the uſual Preſents of Subjects to their Princes, or great Perſonages to their Gueſts, were either Apparel or Metal. So *Naaman*, 2 *King.* 5. offer'd *Elizeus* (beſides Talents of Gold) Changes of Raiment: And *Alcinous*, and other *Phæacian* Princes, gave to *Ulyſſes* at his departure, each a Talent of Gold, and a rich Veſtment (*Homer*, *Odyſſ.* ϰ & ο.) and for Garments and Cloaths it was wont to be a great Treaſure in this Kingdom, until the vanity of changing Faſhions made it otherwiſe. So in Records and antient Wills among us, the bequeathing of Garments took up a great part. And accordingly the Offices about the Wardrobe were of eminence in the Kings Court, as is obſerv'd be the learned Dr. *Hammond*, *in Annot. on Mat. c.* 6.

[l] They cover'd the Body with one Garment, and ſometimes the Head with another. That which *Varro* calls *Veſtis in indutum*, ſerv'd for the Body, and that *in amictum*, for the Head.

[m] At the Funerals of Emperors the Names of the vanquiſh'd Enemies and Nations were carry'd before them under their Titles.

[n] Without Trappings; and as *La Cerda* conjectures, his Main ſhorn, as was uſual at Funerals. See *Eurip. in Alceſt.* Some think this Horſe was led thus to be burnt with the Corps; ſuitably to the Cuſtom of burning what was moſt dear to the Perſon. Others think he was led onely in pomp. He feigns him weeping like the Horſes of *Achilles*, *in Calabr. l.* 3. which *Suetonius* avers of *Cæſar*'s Horſes before his death; which *Turnebus* alſo obſerves, *l.* 3. *c.* 27. Of the ingenuity of Horſes, ſee *Lipſ. Centur.* 3. *ad Belg. Ep.* 56.

[o] *Meurſius* upon *Lycophron* obſerves, that they which died violently, had a Lance carry'd along with them.

[p] Holding the Edge, not the Point of the Spear towards the Earth. They turn'd their Shields alſo, leſt the Gods that were pictur'd upon them ſhould be defil'd with the ſight of Funerals; or becauſe all things were done perverſly, and by contraries. Others will have *verſis armis* ſignifie their Shields turn'd obliquely, leſt the Devices ſhould ſhine. Others ſay this was, that the Army might not make any vocal Complaint of their Commander, for fear of a Mutiny, but turning their Arms, carry'd their Shields ſupinely.

[q] For in mournful Ceremonies they might not be Crown'd. See *Æneid. l.* 7. *v*, 237. their Hands only being veil'd, not their Heads, (as ſome erroneouſly conceive) ſee *La Cerda* upon this place.

[r] The Poet, exactly obſervant of Military Diſcipline,

pline, to ſhew the compleatneſs of the *Trojans* Victory, makes Latinus ſend ſome to *Æneas* to treat about the burying of the Dead; the Laws of War adjudging the Victory to that ſide that keeps the Field, and hath in its power the Bodies of the ſlain.

[r] Of diſputing ones Right by Combat, Hiſtories afford ſeveral Teſtimonies; allow'd antiently among Chriſtians, where the end was either publick Good or Religion: Of this nature was that of *David* and *Goliah*, and of ſeveral Chriſtians with *Sarazens*, in the time of *Charlemain*, as recorded by *Sabellicus*; and that in *Polydor Virgil*, between *Edmund Ironſide*, and *Knute* the *Dane*. And this kind of diſpute was commonly taken up by private perſons with the allowance of the Prince in vindication of their Rights and Honors, till of late times forbidden; of which our own Chronicles afford ſufficient Examples.

[t] *P. Victorius*, *l.* 38. *c.* 1. leſt he ſhould leave *Virgil* without defence againſt thoſe who deny that any Cedar grows in *Italy*, takes it here for Juniper. See *L. Biſciola*, *Hor. Succiſiv. l.* 10. *c.* 13.

[u] Us'd firſt at Funerals in the Night, and afterwards when they celebrated them in the Day. Torches were properly born before thoſe that came to an immature Death; confirm'd by the Teſtimony of *Seneca*, *de Tranquill. l.* 1. *c.* 11. *Toties præter limen meum Immaturas Exequias fax Cereuſque præceſſit*; and therefore by our Author fitly apply'd to the Funerals of *Pallas*. They us'd likewiſe at Funerals, Wax-lights, & Candles. So *Perſ.*

Hinc Tubæ, Candelæ, &c.

x An expreſſion frequent with thoſe that are oppreſt or dejected with ſorrow, which yet is the Argument of a weak mind. Wherefore *Ariſtides* ſpeaking of *Themiſtocles* (who had a Mind greater than the greateſt of Misfortunes) ſays, *That he was never deſtitute of Counſel, never aſtoniſh'd, nor us'd to ſay that thoſe were happy who were dead.*

y Soldiers marching a full pace in Rank and File, were ſaid *Decurrere*; which Military decurſions were uſual in the Funerals of Famous Men: But they were firſt about the Left-ſide, then on the Right, to expiate the Contagion of the Funeral. *Statius, l. 6. Theb.*

——*Luſtrantque ex more ſiniſtro*
Orbe rogum, &c.

Of which Luſtrations, ſee *Turneb. l. 5. c. 8.*

* He alludes to the *Roman* Cuſtom, which was, to burn the Enemies Arms, and the Prey, to the Gods, which *Livy* ſaith, *l.* 45. was done *Lunæ Matri*, which *Turnebus* reads *Luæ*, a Goddeſs call'd ſo, *à luendo.*

x The Bones of the Dead, after their Bodies were burn'd, were by the *Roman* Laws immediately to be bury'd in ſome Place near hand, and not to be carry'd elſewhere, for avoiding the ſuperfluous repetition of Funeral Rites. Hence that of the twelve Tables, *HOMINI MORTUO NE OSSA LEGITO, QUO POST FUNUS FACIAT.*

aa *Diomedes* was of a City call'd *Argoſippion*, which *Homer* calls, ἄργος ἱππόβοτον. Horat. *Aptum dicet equis*

equis Argos. In *Apulia* he built another City, and call'd it by the ſame Name, which corruptly afterwards was call'd *Argiripa*, which again corruptly made *Arpos*. *Strabo, l. 6.*

bb *Arpos*, a City of *Apulia*, now call'd St. *Angelo*. See *Strabo, l. 6.* towards the end.

cc *Servius* thinks this Star is *Aries*, which is in the power of *Minerva*; then we muſt ſuppoſe he was ſhipwrackt in the Spring. *Solinus, c.* 17. thinks it was *Arcturus*. *Turneb. l.* 21. 10. is of opinion, that *Sidus Minervæ* is a Tempeſt rais'd by her; *Sidus* being taken in that ſenſe. She was angry for the force done to *Caſſandra* by *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*, in her Temple.

dd A Mountain in the *Eubœan* Iſland, about which the *Grecians* ſuffer'd Shipwrack. He calls it *vengeful*, becauſe *Nauplius*, the Father of *Palamedes*, revenging his Sons death, when he ſaw the *Grecians* laboring, got up that Mountain, and holding forth a Light, gave notice of a Port, whereby the *Grecians* deceiv'd, ſplit among the Rocks.

ee King of the *Cretenſes*, who being in a Tempeſt, vow'd at his return to ſacrifice what he firſt ſhould meet with; having met his Son, and ſacrific'd him, or (as others ſay) attempted it, he was by his Subjects for his cruelty depos'd.

ff A City of *Ætolia*. *Homer* calls it *Mountainous*, from the Country; part whereof was ſuch, attributed to *Pleuron*; part plain, to *Calydon*.

gg *Servius* ſaith, that the Poet hath alter'd the truth of the Story, which *Parrhaſius* denies, becauſe *Lycophron*

cophron affirms that *Diomedes* beheld the Calamity of his Friends. See the Metamorphoſis of them in *Ovid*, *l.* 14. Theſe Birds, in *Greek*, ἐρωδιοί, in *Latine*, *Ardea*, *Herneſ.*

hh *Mars* and *Venus*, *Iliad.* 5. Here he mentions onely *Venus*, that he may ſhew what he ſuffers by her hatred, againſt whoſe Son, notwithſtanding (*Æneas*) he is call'd out again to fight.

ii The Antients, before they ſpake any thing in Senate, or before the People, us'd to pray; of which, *Turneb. l.* 14. *c.* 13. *& l.* 27. *c.* 12. and *Servius* obſerves that they began no Speech without Invocation of the Deities, as are all the Orations of *Cato* and *Gracchus*; whence *Cicero* ſcoffingly, *Si quis ex vetere aliquis Oratione*, Jovem *ego Opt. Max.*

kk Where *Rome* ſtands now, the *Siculi* inhabited there before. For he deſcribes the Field between *Laurentum* and *Tyber*, of 700 Acres; which that *Æneas* receiv'd from the *Latines*, *Cato* is our Author.

ll As yet the *Roman* Emperors had no Diadems, as other Kings had: But *Virgil* here alludes to the Cuſtom of the *Romans*, who us'd to ſend thoſe honorary Gifts to their aſſociate Princes. See *Briſſon. Form. l.* 2. *p.* 234.

mm *Turneb. l.* 23. *c.* 14. is of opinion, that this of *Drances* is wonderfully ſuitable to *Cicero*, and doubts not but he was here meant by our Author.

nn Though the Iſſue is not ennobled by the Mother's ſide, yet the Nobility they have from their Father is made more ſplendid by ſuch an Acceſſion. And we ſee among Poets many commended for their Gentility by the

the Mother. So *Ulyſſes in Ovid*, and *Marcellus in Statius*, *l.* 4. *Syl. Stemmate materno felix, virtute paterna.* See *Tiraquell. de Nobilitate, c.* 19.

oo The Antients were moſt ſuperſtitiouſly careful of a decent Burial; and this proceeded from their opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, which (as far as the Body is capable of it) is deſirous that its Companion, and Inn, ſhould enjoy the like felicity as it ſelf. Hence come we to be affected in this Life with the ſenſe of what Injuries the Body may ſuffer after death. This made the *Ægyptians* ſo fearful of the loſs of Sepulture, and ſo cautious to provide for it; the want thereof, even to Inhumane Natures, ſeeming the greateſt Miſery that can befal Humanity: wherefore *Mezentius* who fear'd not death, is ſaid to fear this; and *Turnus*, who would not beg for Life, crav'd yet, that *Æneas* would permit him an honorable Sepulture. See *Salmuth in Panciroll.*

pp A River of *Apulia*, emptying it ſelf into the *Adriatick* Sea.

qq The wounded uſe to bite their Arms, or the Earth, leſt Groans ſhould teſtifie Grief, and betray their Honor. See *Lucan* of *Pompey*.

——*timuit ne quas offendere voces*
Vellet, & æternam fletu corrumpere famam.

The Scholiaſt of *Homer* thinks they do it in indignation. See *Scalig. l.* 3. 1. *Poet.* perhaps out of a deſire of retaining life: Hence the Proverb, *Mordicus tenere.*

rr In imitation of the *Greek* word, ἀλλοπροσαλ-

λᾶ,

λῳ., an Epithet of *Fortune* and *Mars*. So *Turnebus*, *l.* 14. 13.

ff He alludes to the Ceremony of devoting; of which, *Livy*, *l.* 8. about the beginning, where *P. Decius*, in behalf of the Army, devotes himself, *Diis manibus*. See the forms in *Brissonius*, *l.* 1.

tt Bid the *Manipuli*, *i. e.* the Ensign-bearers, be armed: These were for the most part, thirty in an old Legion.

uu *Homer*, in the sixth of his *Iliads*, after *Glaucus* and *Diomedes* had chang'd Arms, brings in *Hector*, who was to go against his Enemies, desiring his Mother, accompany'd with Matrons, to dedicate, for his Safety, unto *Minerva*, the fairest *Peplus* that she had among her choice Rarities. This our Poet intimates, making the Queen and *Latine* Matrons offer Presents to *Minerva* for Victory.

xx To the Honor of *Turnus*. For there were four things among the *Romans* which were expressions of Respect; to alight from the Horse, to go out of the way, to uncover the Head, and to arise.

yy *Opis* was one of *Diana*'s Company, though *Macrob. l.* 2. will have her to be *Diana* under that Name; so call'd ὡς ἀπὸ τοῦ ὀπίζεσθαι τοῖς τικτούσαις, *quod parturientibus opitulatur*, says the Scholiast of *Callimachus*, *in Hymn.* εἰς Ἄρτεμ. but *Apollodorus*, *l.* 1. *Biblioth.* tells us, that she was one of her Nymphs, whom *Orion* attempted to have ravish'd, and was for that slain by *Diana*.

zz *Virgil* inserts in his Poem many antient *Italian* Names, that so he might still preserve their perishing Memory.

Memory. Upon this ground he makes *Metabus* the Father of *Camilla*, who is ſaid to have been the Founder of *Metapontus*, which (as *Stephanus* teſtifies) was likewiſe call'd *Metabus*. See *Turneb. l.* 22. *c.* 3.

[1] Whence ſhe was call'd *Camilla*, though he ſaid before, that ſhe was nam'd ſo by her Mother. But that Poetically. For all the Miniſters of ſacred things were call'd *Camilli*, and *Camillæ*. Even *Mercury* himſelf, becauſe he is Miniſter of the Gods. By the *Hetruſci* is ſtyl'd *Camillus*.

[2] *Diana* being yet very young, obtain'd of her Father *Jupiter*, that ſhe might (παρθενίην ἀιώνιον φυλάσσειν, *Callim. Hymn.* 3.) *keep her Virginity for ever*; and withal, that ſome other young Maids (ἐινάπται & ἀμάτροι, *but Nine years old, not yet capable of the Zone, which Virgins wore before Marriage*) might keep her company; which is the Original of this Order.

[3] In reference to the *Roman Militia*, for *Romulus*'s Horſemen were call'd *Celeres*.

[4] *Ala* was proper to the Horſe, as *Cornua* to the Foot. They were call'd *Alæ*, becauſe they cover'd the Foot as Wings.

[5] He alludes to a ſaying of a *Laconian*, nam'd *Dieneces*, who, when the Enemy ſaid, the Sun would not be ſeen for the multitude of Arrows, anſwer'd, Then we will fight in the ſhade.

[6] Referring perhaps to *Euripus*. Upon this deſcription of a Storm, *Scal. l.* 5. *c.* 3. *Hæc divina eſſe, & æſtus marini tam exactam deſcriptionem ita farcire oculos, ut in hiſce verſibus plus videatur illius motus, quam ipſo in mari.*

[7] The

7 The Antients (saith *Turneb. l.* 25. 7.) when they were to fight, gave sometimes the liberty to every man of chusing his Fellow to fight by his side. This was done by the *Hetrusci*, *Liv. l.* 9. and the *Samnites*, *l.* 10.

8 One of the Companions of *Cocles* (according to *Servius*) who withstood the Forces of *Porsenna* upon the *Sublician* Bridge. Others refer to *Herminius*, Captain of the *Saxons*, or *Cherusci*, who at the River *Luppia* slew *Quintilius Varus*, and three *Roman* Legions.

9 So the old *Germans* fought, and the *Gauls* too, as *Polybius* informs us.

10 A River of *Pontus*, which *Xenophon* (*in Expedit.* Cyri *Majoris*) describes to be 60 Paces broad; *Plutar. in Theseo*, affirms, that it was call'd *Hæmon*; and *Regius* in *Ovid. Met.* 2. writes, that by *Metrodorus* it was call'd *Araxis*, at this day *Pormon.*

11 Queen of the *Amazons*, from whom *Hercules* took a Belt. Her Daughter *Antiopa* was ravish'd by *Theseus*; whence *Hyppolitus.*

12 *Apulia* was so call'd. *Agell. l.* 2. 22.

13 *Sparus* is properly a Rustick Weapon, crooked in manner of a Shepherds Crook.

14 *Pimpontius* thinks to allude unto τῷ κύκλῳ φορᾶν, namely, in the vicissitude of the Elements in generation and circular motion, *Aristotle* often affirms, that the parts of a Circle, and the Elements, are first and last, in respect to no other parts and Elements.

15 Because the greater part of *Liguria* is seated upon the *Apennines*. The *Ligurians* are all deceitful, saith *Cato*, *l.* 2. *Orig.*

16 *In*

[16] *In æquis locis equos Deos*, the *Romans* promis'd to themſelves againſt *Arminius* and his *Germans*, *Tacit. l. Annal.* 1. the difference of Valour or Strength not being diſcernable from the diſadvantage of Place;

——*Majorque manus ſperatur in Æquo.*
Stat. Theb. 6.

[17] *Sacer ales. Servius* thinks the Poet reſpected the *Greek* word ἱέραξ, which they derive from τὸ ἱερὰ ἁρπάζειν; or elſe his Conſecration to *Mars*, as the Eagles to *Jupiter*; or *ſacer*, as execrable to Birds.

[18] He means τῷ σαννίδι, a Dance proper to *Bacchus*; of which *Euripides*, *in Cyclope*, and *Lucian*, περὶ ὀρχήσεως.

[19] Πλαγίαυλος, *vaſca tibia*: but *Scaliger* affirms that the πλαγίαυλος differ'd not in ſhape from the αὐλὸς, or plain Pipe, ſave onely that it was ſounded obliquely from the ſide, not from the end.

[20] *Peregrina ferrugine clarus.* Æſchyl. Agam.

Ἔστιν δ' ὅλασσα (τὶς δέ νιν καλᾷ σθένει)
Τρέφουσα πολλῆς πορφύρας εἰς ἄργυρον,
Κηκίδα παγκαίνιστον, εἱμάτων βαφάς.

Κηκίδα παγκαίνιστον, *fuliginem recentiſſimam*; for Purple hath a blackiſh Gloſs. *Pliny*, *cap.* 98. *lib.* 8. ſpeaking of the Native Purple of *Tarentine* Wool, *Tarentum habet Oves ſuæ puliginis. Theodor. Marcil.* reads *ferruginis*, which agrees with our Author here: But perhaps

Pliny's word was *fuliginis*, in the ſenſe of *Æſchylus*, πυκνὸς Θ. Where we may further obſerve *obiter*, that what *Pliny* affirms to be Natural, *Horace* ſpeaks of as done by Art. *Epod.* 2. 1.

Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

[21] Of the ſame Rite, *Silius*, *lib.* 5.

———Patrio cui Ritus in arvo
Cum pius arcitenens accenſis gaudet acervis,
Exta ter innocuos late portare per ignes.
Sic in Apollinea ſemper veſtigia pruna
Inviolata geras, victorque vaporis [i. e. ſacer ſemper, & inviolatus ſacerdos maneas] *ad aras,*
Dona ſerenato [i. e. placato] *referas ſolemnia Phœbo, &c.*

Pineus ardor is by ſome interpreted ſimply Fire, as *Sophocles* (obſerv'd by *Heinſius*) πευκάεις ἥφαιστος Θ. *Antigon.* *Pliny* likewiſe mentions, *lib.* 7. *cap.* 2. the Family of the *Hirpii*, who yearly at a Sacrifice on the Mountain *Soracte* walk'd through a great burning Pile of Wood. And becauſe *Hirpus*, in the Language of the *Samnes*, ſignifies *A Wolf*, *Virgil* is conceiv'd to compare *Aruns* to a Wolf: But *Varro* ſaith, that thoſe Prieſts of the *Hirpii* us'd to anoint their Feet with a Preſervative againſt Fire.

[22] *Virgil* adviſedly makes *Acca* Companion of *Camilla*; for *Acca Laurentia* was conſecrated by *Roman* Super-

Superſtition; and we read *Acca*'s Name in other Poets, as *Suevius* (of whom *Macrob. l. 2. c. 14. Saturn.*) in this Verſe;

Admiſce in Acca baſilicis hac nunc partim, Partim Perſica. Turneb. l. 2. c. 1.

[23] Some write him *Dercennius*, ſome *Dorcennius*, others *Stercenius*; ſuppos'd to be a King of the *Aborigines*. But we have not any Light to clear the Obſcurity of the Hiſtory.

[24] Why *Opis* is here call'd a *Thracian*, may be collected from *Servius* (though the ſame be in many places faulty) who writes, That there were ſeveral Nymphs who came from the *Hyperboreans* to *Latona*, for the educating of *Diana*, amongſt whom (haply) *Opis* was one. *Si quis melius conjectet, ex Servio, audiam*, ſaith *La Cerda*.

[25] *La Cerda* thinks our Author here alludes to a piece of *Roman* Hiſtory, when the *Volſcians* defeated by *Coriolanus*, and running to *Corioli*, were by the *Romans* purſu'd, and cut in pieces at the City Gates. See *Plutarch. in Coriolan.*

[26] Of this Affection of the Women of *Laurentum*, *Scalig. l. 3. 19.* and *Æneid. l. 9.*

[27] Alluding to the Fable of the *Spaniards*, who affirm'd that the Sun us'd to ſet in their Sea with a very great Hiſſing, as a hot Iron drench'd in the Water; of which *Delrius*, *in Senec. Tragæd.* who cites for his Authority *Cleomedes*, *lib. 2.* and *Poſſidonius in Strabo*, *lib. 1.*

to which likewiſe alludes *Auſonius Epiſt. ad Paulinum.*

Stridebatque freto Titan inſignis Ibero.

This Opinion ariſing from the double ignorance of the Ancients; the firſt conceiving the Sun to be a Maſs of Iron red hot; the other apprehending the Sun to be every day quench'd in the Weſtern Sea, and the next day to be kindled again in the Eaſtern Ocean: Of which ſee *Lucretius, lib.* 5. *ibidemque Lambinum.*





VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The Twelfth Book.

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus *reſolv'd by Fight to end the Wars,*
Straight challengeth Æneas: *He prepares*
To meet. The Time and Place appointed, both,
To obſerve Articles, take a Solemn Oath.
Juturna *ſent th' Agreement to diſturb.*
Nor could the Trojan *Prince his Army curb.*
Æneas *hurt:* Turnus *encourag'd, then*
Enters the Fight, and ſlaughters many Men.
Venus *her Off-ſpring cures. Inrag'd, he goes*
To ſeek bold Turnus *amongſt thickeſt Foes:*
But miſſing him, attempts the Town to gain.
Amata's *woful Death, and* Turnus *ſlain.*

WHen *Turnus* ſaw the valiant *Latins* tir'd
With bad Succeſs, his Promiſe now requir'd,

Himself now look'd upon, he rages more,
And Courage takes. As on the *Lybian* Shore
A wounded Lion, by the Hunters chac'd,
Bold, makes a stand, and [a] chargeth them at last;
Roaring aloud, his curled Main he shakes,
And with a bloody Mouth the Javelin breaks:
Such Rage as this inflames bold *Turnus* Breast,
Who to the King his trouble thus expreſt.
There shall be no delay in *Turnus* Sword:
Will the perfidious *Trojans* keep their Word,
And stand to their Engagement, I will fight;
Perform, Great King, for Leagues the sacred Rite.
Either this *Asian* Fugitive by me
Shall perish, (Let the *Latins* [b] sit and see)
And I this Common Mischief shall destroy,
Or he, victorious over me, enjoy
The fair *Lavinia* for his Royal Bride.
To whom the King, undiscompos'd, reply'd:
Most Noble Prince, so much as the account
Of thy great Virtues others do surmount,
So much it me behoveth to beware,
And weigh all Chances with especial care.
Paternal Realms, and Cities, thou dost hold,
Purchas'd by Valour; [c] I have Love and Gold.
In *Latium* other Virgins may be found,
Both for their Beauty and high Birth renown'd.
Freely to speak, though harshly, grant me leave,
That better thou thy self mayst undeceive;
That no *Italian* Prince my Daughter should
Enjoy, both Men and Oracles foretold.

Vanquish'd

Vanquiſh'd with thy Affection, and thy Kin,
And the Perſuaſions of my woful Queen,
All Bonds I broke, the promis'd Bride detain'd,
And was to take up impious Arms conſtrain'd;
Since when, thou ſeeſt what Fortunes follow me,
And in theſe Wars what thy own Sufferings be;
Worſted in two great Fights, this Town, the Prop,
And now of *Italy* the onely Hope,
We hardly keep; with Blood yet *Tyber* boyls,
And [d] Bones make white the Fields in mighty Piles.
How is Our Mind with various Counſels toſt?
What Weakneſs changeth it? Were *Turnus* loſt,
I ſhould make Peace: Why rather then all Strife
Remove not I, and yet preſerve thy Life?
What will thy own *Rutilians* think? what may
The other Princes of *Auſonia* ſay?
If (Heaven forbid it) I ſhould ruine thee,
Seeking our Daughter, and Affinity?
View [e] Wars Events, and thy old Father ſpare,
Who now at home for thee lies plung'd in care.
But no Perſuaſions *Turnus* Wrath aſſwag'd,
Such Med'cines made him worſe and more enrag'd.
Soon as his Paſſion granted, he reply'd;
Thy Care for me, for my ſake lay aſide;
O let me ſuffer Death to purchaſe Fame.
And we our brandiſh'd Spear not idly aim;
Nor this Hand weakly doth a Javelin ſhake;
And Blood will iſſue from the Wound we make:
Then ſhall his abſent Goddeſs Mother fail
In Miſts to hide him, and a Womans Veil.

But the Queen weeping, with Wars Chance diſmay'd,
O'rewhelm'd with Grief, thus did her Son diſſuade;
Dear *Turnus*, by theſe Tears, if any love
Of ſad *Amata* thy kind Boſom move,
(Thou my ſole Comfort, and my Ages Prop,
Who art our Glory, and our Kingdoms Hope,
On whom our falling Houſe doth onely reſt)
O combat not the *Dardan*, I requeſt;
Whatever Chance attends thee in that Fight,
I muſt bear part, and ſhall this hated Light
Forſake at once; nor, Captive, will I ſee
That Fugitive my Son-in-law to be.
Lavinia mark'd her Mothers [f] Words and Tears,
Whilſt Bluſhes warm'd her cheeks, whoſe dye appears
Like new-born Flame, and o're clear Beauty flows;
So *Indian* Ivory, ſtain'd with Crimſon, ſhews,
Or Lilies amongſt *Provence*-Roſes plac'd,
So ſweet a Colour the bright Virgin grac'd:
When mov'd with Love, *Turnus* beheld the Maid,
And more incens'd, thus to *Amata* ſaid;
Not me, dear Mother, proſecute with Tears,
Nor with ſuch *Omens* daunt, who now prepares
For Strife of cruel *Mars*; [g] The fatal Hour
Of Death to ſtay, is not in *Turnus* Power.
Idmon our Herald, go, this Meſſage bear,
Not pleaſing to the *Phrygian* Princes Ear.
Soon as the bluſhing Chariot of the Morn
With Roſes ſhall Days Infant-brows adorn,
Let him not draw his *Trojans* to the Field,
Let both the Armies to Ceſſation yield;

With

With our own Blood this War we ſhall decide;
There let him ſtrive to gain the Royal Bride.
This ſaid, he went to ſee his Horſe; their plight,
And fiery Metal him did much delight,
Which [h] *Orithya* gave [i] *Pilumnus*, who exceed
The Snow in Whiteneſs, and the Wind in ſpeed.
The Grooms attend; they clap their Necks, and rein
Their well-born Heads, and kemb the flowing Main.
Next, on he try'd a Suit of Armor, which
Was bright with Gold, with [k] *Orichalcus* rich;
Then puts his Sword on, and his Target brac'd,
And fits his Creſt, with bloody Feathers grac'd.
Vulcan the Sword for Royal *Daunus* made,
And hot, in *Stygian* Waters cool'd the Blade.
Then to a ſtately Hall he did advance,
Where 'gainſt a Pillar ſtood a mighty Lance,
Auruncian Actor's Spoil, which down he took,
And ſtrongly brandiſhing the Spear, thus ſpoke:
O never-failing, when I made my Pray'r,
The time draws nigh; thou once wert *Actor*'s Spear,
And now art mine: O grant I may o'rethrow
Th' effeminate [l] *Phrygian*, and this Hand the Foe
Deſpoil of Arms, with Duſt his Treſſes ſoil,
Curl'd with hot Irons, and moiſt with Myrrh and Oyl.
Thus mov'd with Rage, through all his Face did riſe
Sparkles of Flame, Fire ſhines in his bright Eyes.
As when a Bull roars dreadfully for Fight,
And doth his Fury with his Horns excite,
Charging a Tree, out-braves the Wind with Blows,
And Sand, *præludium* to the Combat ſtrows.

So

So bold *Æneas*, earneſt to engage,
Truſting Maternal Arms, whets his own Rage,
Glad thus to finiſh War; and ſhews his Friends
And Son, to comfort them, what Fate intends.
Then he commands ſome to the King ſhould bear
Th' accepted Challenge, and ſhould Peace declare.
Soon as the riſing Dawn the Mountains Height
Had ſprinkled with the Seeds of new-born Light;
When *Phœbus* Steeds roſe from the Eaſtern Sea,
And from their puffing Noſtrils blew the Day,
The *Trojans* and *Rutilians* Liſts prepare,
Which near the Walls of the great City were;
Hearths in the midſt, and to their [m] Common Gods
Altars they rear, and crown with [n] graſſie Sods;
Some cloath'd in [o] Linen, Water bring, and Fire,
And dreſs their Temples with a Vervain Tire.
Auſonian Squadrons, and the [p] Piled Troop,
March from the Town, and *Trojans* all drew up,
And *Tyrrhen* Squadrons haſte with various Arms,
Standing embattell'd, ready for Alarms.
Before the valiant Regiments, the bold
Leaders in Scarlet ſhine, adorn'd with Gold:
Mneſtheus and ſtout *Aſylas* there took place,
And *Meſſapus*, well mounted, *Neptune*'s Race.
The Signal heard, all clear th' appointed Fields,
On Earth they fix their Spears, and reſt their Shields.
Feeble Old Men, and fearful Women, haſte
With the unarmed Vulgar, where, well plac'd,
The Fight they might behold; on Tow'rs ſome get,
On Houſes tops, or elſe on Bulwarks ſit.

When

When *Juno* from high [q] *Alban* (then no Name
The Mountain had, nor Glory got by Fame)
Did the whole Army of the *Latins* view,
The *Trojans*, and the Royal City too;
When thus Heav'ns Queen to *Turnus* Siſter ſaid,
A Goddeſs whom the murmuring [r] Floods obey'd;
This Honor *Jove*, the Ruler of the Sky,
Conferr'd on her, for loſt Virginity.
Nymph, Glory of the Floods, thou know'ſt thou art
More dear to me, more near unto my Heart,
Than any *Latin* Dame by Great *Jove* led
Me to ſupplant from his ungrateful Bed,
And willingly in Heav'n thy Place I ſign'd;
Leſt me thou blam'ſt, thy ſad Condition find.
Whilſt Fortune pleas'd, and Fate to *Latium* gave
Succeſs, I *Turnus* and thy Walls did ſave;
Now cruel Fates attend the Youth, and I
Behold this Day and woful Chance draw nigh;
Nor I this Peace, nor [s] Combatants will view:
If ought thou dar'ſt, now for a Brother do;
Perhaps ſome better Fortune may ariſe.
Scarce ſaid, when Tears pour from *Juturna*'s Eyes,
Beating her ſnowie Breaſt. Then *Juno* ſaid,
This is no time to weep, thy Brother aid,
And ſave, if now thou canſt; raiſe War again,
And break the Peace, I'le the bold Act maintain.
Adviſing thus, ſhe left her much diſtreſt,
And deep the wounding Sorrow pierc'd her Breaſt.
Mean while both Kings draw forth in ſolemn State;
Latinus in a gallant Chariot ſate,

Twelve

Twelve [t] Golden Rays impal'd his ſhining Brows,
Which Glory him bright *Phœbus* Off-ſpring ſhews;
Drawn with white Horſes, *Turnus* next appears,
Brandiſhing ſtrongly two broad-pointed Spears:
Æneas ſhone, whoſe Race *Romes* Tow'rs muſt build,
In Heavenly Arms, and a Cœleſtial Shield;
And next *Aſcanius* from the Camp march'd up,
Of *Romes* Imperial Walls the ſecond Hope.
The Prieſt in white did [u] Fleecy Sheep deſign,
And the fat Off-ſpring of the briſtled Swine,
And Cattel to the flaming Altars brought:
They to the [x] Riſing Sun, their Hands well fraught
With [y] ſalt Corn, turn their Eyes; Beaſts for Divine
Uſes they take, and on their [z] Foreheads ſign,
And with full Bowls and Offerings th' Altars lade:
Then with a drawn Sword Prince *Æneas* ſaid;
O Sun, and thou this Earth, O hear my Pray'rs,
For which I have endur'd ſo many Cares;
Almighty *Jove*, and thou Great *Juno*, which,
That now thou mayſt more favour, I beſeech;
And thou Renowned *Mars*, whoſe powerful Star
Rules various Chances in deſtroying War;
Springs, Floods, I call, and Powers in th' Air reſide,
And Gods which mounted on blue Billows glide;
If *Turnus* Fortune ſhall the Vict'ry get,
We ſhall return to King *Euander*'s Seat;
Nor my *Aſcanius*, nor the *Trojan* Bands
Bear Arms againſt you, nor invade theſe Lands.
But if my Valour to me Conqueſt give,
(Which may the Gods confirm, and I believe!)

I'le

: inforce th' *Italians* to obey
rojans, nor aſpire theſe Kingdoms ſway;
conquer'd Nations their conſent ſhall give,
:qual Laws in laſting Peace to live.
, Rites, I'le add; *Latinus* ſtill ſhall ſway,
the Crown keep the *Militia*.
ojans ſhall for me a City frame,
ir *Lavinia* give the Cities Name.
ſaid, then thus *Latinus* prays,
)king up, to Heaven his Hands did raiſe.
ıe ſame [bb] Earth, and Sea, and Stars, I vow,
ſun, and Moon, and [dd] *Janus* double Brow,
the Adamantine Gates of Hell,
ınal Manſions, where ſad Spirits dwell:
ove, hear this, and Peace with [ee] Thunder ſeal,
and Fires, I to your Powers appeal;
ne nor Chance this Cov'nant ſhall diſſolve,
I be enforc'd from my Reſolve.
ll the Earth be with a Deluge drown'd,
ven ſhall ſink into the *Stygian* Sound;
his [gg] Scepter (one in's Hand he bore)
ſhall ſprout with verdant Branches more,
from its Mother Earth no Sap receives,
Ax long ſince bequeathing Boughs and Leaves;
once a [hh] Plant, now Gold and Art adorn,
ıs by Princes of the *Latins* born.
s they confirm the Leagues in open view
the Chiefs, and ſacred Cattel ſlew:
rom the Beaſts alive hot Entrails pull,
ad the Altars with huge Charger: full.

But

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I'le not inforce th' *Italians* to obey
The *Trojans*, nor aſpire theſe Kingdoms ſway;
Th' unconquer'd Nations their conſent ſhall give,
With equal Laws in laſting Peace to live.
[aa] Gods, Rites, I'le add; *Latinus* ſtill ſhall ſway,
And let the Crown keep the *Militia*.
The *Trojans* ſhall for me a City frame,
And fair *Lavinia* give the Cities Name.
Æneas ſaid, then thus *Latinus* prays,
And looking up, to Heaven his Hands did raiſe.
By the ſame [bb] Earth, and Sea, and Stars, I vow,
The [cc] Sun, and Moon, and [dd] *Janus* double Brow,
And by the Adamantine Gates of Hell,
And diſmal Manſions, where ſad Spirits dwell:
Great *Jove*, hear this, and Peace with [ee] Thunder ſeal,
[ff] Altars and Fires, I to your Powers appeal;
Nor Time nor Chance this Cov'nant ſhall diſſolve,
Nor will I be enforc'd from my Reſolve.
Firſt ſhall the Earth be with a Deluge drown'd,
Or Heaven ſhall ſink into the *Stygian* Sound;
Juſt as this [gg] Scepter (one in's Hand he bore)
Never ſhall ſprout with verdant Branches more,
Which from its Mother Earth no Sap receives,
To th' Ax long ſince bequeathing Boughs and Leaves;
Which once a [hh] Plant, now Gold and Art adorn,
And thus by Princes of the *Latins* born.
Thus they confirm the Leagues in open view
Of all the Chiefs, and ſacred Cattel ſlew:
Then from the Beaſts alive hot Entrails pull,
And load the Altars with huge Chargers full.

But

But now no equal Match they did appear,
New Thoughts *Rutilian* Souls ſurprize with fear,
And more, when him they not ſo chearful ſaw,
With heavy pace towards the Altar draw,
And caſt-down looks, who whilſt Heav'ns aid he ſeeks,
Had loſt the Manly Colour in his Cheeks.
This Obſervation as *Juturna* view'd
To ſpread, and ſeize the giddy Multitude,
Camerta's Form ſhe takes, whoſe Grandſire won,
And Father's Valour, Honor for the Son,
And he himſelf moſt valiant; in ſhe goes,
And with much cunning various Rumors ſows.
Rutilians, bluſh you not at what you do?
Will you expoſe one Man for all of you?
Doth not our Strength and Number like appear?
Th' *Arcadians* and the *Trojans* all are here,
And fierce *Hetrurians*, which 'gainſt *Turnus* rage;
W' are two for one at leaſt, ſhould we engage.
He to the Gods ſhall go, with Honour crown'd,
A willing Offering, through the World renown'd;
We to proud Lords, our Country loſt, muſt yield,
Who now ſit idly ſporting in the Field.
Theſe Words the Soldiers Boſoms more inflame,
And ſpreading murmur through the Army came;
Latins, *Laurentians*, who did late ſuppoſe
An end of War, and reſt from former Woes,
Freſh thoughts excite to Arms; Peace now they hate,
Extremely pitying *Turnus* woful ſtate.
A more prevailing Plot ſhe did deviſe,
She ſent an Omen from the lofty Skies,

Then

Then which could nothing more their Souls enrage,
Or ſooner make th' *Italians* to engage.
For *Jove*'s Bird flying through Heav'ns Cryſtal Arch,
Charg'd a whole Troop of Sea-fowl in their march;
Then ſtooping down, from ſwelling Billows bears
A Silver Swan, truſs'd up in griping Sears.
Th' *Italians* Courage take: for the whole Flight
With loud Cries face the Foe, (A wondrous Sight!)
Wings hide the Skies, their Plumed Ranks enlarg'd,
The Enemy in a full Body charg'd;
O'repower'd, his Prey he drops into the [kk] Flood,
And routed, ſhelters in a gloomy Cloud.
The Omen the *Rutilians* ſalute;
And Arms prepar'd with a prodigious Shout;
And firſt the *Augur*, bold *Tolumnius*, ſaid,
For this with Vows ſo often I have pray'd:
You Gods, I take your Sign; me, me afford
The Conduct, and decide it with the Sword:
You whom this Stranger did with War invade,
Like harmleſs Fowl, and waſte our Country laid,
Shall with ſet Sail enforce to leave our Banks;
Unanimouſly cloſe up your Files and Ranks,
And by engaging, ſave your King engag'd:
Then at the Foe his [ll] Spear he caſt, enrag'd;
The well-aim'd Javelin ſounding cuts the Skies:
At once huge Shouts, at once the Squadrons riſe;
Deſire of Tumult now inflames their Blood.
But the ſent Spear, where nine bold Brethren ſtood,
Which to *Arcadian Gylippus* came
By his firſt Lady, a chaſt *Tyrrhen* Dame;

One

One of thoſe Youths, where his rich Belt did ſit
Cloſe to his Side, juſt where the Button knit,
As in bright Arms the comely Perſon ſtands,
Tranſpierc'd his Ribs, and ſtretch'd him on the Sands.
But the fierce Brethren, ſtirr'd with cruel Rage,
VVith Swords and Javelins deſperately engage,
There entertain'd by a *Laurentian* Band;
Trojans and *Agyllinians* them withſtand,
And the *Arcadians*, bold in painted Arms;
One Soul both Sides to fight it out informs:
Altars are ſpoil'd, a Javelin-Tempeſt pours,
And the whole Sky grows dark with Iron Show'rs:
Some get their Chariots, or ſwift Horſes mount,
And with drawn Swords march boldly to the Front.
Meſſapus, hot to break the Peace, beat down
Auleſtes, honor'd with a Royal Crown;
One of the Altars, which did ſtand behind,
He with his Head and Shoulders firſt did find:
When fierce *Meſſapus* following with his Spear,
Him, Quarter craving, [mm] ſlew, and ſaid, [nn] Lie there,
To the great Gods a better Sacrifice:
Th' *Italians* ſpoil his Body as he dies.
Chorineus from the Altar ſnatch'd a Brand,
And bold *Ebuſus*, raiſing up his Hand,
Daſh'd on the Face, and ſet his Beard on fire,
Which burning ſmelt; he, as he did retire,
VVith his Left Hand purſuing of his Blow,
Did ſeize the Hair of his amazed Foe,
And wreſtling with him, brought him to the Ground,
Then with his ſtiff Sword gave the deadly VVound.

Podalirius,

Podalirius, Shepherd *Alſus* charging through
Arm'd Squadrons bravely, fiercely did purſue
With his good Sword, and him he overtakes;
But his Deaths-wound bequeath'd him with an Ax,
And clove him to the Chin; a Crimſon Flood
Dims his bright Arms, and dews in ſprinkled Blood;
A hard and Iron Sleep cloſeth his Sight,
And ſeal'd his Eyes up in eternal Night.
But Prince *Æneas* naked Hands extends,
His oo Head yet bare, and calls aloud his Friends;
Where ruſh you thus? What ſudden Rage is this?
Oh ſtay your Wrath! the Peace concluded is,
All are agreed; 'tis I muſt end this War:
Let me then fight, and lay aſide your fear;
This Hand a laſting League ſhall make, and find
Turnus the Sacrifice of Peace deſign'd.
Whilſt theſe he ſaid, behold, with mighty ſound,
A winged Arrow gave the King a Wound;
By what Hand ſhot, or Whirlwind ſent, pp unknown,
What God, or Chance, did *Rutils* ſo renown.
The Glory of the famous Deed was loſt,
Nor any of *Æneas* Wound could boaſt.
But *Turnus*, when he ſaw *Æneas* turn,
His Captains troubled, ſtraight with Hope did burn,
Calls for his Steeds, then Arms, and from the Plains
Leaps in his Chariot, and ſtraight takes his Reins,
And many valiant Soldiers overthrows,
And o're them, dying, with his Horſes goes;
Or with his Chariot-wheels whole Squadrons tears,
And at them, flying, caſts their taken Spears.

So near cold qq *Hebrus* bloody *Mars* proceeds,
VVhilſt his Shield rattles, to his fiery Steeds
Giving the Reins, than VVinds they fly more fleet,
And furtheſt *Thrace* groans with their thundring Feet:
VVith him pale Fear, and cruel Anger rode,
And Treachery accompanies the God.
Fierce *Turnus* ſo his Horſe drives through the Plain,
Smoaking with Sweat, inſulting o're the Slain;
From their ſwift Heels a ſanguine Dew he ſpreads,
And Sand, with Streams of Blood commixed, treads.
And now he *Sthenelus*, *Thamyris*, *Polus*, ſlew;
Theſe, Hand to Hand, him afar off o'rethrew:
Glaucus and *Lades*, both in *Lycia* born,
VVhom *Imbraſus* their Father did adorn
VVith Arms of equal proof, either to fight,
Or mounted, to outſtrip the VVinds in flight.
In th' other Wing *Eumedes* fierce came on,
VVith new Supplies, old *Dolon*'s warlike Son;
His Grandſire's Name, and Father's Strength he had,
Who in times paſt, when he a Spy was made,
To view the *Grecian* Camp, bold, for his Hire
rr *Achilles* Horſe and Chariot did require.
For this, *Tydides* gave him other Pay,
Nor bore he e're *Pelides* Steeds away.
As *Turnus* him through open Champain ſpy'd,
Through yielding Air he made his Javelin glide;
Then from his Chariot lights, his Steeds did check,
And leaping on him, trod upon his Neck,
VVreſts his Sword from him, and the ſhining Blade
Diſcolouring in his Throat, thus fiercely ſaid:

Trojan,

Trojan, behold that Land thou ſtriv'ſt to gain,
And ſtretch'd out thus, [rr] meaſure th' *Heſperian* Plain.
To thoſe dare fight with us, we always yield
Rewards like theſe, and thus they Cities build.
Next *Butes* with his Spear he overthrew,
Bold *Cloris*, *Sybaris*, and *Dares* ſlew,
Therſilochus, *Thymætes* next did ſpeed,
As he was tumbling from his warlike Steed.
As when [tt] *Edonian Boreas*, from the Hills
Thundring aloud, [uu] *Ægæan* Billows ſwells,
Mountains to Shore before loud Tempeſts fly,
And muſter'd * Clouds are routed through the Sky:
So *Turnus* fares; which way ſoe're he goes,
Squadrons retreat, and Flight preſerves his Foes;
Rage drives him on; the Air, ſuch ſpeed he makes,
His waving Plumes againſt his Chariot ſhakes.
But *Phegeus* not his furious Charge diſmay'd,
He ſtopp'd his Chariot, and ſwift Horſes ſtaid,
Seizing their foamie Reins; but whilſt he hung,
Drawn by their Mains, *Turnus* his Javelin flung,
Which pierc'd quite through his quilted Mail, & found
Paſſage to taſte his Body with a Wound:
But with his Shield againſt the Foe he made,
And of his truſty Sword imploring Aid;
When hurried with the Wheel, and flying Ax,
At laſt he tumbled down, whom *Turnus* takes
Betwixt his Helm, and Gorge, cuts off his Head,
Leaving upon the Sand his Body dead.
Whilſt ſuch dire Slaughter conquering *Turnus* made,
Mneſtheus, *Achates*, and his Son, convey'd

Æneas bleeding to the Camp; a Lance
Eas'd his alternate Step, as they advance.
To draw the broken Arrow he eſſays,
Struggling with pain, and trys the eaſieſt ways:
They lanch the Wound, and where it lay conceal'd,
Cut deep, that they again might take the Field.
xx *Iapis*, *Phœbus* Minion, now was there,
To whom the God did ſuch Affection bear,
That his own Gifts on him he did beſtow,
His propheſying Spirit, Harp, and Bow.
That he might long defer the Fatal Hour
Of his old Father, he the Uſe and Power
Of Simples learnt, and to himſelf imparts,
By ſtudy, knowledge of yy deſpiſed Arts.
Æneas chafing, lean'd upon a Spear,
With ſad *Iulus*, and great Concourſe there;
Nor is he mov'd nor troubled at their Tears.
Then old *Iapis* many things prepares,
His Veſt girt back in the *Pæonian* guiſe,
And *Phœbus* powerful Herbs in vain applies;
Vainly he labors to draw forth the Steel,
Tries with his Probe, and doth with Pincers feel;
No way will hit, no Aid *Apollo* yields,
And Horror more and more rag'd in the Fields:
Duſt clouds all Heaven, the Horſe draw near the Wall,
Dangerous it grows, Shafts 'midſt the Camp do fall,
The Cries of valiant Soldiers ſcale the Sky,
And thoſe that in the bloody Battel die.
Here *Venus*, troubled at her Son's deep Wound,
Brought zz Dittany, in *Cretan Ida* found;

The

The Stalk hath ſprouting Leafs, and on the Crown
A purple Flow'r, not to [1] Wild Goats unknown,
When winged Arrows in their Backs are fix'd;
Veil'd with a Cloud, this beauteous *Venus* mix'd
With pureſt Water, in a Bowl, and ſtrews
The healing Moiſture of [2] *Ambroſian* Dews,
And with it ſweeteſt [3] *Panax* did compound,
With wch th'old Man, not knowing, bath'd the Wound:
Then from his Body ſtraight all Anguiſh fled,
And now the Wound no more, though mighty, bled;
The Steel now, uncompell'd, follows the Hand,
And Strength returns unto its old command.
Bring Arms; Why ſtay you? firſt *Iapis* cries,
Inflaming Courage 'gainſt the Enemies;
This is no work of Man, nor did this Art
My Maſter *Phœbus* unto me impart;
Nor have I drawn the Steel, which deep did lurk,
A greater God ſends thee to greater Work.
Then for the Fight *Æneas* earneſt, ties
His Golden Cuiſhes to his Manly Thighs,
Hating delays, brandiſh'd his Spear; this done,
Buckles his Shield, and claps his Corſlet on,
And then his Son embracing, thus array'd,
He through his Bever, ſweetly [4] kiſſing, ſaid:
[5] Valour, true Honor, learn (my Boy) from me,
Fortune from others; this Right Hand ſhall be
In War thy Shield, and ſhall with Realms endow;
To riper Years attain'd, remember thou
Thy Friends Example; let thy Father's Fame,
And [6] Uncle *Hector*, to brave Acts inflame.

Thus having ſaid, bravely the Field he takes,
And in his Hand a mighty Javelin ſhakes.
Anteus and *Mneſtheus* Bodies now unite,
All leave the Camp, and haſten to the Fight:
Then darkning Clouds of Duſt obſcure the Field,
And beating Feet make ſhaken Earth to yield.
Turnus beheld them, as the Troops did draw
Forth from the Works, and the *Auſonians* ſaw;
Straight through their Bodies ruſhs cold trembling fear:
But before all, his Siſter firſt did hear;
She knows the horrid ſound, and frighted, fled.
He his black Squadron o're the Champain led.
As when a mighty Storm flies to the Shore,
Through the deep Sea, ſuſpected long before
By skilful Swains, who fear it will annoy
Their Plants, their ſtanding Corn, and all deſtroy,
Winds fly before, and bring the ſound to Land:
So charg'd *Æneas* with his *Trojan* Band.
And cloſe together they in Bodies drew.
Tymbræus ſtout *Oſiris* overthrew,
Mneſtheus, *Archetius*, and *Achates* ſped
Bold *Epulon*, *Gyas* left *Ufens* dead;
Tolumnius, the Augurer, he ſlew,
VVho 'gainſt the *Trojans* firſt his Javelin threw.
Clamor ſcales Heaven, now *Rutilians* yield,
And fly with duſty Shoulders from the Field.
Æneas ſcorns to fight with any here,
Who charge on Foot, or Horſe, or caſt a Spear;
He *Turnus* ſeeks alone through duſty Miſts,
And onely him demands unto the Liſts.

Juturna

Juturna, that *Virago*, ſtruck with fear,
Tumbles *Metiſcus*, *Turnus* Charioteer,
Out of his Seat, and ſnatch'd from him the Rein,
And leaves forſaken, faln upon the Plain;
Acting his Part, ſhe guides the foaming Bits,
In Voice, Arms, Shape, like to *Metiſcus* ſits.
As a [8] black Swallow flies through ſpacious Courts
Of ſome rich Lord, and in vaſt Halls reſorts,
Food ſeeking for her Young, Porches ſhe rounds,
And now about the Cryſtal Fountains ſounds:
Thus mounted, through the Foe *Juturna* makes,
And all her thundring Chariot overtakes;
Now here ſhe ſhews her Brother, and now there,
Nor lets him fight, but far from thence doth bear.
No leſs *Æneas*, this way, that way goes,
And *Turnus* calls aloud through ſcatter'd Foes;
Oft as he ſaw him, ſpurs his Horſes ſides;
As oft *Juturna* thence her Chariot guides:
What ſhall ſhe do? in vain thoughts, thoughts controul,
And various Cares diſtract her troubled Soul.
Æneas, as he many Plots prepares,
At him *Meſſapus* (for he had two Spears)
Caſt one of them, and ſent with mighty force;
Æneas guards himſelf, and ſtops his Courſe,
[9] Bending his Knee; through's Creſt the Javelin comes,
And from his Cask quite ſweeps away his Plumes.
Then for the Treachery his Rage grew hot;
When he perceiv'd his flying Chariot,
Jove, and the Altars, he to witneſs calls,
Of broken Leagues, then on the ſlaughter falls;

No difference makes, with all he doth engage,
And gives full Reins to his late curbed Rage.
What God can tell thoſe Slaughters? who in Verſe
The Funerals of the Captains can reherſe,
Which fell by *Turnus* on th' *Auſonian* Plain?
Or count theſe Numbers by *Æneas* ſlain?
Could *Jove* be pleas'd to ſee ſuch Wars as theſe,
'Twixt Nations that muſt joyn in laſting Peace?
Æneas, *Sucro* ſlew, (this Fight firſt ſtayd
The flying *Trojans*) nor he long delay'd;
Through's Breaſt. where Fate did eaſieſt way afford,
'Mongſt his ſhort Ribs, he ſheaths his naked Sword.
Turnus, *Amycus*, faln from's Courſer, met
On foot, on's Brother next *Diores* ſet;
To this advancing, Death he did afford
With his long Spear; that, ſlaughters with his Sword:
Their Heads cut off, he to his Chariot bore,
And hung them up, bloody with purple Gore.
He *Talo*, *Tanais*, and *Cethegus*, ſlew,
Three at one Charge, and ſtern *Onytes* too,
Of th' [10] *Echion* Name, whom Dame *Poridia* bore,
Brothers from *Lycia* ſent, and [11] *Phœbus* Shore;
And young *Menœtes*, who in vain deny'd
To go to Wars: near Fiſhy *Lerna*'s ſide
He had his [12] Craft, and Houſe, Wealth was unknown,
Whoſe Father [13] till'd a Country not his own.
As Fires are kindled in contrary ways,
Amongſt dry Woods, and Sprigs of crackling Bays;
Or when with rapid Courſe, from Mountains ſteep,
Sound ſoamie Streams, and hurry to the Deep,

And

And both alike made Devaſtations large:
So ſtout *Æneas*, and bold *Turnus* charge;
Their Rage now boyls, and Breaſts unconquer'd bleed;
With their whole ſtrength to ſlaughter they proceed.
[14] *Muranus* here (boaſting the ancient Name
Of Grandſires who from *Latin* Princes came)
He with a Stone o'rethrew, and on the Plains
Meaſur'd his Length; whom ſlain, and loſt his Reins,
The Wheels ran o're; thick Blows ſwift Heels afford,
From Horſes, now unmindful of their Lord.
Turnus meets *Ilus* mainly raging now,
And caſts his Javelin at his Golden Brow;
Quite through the Helm it fixed in his Brain.
Nor could thy Valour thee Protection gain,
Bold *Grecian Creteus*, from fierce *Turnus* Odds;
Nor from *Æneas* Charge, could his own Gods
[15] *Cupentus* ſave; his Breaſt to th' Sword muſt yield,
Nor to the Wretch avail'd his Brazen Shield.
Thee *Æolus*, *Laurentian* Fields ſaw dead,
And the large Champain thy broad Shoulders ſpread,
Whom not the *Argive* Squadrons could deſtroy,
Nor ſtern *Achilles*, who ſubverted *Troy*;
Here Death thou metſt, from high [16] *Lyrneſſus* come,
Yet low *Laurentum* did thy Bones entomb.
Latins and *Trojans* now are all engag'd;
Mneſtheus, *Sereſtus*, and *Meſſapus*, rag'd.
Well mounted, on bravely *Aſylas* brings
Up *Tuſcan* Bands, and the *Arcadian* Wings;
They Battel joyn, and ſtrive with all their might,
No Reſerve left, there was a cruel Fight.

Æneas

Æneas beauteous Mother from the Pole
Here with new Light illuminates his Soul;
Straight to the [17] City he ſhould march, that ſo
The ſudden Slaughter might diſtract the Foe.
As *Turnus* through the Army he purſu'd,
Round ſtill ſurveying, he the City view'd,
Safe from all Trouble, with calm Quiet bleſt,
A ſhape of greater Acts inflames his Breaſt.
Who plac'd on [18] Riſing Ground, *Sergeſtus*, ſtout
Mneſtheus, *Sereſtus* calls, where round about
The *Trojans* flock, nor reſting Shields nor Spears,
Thus from the Summit he himſelf declares:
Obey, ſince *Jove* commands; nor yet deſpiſe,
More for the ſuddenneſs, the Enterprize;
That curſed City, cauſe of all this War,
Unleſs they ſtraight confeſs they Subjects are,
And due Obedience yield, I will deſtroy,
And Tow'rs that courted Heaven, Earth ſhall enjoy.
Muſt I ſtay here till *Turnus* pleaſe to fight?
And worſted, once more do a Soldier right?
This, of theſe Wars, this is the Spring and Source.
Seek Peace with Flames, & Leagues with Fire inforce.
This ſaid, they chearfully in order fall,
And in a Body draw up to the VVall;
Wild-fire they throw, and [19] Scaling-ladders ſet,
Some charge the Gates, killing the firſt they met;
Others their Tow'rs with ſhow'rs of Shafts aſſail,
And Heavens clear Front with Clouds of Arrows veil.
Æneas, 'mongſt the foremoſt, nigh the Walls,
Latinus blames, and Heaven to witneſs calls,

Neceſſity

Neceſſity enforc'd him take up Arms;
Twice they broke Peace, and firſt ſtirr'd up Alarms.
Factions amongſt th' amazed Rout begin;
Open the Gates, ſome cry, and let them in,
And to the Walls with King *Latinus* bend;
Others reſolve their Bulwarks to defend.
As when a Swain finds in a vaulted Rock
A Swarm of Bees, filling the Cave with Smoke,
They fly diſturb'd about their Waxen ſeat,
And with a general Noiſe their Anger whet;
Smoke ſcales their Roofs, within ſad Murmurs riſe,
And pitchy Fumes advance unto the Skies.
When a dire Chance their Judgments did confound,
And the whole City in deep ſorrow drown'd.
As the Queen ſaw that near the *Trojans* came,
And lofty Turrets blaz'd with darted Flame,
No *Turnus* nigh, the Bulwarks to maintain,
Straight ſhe ſuppos'd the Prince in Battel ſlain;
Swooning with ſorrow, I'm the cauſe, ſhe cries,
I, I the ſpring of all theſe Miſeries.
Thus raving, ſhe her bitter Grief expreſt,
And high deſpairing, rends her [20] Royal Veſt,
[21] Knots on a Beam knitting for Death accurſt.
Soon as the Ladies heard her ſuffering, firſt,
Her Daughter, fair *Lavinia*, ſhrieking, tare
Her Roſie Cheeks, and rends her Golden Hair;
Then through the Palace Sorrow poſting round,
The lofty Roofs with loud Complaints reſound.
Thence the ſad News through all the City went;
Their Courage fails, the King his [22] Garments rent

At

At his Wives Fate, and ruin'd Town, ſtruck dead,
Throwing foul Duſt upon his Silver Head,
Himſelf condemning, that he did refuſe,
And for his Son not Prince *Æneas* chuſe.
Mean while, bold *Turnus*, with erected Reins,
Follows ſome Straglers to far diſtant Plains,
And weary, by degrees now ſlower rides,
And leſs, and leſſer, in ſwift Horſes prides.
To whom, through yielding air, ſtrange terrors brought,
With doleful Cries, and mixed Clamor, fraught
His liſtning Ear, and the confuſed Noiſe
Of a ſad Cities lamentable Voyce.
Ah me! What direful Chance diſturbs our Walls!
From every part increaſing Clamor calls.
To whom, his Siſter, to his Charioteer
Metiſcus chang'd, and did his Chariot guide,
Reining his Horſes, thus to him reply'd:
Let us, O *Turnus*, here the *Trojans* charge,
Where Vict'ry opens firſt a Paſſage large;
Enow there be that will defend the Walls:
Æneas thundring on *Italians* falls;
Let us for Slaughter flying *Trojans* chaſe,
Nor thou in Strength nor Valour ſhalt give place.
Then *Turnus* ſaid——
Siſter, long ſince I knew thee, when by Charms
Thou brok'ſt the Peace, and took'ſt thy ſelf up Arms:
Now thy Deſign is vain: Who from the Sky
Sent thee to ſuffer ſo much Miſery?
Cam'ſt thou to ſee thy Brother's cruel Death?
What Safety elſe can Fortune now bequeath?

These Eyes beheld gallant *Murranus* fall
By a deep Wound, who dying, me did [23] call;
(A dearer Friend I hav not left alive.)
Unhappy *Ufens*, rather than survive
To see our Shame, dy'd bravely on the Spot;
Whose Arms and Corps the cruel *Trojans* got.
Here till they take the City shall I stand?
Nor *Drances* Speech confute with this Right Hand?
What? shall I turn my Back? and may that be?
And shall this Earth a flying *Turnus* see?
Is Death so bad a thing? You Powers below,
Oh send me aid, since Heaven declares my Foe!
To you this Soul, spotless unto my end,
Worthy our Predecessors, shall descend.
Scarce said, when *Sages*, on a foamie Steed,
Behold, came riding through the Foe with speed,
An Arrow in his Face; great haste he made,
And thus to *Turnus*, help imploring, said:
Pity thy Friends; our last Hopes lie in thee;
[24] Thundring in Arms thou mayst *Æneas* see,
Threatning Destruction to th' *Italian* Towers,
Whose Roofs now Firebrands storm with blazing showers:
Thee we expect; the King doubts to declare
For Peace or War, or which to make his Heir.
Besides, the Queen, thy faithful Friend, is dead
By her own Hand, and Light abhorring, fled:
The Gates are onely by *Messapus* Mann'd,
And stout *Atinas*; round thick Squadrons stand;
A Iron Crop glitters with Swords and Shields,
Whilst thou driv'st here in these forsaken Fields.

Turnus,

Turnus, amaz'd with various Objects, ſtood
Silent, and bluſhing ſhame inflames his Blood;
Madneſs with Grief, ſweet Love with bitter Rage,
And loſs of prizeleſs Honor mix'd, engage.
Soon as his cloudy Thoughts themſelves unſhade,
With burning Eyes the City he ſurvey'd,
And the great Town did from his Seat behold;
When he might ſee, amongſt the Bulwarks, roll'd,
And the dry Timber, up a mighty Flame
With Smoke towards Heaven, to a Tower it came,
Wrought with huge Beams, wch he himſelf had made,
And with [25] ſtrong Bridges lofty Arches laid.
Fate calls now, Siſter, there is no delay,
What God and hard Chance wills, we muſt obey;
I'le meet *Æneas*, Death's worſt Form I'le face,
Nor longer ſhalt thou ſee my great Diſgrace;
Grant e're the Fight I may to Fury yield,
Then from his Chariot leaps into the Field,
Through Arms, through Foes, from his ſad Siſter flies,
Breaking a way quite through the Enemies.
As a huge Rock, waſh'd from a Mountains crown
With Rain, or by rough Tempeſts tumbled down,
Or loos'd by aged Time's decaying force,
Rolls in a not-to-be-reſiſted courſe,
Bounding from Earth with violence it goes,
And Trees, and Men, and Cattel overthrows:
So *Turnus* to the City Walls breaks through
The broken Bands, where Slaughter did embrew
The ſpacious Plain, where Javelins cloud the Skies,
And his Hand [26] waving, thus aloud he cries:

Hold,

Hold, you *Rutilians*; valiant *Latins*, ſtay;
To me belongs the Fortune of this Day;
My Sword ſhall purchaſe Peace. They all deſiſt,
And Ranks retiring, make an ample Liſt.
But Prince *Æneas* hearing *Turnus* call,
Forſakes high Towers, and leaves the lofty Wall,
Breaks off Delays, quits all Deſigns, and ſhews
Himſelf in Arms that thunder as he goes.
Like lofty [27] *Athos*, or tall [28] *Eryx* crown'd
With Okes, whoſe Tempeſt-ſhaken Boughs reſound;
So ancient *Appeninus* Soldiers riſe,
Cloath'd in a ſnowie Mantle, to the Skies.
Rutilians, *Trojans*, and th' *Italians*, all
Who did maintain, and thoſe who ſtorm'd the Wall,
Fix'd there their Eyes, and from the Fight withdraw.
Latinus was amazed, when he ſaw
Such mighty Men, born in for diſtant Land,
Reſolv'd to try it out now Hand to Hand.
They, when the Liſt was clear, ſwiftly advance,
And at juſt diſtance each exchang'd his Lance,
And ruſhing on, their Brazen Shields reſound;
Earth trampled, groans, with traverſing their Ground.
Then with their Swords they furiouſly lay on,
Fortune and Valour are conjoyn'd in one.
So when from [29] *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we
Two Bulls engag'd in bloody Battel ſee:
Their frighted Owners fly; ſilent with fear
The Cattel ſtand, the Heifers doubtful are
Who ſhall Command, whom muſt the Herd obey:
They gore each other in the dreadful Fray,

Till

Till ſtreams of Blood their necks & ſhoulders drown'd,
And ecchoing Woods the Bellowers Cries reſound:
So charg'd *Æneas*, and the *Daunian* King,
So vaulted Skies with claſhing Targets ring.
Jove holds the Ballances with [30] equal Beam,
And puts their ſeveral Fates in each of them;
To whom his Valour ſhould grant fair Succeſs,
And which the weight of heavy Death oppreſs.
Here *Turnus* did his Arm and Sword advance,
Then makes a Blow, expecting no Miſchance;
At which the *Trojans* ſhout, the *Latins* fear,
Both Parties big with expectation were:
But the perfidious Sword breaks with the Blow,
And leaves him to the Mercy of his Foe.
No way but Flight; ſwifter than Wind he flies,
When a [31] ſtrange Hit, and diſarm'd Hand, he ſpies.
They ſay, when he did mount, his Horſes joyn'd
For the firſt Fight, his own being left behind,
His Charioteer *Metiſcus* Sword he takes,
And that ſerv'd long, whilſt *Trojans* turn'd their Backs;
But after it encounter'd Arms were made
By *Vulcan*'s greateſt Art, the Mortal Blade,
Like brittle Ice, in ſtriking, leaves his Hand,
The Pieces ſhining on the yellow Sand.
Therefore amaz'd, he flies through th' open Plain,
Turns here, now there, wheels, counter-wheels again.
Each ſide the *Trojans* with a Guard ſurround,
There, him a Fen, here, in tall Bulwarks bound.
Nor ſlow'r *Æneas* did purſue, though he
Sometimes complained on his Wounded Knee,

And

And at the Heels ſo ſwiftly follows him.
And as a Deer, inclos'd within ſome Stream,
Or when a feather'd Terror him ſurrounds,
The Huntſmen near, with a full Cry of Hounds;
A thouſand ways he tries to make eſcapes,
Amaz'd with Nets and Banks. Fierce *Umber* gapes,
And like one ſeizing, now his Teeth doth grind;
But for a Morſel, mock'd with empty Wind.
Then Clamors riſe, the Banks and Lakes reply,
And Heavens great Arches thunder with the Cry.
At once he flies, at once *Rutilians* blames,
Calls for his Sword, and calls them by their Names.
Æneas threatens Death to any one
Dares venture in, and to deſtroy the Town.
Five times they run the ample Circle round,
As many times re-meaſuring back the Ground;
For no mean Prize they ſtrove, or ſporting ſtrife,
But they for Blood contend, and *Turnus* Life.
Sacred to *Faunus*, here an [33] Olive ſtood,
On which thoſe ſcap'd the danger of the Flood,
To the *Laurentian* God perform their Vows,
And promis'd [34] Garments hung on holy Boughs.
That a fair Champain might for Champions be,
The [35] heedleſs *Trojans* cut the ſacred Tree.
Here ſtuck *Æneas* Spear, ſo ſtrongly caſt,
And in the knotty Stump ſtood fixed faſt.
The *Dardan* pulls, that he with this the Foe
Might overtake, himſelf now being too ſlow.
Then frighted *Turnus* prays, O *Faunus* hear,
And pity, and dear Earth detain the Spear;

If always I your [36] Honors did maintain,
Which *Trojans* now with bloody War prophane.
Nor he the God vainly implor'd for Aid;
For whilſt *Æneas* ſtrugling, was delay'd
In the ſoft Stump, nor could the Root conſtrain,
Juturna, in *Metiſcus* form, again
Runs in, and helps her Brother to his Sword.
Venus with fury at the bold Nymph ſtirr'd,
Comes, and delivers from the Root his Lance.
Encourag'd thus, they bravely both advance,
This his Sword truſting, that his mighty Spear,
And for the panting Striſes of *Mars* prepare.
Mean while Heavens mighty King to *Juno* ſaid,
As through a Cloud the Combat they ſurvey'd;
What now ſhall be the end? where will it reſt?
Thou knowſt, my deareſt Spouſe, and haſt confeſt,
Æneas Canoniz'd, muſt take his Place
Amongſt the Gods, and Heavenly Manſions grace.
What Hopes detain thee? wherefore ſtayſt thou there,
In the cold Middle Region of the Air?
Muſt a frail Mortal wound a Deity?
What ſignifies *Juturna* without thee?
Or the Sword brought to vanquiſh'd *Turnus* aid?
Come, leave this Buſineſs off, let me perſuade;
Nor let Heart-eating Care thy Spirits ſpend,
And me ſo oft with bitter Words offend.
Time was when thou by Sea and Land could'ſt vex
The *Trojans*, and in cruel War perplex,
Deſtroy their State, turn Marriages to Woe;
But now, ſaid *Jove*, thou muſt no further go.

When

When thus to him, with a ſubmiſſive Look,
The Queen of Goddeſſes, *Saturnia*, ſpoke:
Becauſe thy Pleaſure I did underſtand,
I quitted *Turnus*, and th' *Auſonian* Land.
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſee me unattended ſit,
Suffering what never any ſuffer'd yet:
But arm'd with Thunder, in the Van-guard view,
Charging the routed *Trojans* through and through.
I muſt confeſs, I pitying, did perſuade
Woful *Juturna* to her Brother's Aid;
And greater things I for his Life would do,
But not to ſhoot a Shaft, or Javelin throw.
This Truth I ſwear by dreadful *Stygian* Floods,
The onely Sacrament which ties the Gods,
And from the Battel, weary now, withdraw.
One Boon I crave, not yet by any Law
Of Fate diſputed; O to that incline,
For *Latium*, for the Majeſty of thine:
When Peace their happy Marriage ſhall proclaim,
Let not th' old *Latins* change their [38] ancient name;
Call them not *Trojans*, O I thee beſeech,
Nor alter former Habits, nor their Speech:
Let *Latium* ſtand, let *Alban* Princes ſway
From Age to Age, and *Italy* obey
The *Roman* Stock: *Troy*'s buried now in Flame,
In *Troy*'s Deſtruction bury thou the Name.
The King of Men and Gods, thus ſaying, ſmil'd;
Thou art [39] *Jove*'s Siſter, *Saturn*'s ſecond Child;
Why letſt thou in thy Soul ſuch Paſſion reign,
Nor Rage diſchargeſt, taken up in vain?

All's thine, and thee I'le ſtudy how to ſerve;
Their Faſhions, Speech, and Name, they ſhall reſerve.
The *Trojans*, mix'd with ſuch a Body, ſhall
Forget at laſt their own Original:
But I'le bring in their ſacred Rites, and make
Them both, grown *Latins*, both one Language ſpeak.
Thou ſhalt a mix'd *Auſonian* Off-ſpring ſee,
Beyond both Men and Gods in Piety;
Nor any Nation more, in War or Peace,
Shall honor thee. Theſe Words did *Juno* pleaſe;
Her mind ſhe chang'd, thus ſatisfi'd, and flies
From the cold Cloud, and leaves the troubled Skies.
This done, his next Deſign Heavens Father laid,
To draw *Juturna* from her Brother's Aid.
There are two Hags, the *Diræ* ſtil'd, brought forth
By everlaſting [40] Night, at one ſad Birth,
To Hell's *Megæra*, who with Serpents joyn'd,
Guirded their Waſtes, and Wings with Tempeſt lin'd:
Theſe at the Throne of angry *Jove* appear,
Suſpicious Mortals madding with their Fear.
When dreadful [41] Death and Sickneſs he intends,
Or horrid War on wicked Cities ſends.
Jove one of theſe diſpatches, and enjoyns
To thwart *Juturna* with ill-boding Signs.
She to the Earth, wrapt in a Whirlwind, flies,
Swift as a *Parthian* Arrow through the Skies;
With Poyſon arm'd, with ſuch a direful ſound,
Bearing through th' Air th' immedicable Wound,
Cydonian Shafts divide the gloomie Shade;
So ſwift towards Earth, Nights horrid Daughter made.

After

After the Fury ſaw both Armies, ſtraight
Transform'd into a [42] little Bird, that late,
To vent her Sorrow, in ſad Darkneſs comes
To ruin'd Seats, and ſolitary Tombs,
She chang'd at *Turnus* face, charg'd, and retreats,
And with reſounding Wings his Target beats.
His Limbs grow cold, ſurpriz'd with ſudden Fear,
Amaz'd he ſtood, and upright ſtands his Hair.
But a far off, as near the *Diræ* drew,
Her ſounding Wings woful *Juturna* knew,
Tearing her Hair, her panting Breaſts ſhe ſtorms,
And with her Nails her Heavenly Face deforms.
How can thy Siſter, *Turnus*, aid thee now?
Or what remains for wretched me to do?
How ſhall I ſave thy Life? which way engage
This horrid Monſter, ſwoln with Helliſh Rage?
I fly; fright me no more: I know your Stings,
And Death's March beaten on your thundring Wings;
Nor me great *Jove*'s ſevere Commands deceive,
And this for my [43] Virginity I have.
Why did he me Immortal make, and why
Bereav'd me of the happineſs to die,
My Miſeries intolerable end,
And with poor *Turnus* to the Shades deſcend?
But I Immortal am; yet, wanting thee,
Heav'ns Joys, dear Brother, ſhall my Torments be.
That Earth would gape, and ſwallow me to Hell,
That I, a Goddeſs, might with Furies dwell!
Thus mourning, on ſhe puts her Sea-green Hood,
And dives into the Boſom of the Flood.

Æneas ſtanding, a huge Javelin ſhook,
And thus from his incenſed Boſom ſpoke;
What ſtays thee, *Turnus*? Sure it is not Flight
Muſt end our Quarrel, but a cruel Fight.
Transform thy ſelf into all ſhapes, and try
What e're thou canſt by [44] Strength or Art apply;
Wing'd, to the higheſt Conſtellations glide,
Or in the Adamantine Center hide.
But he, ſhaking his Head, Proud Man, replies,
Not me thy threatning Language terrifies;
Jove is my Foe, and me the Gods diſmay.
Thus ſaying, a huge and mighty Stone, which la y
A Limit for the neighbouring Ground, he ſaw,
Deciding all litigious Suits in Law:
Scarce twelve ſtout men this from the earth could raiſe,
Such as [44] Old Nature brings forth now adays.
This in his trembling Hand the *Heroe* lifts,
And raiſing high from Ground, he nimbly ſhifts,
Not knowing how he ran, nor motion,
Nor raiſing, nor delivery of the Stone,
Nor how he faulter'd on his failing Knees,
Whilſt his cold Blood did in his Boſom freeze;
Through the wide *Vacuum* the Rock tumbling came,
Not the full length, ſhort of th' intended aim.
As when Sleep ſeals our Eyes in ſilent Night,
We ſeem in vain t' endeavor ſpeedy Flight;
But fainting in the middle, down we fall,
Striving to cry for help, but cannot call;
Our wonted ſtrength our Bodies not afford,
Nor our Voyce able to pronounce one Word:

So

So *Turnus*, whatſoe're his Valour tries,
Happy Succeſs the cruel Hag denies;
His Reſolution, various Thoughts ſubdu'd,
When he the City and *Rutilians* view'd;
Trembling with fear that he muſt ſtand the Lance,
Not knowing how t' avoid it, or t' advance
Againſt his Foe; nor ſaw he any where
His Chariot, nor the beauteous Charioteer.
Aiming, *Æneas* high with's Body roſe,
And at the Prince his fatal Javelin throws;
Stones ſhot from Batteries ſound not half ſo loud,
Nor diſcharg'd Lightning from a broken Cloud:
The dreadful Spear, bearing Deſtruction, flew,
And, like a horrid Whirlwind, did quite through
His ſeven-fold Shield and high-proof'd Cuiſhes fly,
Fixing the Point in mighty *Turnus* Thigh.
The gallant Prince now wounded, ſinks upon
His maimed Knee; the ſtout *Rutilians* groan,
Which ecchoing Hills and Mountains anſwer round,
And voycing Groves reply the doleful ſound.
He Suppliant then, did Hands and Eyes advance,
And ſaid, I have deſerv'd it, uſe thy Chance:
But haſt thou ſenſe of a ſad Parents woe?
(And ſuch thy Father was) then pity ſhew
To aged *Daunus*; or, if rather thou
Would'ſt be reveng'd, my Corps to Friends allow.
Thou haſt o'recome, and the *Auſonian* Bands
Behold me vanquiſh'd, with extended Hands
Thus begging Life of thee; *Lavinia* take,
And here an end of all Diſſention make.

Dreadful in Arms, a while *Æneas* ſtaid
His ready Hand, and him all o're ſurvey'd,
And at this Language did begin to melt;
When on his Shoulder that unhappy Belt,
With [46] Golden Studs moſt glorious, he beheld,
Which *Pallas* had, when him fierce *Turnus* kill'd,
Who wore the Hoſtile Badge: With greedy Eyes
Obſerving this, enrag'd, he thus replies:
Think'ſt thou to pardon thee I'le condeſcend,
In Spoils adorned of my deareſt Friend?
Thus *Pallas* thee, *Pallas* an Offering makes,
And for thy Cruelty juſt Vengeance takes.
Thus ſaying, he, with Indignation ſtirr'd,
Sheath'd in his Boſom to the Hilt his Sword.
His Limbs grow cold, with a deep Groan he dies,
And to the Shades his Soul [47] enraged flies.

ANNOTATIONS ON *The Twelfth BOOK* OF VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS.*

[a] SUch is the Nature of Lions, that unleſs hurt, they cannot be angry. *Turneb.*

[b] Upbraidingly ſpoken, that Poſture not onely denoting Reſt and Quiet, but a ſupine and lazy Negligence. *Victor. l. 26. c. 20.*

[c] Thereby intimating the little neceſſity there was of his Alliance with *Turnus*, ſince either Prince had ſufficient of his own, without ſeeking any Foreign acceſſion. So *Turneb. l. 22. c. 14.*

[d] So *Tacitus* of the *Varian* Defeat, *Medio Campi Albentia Oſſa, ut fugerant, ut reſtiterant, disjecta vel aggerata.* Annal. l. 1.

[e] *Fortuna belli ſemper ancipiti in loco eſt*, ſays the Tragœdian (*in Thebaid.*) and the Hiſtorian likewiſe, *Nuſquam minus quam in bello eventus reſpondent.* Liv. l. 25.

[f] *Vocem Lacrymis*, i. e. *unà cum Lacrymis.* See *La Cerda.* For *Lavinia* wept not, but her Mother *Amata.*

[g] This is one of the twelve indiſſoluble Places, ſaith

ſaith *Servius*; which yet *Turneb. l.* 24. *c.*14. explicates thus: *It is not free for me whether I will or no; I cannot refuſe to fight, and, if I muſt fall and die, I cannot defer it.* And ſo they uſe to ſpeak who are obſtinately whirl'd away into danger; for they deny that they can avoid it.

[h] Daughter of *Erictheus*, Wife of *Boreas*. The Criticks reprehend *Virgil* for this Fiction, who is as ſtoutly defended by *Turnebus*, *l.* 23. *c.* 14.

[i] *Horace* (ſaith *Servius*) gives it for a Rule, *Non quodcunque velit, poſcat ſibi fabula credi*—whence ſome Criticks preſume to blame *Virgil* for obtruding an incongruous Fable upon his Reader in this place, as ſuppoſing it very improbable for *Orythia*, an *Athenian*, and carried by *Boreas* into *Thrace*, to preſent Horſes to *Pilumnus*, an *Italian*: But our Author is defended by *Turnebus* and *Germanus*. Nor is it unuſual for Princes, though at diſtance, to contract Amity by Preſents, as may be eaſily made good by the Teſtimonies both of Poets and Hiſtorians.

[k] Among the Ancients *Orichalcus* was eſteem'd the nobleſt of Metals; firſt found out (as *Servius* from *Lucretius*) by the accidental firing of Woods, whoſe heat made the Earth to ſweat out Metals; the name deriv'd ἀπὸ τοῦ ὄρεος καὶ χαλκοῦ, it being no other than Mountain-Braſs, and not, as ſome write it, *Aurichalcus*, ſuppoſing it (but falſly) a Compoſition of Gold and Braſs. It is long ſince loſt, the Earth (as *Pliny* ſays) being ſpent and barren. Of its value among the *Romans*, *Plautus* gives us a taſte (*in Milit. &c.*) *Ego iſtos mores Orichalco comparem.* See *Salmuth. in Panciroll. de rebus deperd.*

[l] In

l In derision, either in regard of his Affinity with *Paris*, or reflecting upon the nature of the *Phrygians*, as being commonly beautiful and delicate, as *Eustathius* affirms upon the first Verse of *Homer*'s *Iliads*, (λ.)

m *Turneb. l.* 23. *c.* 14. thinks those were common Gods whose Images they were about to set upon the Grassie Altars, that by the intervention and Religion of them the Peace might easily be confirm'd on both sides, by the *Trojans* and *Latins*.

n The *Romans* laid a Turf upon the Altar; and Grass is consecrated to *Mars*.

o The *Feciales*, and *Pater-patratus*, by whom Peace and War were confirm'd, never wore Linen: and therefore *Hyginus* reads it *Limo*, which is a Garment that hath *purpuram limam*, *i. e.* a winding Purple at the bottom, wherewith they were cover'd from the Navel to the Feet. But Linen was judiciously apply'd to those Leagues which were not to be firm. So *Æneas* building a City in *Thrace*, which he was soon after to leave, contrary to custom, sacrifices a Bull to *Jupiter*. So *Latinus* calls the Senate to a Private House, when his Counsels were not firm,

p Arm'd with Piles. *Varro* mentions two sorts; *Quadratum* march'd with Carriages among them, that they might sit down any where; *Pilatum*, which march'd without Carriages, but close, that they might get through difficult ways with more ease.

q For *Alba*, from which the *Alban* Mountain took its Name, was built by *Ascanius*.

r *Juturna*, a Fountain in *Italy*, near the River *Numicus*,

cus, ſo call'd *à juvando*, from whence Water was carried to *Rome* for all Sacrifices.

[f] The Poets feign, that even the Friendly Deities depart from thoſe that are about to die. So *Iliad* 22. *Apollo* forſakes *Hector*, and *Amphiaraus*, in *Statius*.

[t] According to the form of the ancient Crowns, which were worn with pointed Rays, in the ſimilitude of Horns; of which, *Pierius in Hierogl. l.* 7. *c.* 18, *&* 19.

[u] A Sheep not yet ſhorn, call'd *Attilanea* by the *Pontifices*. The Ancients ſacrific'd of old and decaying Beaſts, for things which they would have ſoon ended; and in things which they deſir'd might be increas'd and confirm'd, of thoſe that were young and growing. A Sheep here is deſign'd in imitation of the *Greeks*.

[x] All their Luſtrations, Expiations, Prayers, and the like holy Ceremonies, were done with their Faces turn'd to the Riſing Sun.

[y] Ουλοχύτας, *Homer*, *i. e.* Barley ſprinkled with Salt, as *Cælius* expounds it, *l.* 12. *c.* 1. diſprov'd by *La Cerda*. See *Æneid.* 2. Their Victims and Knives were ſprinkled with Meal and Salt.

[z] They cut off the Hairs from the Foreheads; of which, *Æneid.* 6. Or he hints at the faſhion of drawing a crooked Knife from the Forehead to the Tail before the Sacrifice.

[aa] As *Pontifex*, of which *Scal. l.* 3. 11. *The* Julian *Family had the Prieſthood frum* Julus *to* Virgil's *time*.

[bb] By how many ſeveral things the Ancients us'd to ſwear, *Alex. ab. Alex.* ſhews, *l.* 5. *c.* 10. and the Forms of their Oaths *Briſſonius* hath collected, *l.* 8. (*in principio.*)

[cc] *Apollo*

[cc] *Apollo* and *Diana*, Children of *Latona*. So *Tibullus* calls the Daughter of the Sun, *Solis genus*; and *Catullus* ſtiles *Hymeneus*, *Uraniæ genus*.

[dd] The Arbiter of Peace and War, who preſides in Leagues: For after *Romulus* and *Titus Tatius* were agreed, the Image of *Janus*, with two Faces, was ſet up, as repreſenting two People.

[ee] Spoken to the Opinion of the Ancients, who thought that perjur'd Perſons were ſtruck with Thunder from Heaven.

[ff] When the Gods were about to make war againſt the *Titans*, they ſwore at the Altars; whereupon it was a Cuſtom, *that the Religion of an Oath ſhould be eſtabliſh'd by the touch thereof, and the atteſtation of Fire.*

[gg] Princes anciently in the making of Leagues us'd to ſwear by their Scepters, which *Ariſtotle* affirms, *l.* 3. *Polit. c.* 14. and *Homer* gives us an Example of *Hector* ſwearing to *Dolon*, by putting his Scepter into his hand, to aſſure *Dolon* of the confirmation of his Oath, (*Iliad.* 20.) The Reaſon of this Ceremony, *Servius* gives; *The Ancients* (ſays he) *in making of Leagues, us'd to adhibit the Image of* Jupiter, *which being ſometimes inconvenient, (eſpecially when they made Leagues with far diſtant Nations) they found out a way of repreſenting him by a Scepter, which denotes his Power: wherefore* Latinus *here bears not a Scepter as a King, but as* Pater Patratus.

[hh] Scepters were anciently of Wood, as our Author here inſinuates, in imitation of *Homer*, *Iliad.* 1. The *Indian* Kings yet never us'd other than thoſe of Ivory, which afterwards the *Romans* likewiſe wore; ſome-

ſometimes of Braſs, as *Virgil* in the Deſcription of *Euander*'s; of Silver alſo, and Gold, and thoſe ſometimes adorn'd and beſet with Precious Stones, as *Pliny* teſtifies of *Nero*, *l.* 36. *c.* 2.

kk Denoting the uncertainty and fallacy of the *Omen*, as *Servius* obſerves, *Ubicunque firmum inducit Augurium dat ei firmiſſimam ſedem; In hoc autem Augurio liberatum Cygnum in aquam cecidiſſe dicit, aquam autem inſtabilem & infirmam non dubium eſt.*

ll The ground of diſſolving the League. VVhence *Germanus* thinks it credible, That the Cuſtom for the *Fecialis* (in denouncing War) to dart his Spear into the Enemies Countries, had its Original.

mm With a puſh of his Spear, not darting it out of his Hand.

nn *Hoc habet*, *i. e.* he is ſtruck with a deadly Wound; ſo *Servius*. Thus it muſt be, *Scal. l.* 4. 16. 'Tis well, *Donatus*. *Habet* is a Word proper to wounded Gladiators, or inſulting Adverſaries, or applauding People; ſo *Lipſ. l.* 2. *c.* 21. *Saturnal.*

Prudentius. *Hoc habet exclamat victrix Regina*——

Seneca Agamem. *Habet, peractum eſt.*

oo That he might be known. So *Julius Cæſar*, in the *Pharſalian* Battel, with naked Hand and Head cry'd out, *Parcite Civibus*. See *Scal. l.* 3. *c.* 11. *Poet.*

pp He that did it was ſuborn'd by *Juturna*; for that he was wounded by a Man, we learn from *Jupiter* afterwards, *Mortalin' decuit, &c.*

qq A River of *Thrace*, ſo call'd from *Hebrus* the Son of *Hemus* and *Rhodope*.

rr He

rr He obtain'd not *Achilles* Horſe. So *Adſpirare ad conſulatum*, *Scal. l.* 4. *Diomedes* ſlew *Dolon*, who had the confidence to demand the Horſes of *Achilles*, which he that ſlew him demanded not.

ſſ With thy Body, not with Pearches or Poles. For it was the Cuſtom of Emperors, when they were Victors, to give their Lands to their Soldiers.

tt *Edon* was a Mountain of *Thracia*.

uu A dangerous Sea, for the many Rocks.

* Whence *Boreas* is ſtil'd αἰθρηγενὴς καὶ εὐδίαν ποιῶν, for its ſtrait Blaſt, wherewith Clouds are diſpers'd.

xx So *Turneb. l.* 23. 14. not *Iapix*; a fit Name for a Phyſician, from ἰᾶσθαι, to cure.

yy *Mutas artes*, Medicine: Call'd mute, as ſome think, becauſe it was firſt deſpicable, and practic'd by Servants. *Servius* will have it to be mute, in reſpect of Muſick; others, in relation to feeling the Pulſe; others, becauſe it is the Exerciſe of the Hand, whence Chirurgery. *Petrarch. Senil.* 3. 7. ſaith, He reſpected the nature of the Art, (not any undervaluing of it) which conſiſts in practice, not words.

zz *Dioſcorides*, 3. 32. atteſts, that *Dittanie* hath neither Seed nor Flower; and, *cap.* 34. that there is another kind brought out of *Crete*, which *Brodæus* thinks to be meant by *Virgil*; others, as *Erythræus*, ſay, that *Virgil* in painting this Flower imitated *Theophraſtus*.

1 Of this Medicine of Wild Goats, ſee *Valer. Max. l.* 1. *c.* 8. *Ariſt. Hiſt. Anim. l.* 9. *c.* 6. *Cic.* 2. *de Nat. Deor. It is reported that Wild Goats in* Crete, *when they are ſhot with*

with Arrows, ſeek an Herb call'd Dittany, which when they have taſted, the Arrows fall out of their Bodies.

[2] *Euſtathius* ſaith, ἀμβροσία is ἄνθος τι, a certain Flower: And it is the Food of the Gods; whence *Martial, l.* 11. *ep,* 58.

Jupiter Ambroſia ſatur eſt, & Nectare vivit.

[3] An Herb of a ſtrong ſmell; and ſo reckon'd by *Lucretius* (among others) *lib.* 4.

——————*odorem*

Expirant acrem Panaces, Abſinthia tetra,
Abrotonique graves, & triſtia Centaurea.

Dioſcorides affirms, that it was likewiſe call'd *Heracleum.* The Fables make *Jaſon* and *Panacea* the Daughters of *Æſculapius:* The firſt ſo call'd, παρὰ τὸν ἴασιν, *à medela*; the other, παρὰ τὸ πᾶν ἄκος, *à curandis omne genus Morbis.*

[4] On the Head (not the Cheeks or Lips) ſays *La Cerda,* as being the more proper, and becoming Martial Men. Such a Kiſs *Philip of Macedon* is ſaid to have given his Son *Alexander,* after he had courageouſly back'd and manag'd the untam'd *Bucephalus,* τὴν κεφαλὴν φιλήσας, he kiſt his Head, (ſays *Plutarch. in Alexandr.*)

[5] Not unlike to this, is that Speech of *Coriolanus* to his Children before his Baniſhment, recorded by *Dionyſ. Hal. l.* 8. who pray'd, that the Gods would give them, when they came to Mens Eſtate, more Fortune than their Father, not leſs Virtue or Valour. So *Ajax* (in *Attius* the Tragœdian) wiſhes to his Son *Eurylates, Virtute ſis par, diſpar fortunis, patri.*

[6] *Creuſa,* Mother of *Aſcanius,* was Siſter to *Hector.*

[7] ἀλαλὰ

[7] ἀλαλὰ πολέμου θυγάτηρ, *Clamor is the Daughter of War.* This ſhouting of Soldiers before, or in time of Battel, was by the *Latins* call' *Barritus*; by the *Greeks*, ἀλαλαγμα, which anſwers to the *French*, *Crier l' alarme.* The reaſon of this ſhouting in the Charge, *Cæſar* gives; *Not vainly did they of old enjoyn, that they ſhould ſound to the Charge, and raiſe a huge Cry, ſince they conceiv'd by that means to terrifie their Enemies, and encourage their own.* And *Cato Portius* (*in Plut.*) ſays of himſelf, that he did uſe in Fight to cry ſtoutly, to ſtrike boldly, but never to retire baſely: Practic'd likewiſe by the *Jews*, as appears *Joſ.* 8. *&* 1 *Kings c.* 17. as at this day by moſt Nations, and commended as uſeful by *Vegetius*, *Lipſius de Militia Rom. lib.* 4. *Scipio Ammirato*, *Diſcorſ. ſopra Tacit. l.* 14. *c.* 5.

[8] *Nigra Hirundo* (ſays *Scaliger*, *l.* 3. *Poet.* 27.) *ad differentiam Ripariarum quæ ſpecies eſt Hirundinis non nigræ, neque ædibus aſſuetæ.*

[9] *Æneas* here guards not himſelf (by bending his Knee, and couching under his Buckler) as a fearful, but a skilful Soldier, that Poſture being enjoyn'd by the *Romans*, by the Rules of their Militia. So *Veget. l.* 2. *c.* 16. *Saltus quoque & ictus facere pariter aſſueſcant, inſurgere tripudiantes in Clipeum, rurſuſque ſubſidere.* And *Gabrias*, that famous *Athenian* General, commanded his Men in the Shock to couch under their Bucklers, himſelf teaching them the Poſture, by bending his Knee, ordering his Shield, and charging his Lance. See *Æmil. Prob. in ejus vit. & Diodor. Sicul. l.* 15.

[10] A *Periphraſis* for the *Theban* Glory; from which

Ecchion, Companion of *Cadmus*, who was with him at the building of *Thebes*.

[11] For the Temple of *Apollo*, with the old Oracle, which was at *Myrti* in *Lycia*, where he is ſaid to be born; whence he is call'd λυκηγενής, *Iliad.* 4.

[12] He was a Fiſherman. *Lerna* was a Lake of *Achaia*.

[13] He was a Husbandman, or Farmer, ſuch an one as *Servius* ſaith is pointed at *Æneid.* 11. *Arunci Rutilique ſerunt.*

[14] The *Latin* Kings were commonly call'd *Murrani*, perhaps from the Unguent of Myrrh with which at their Inauguration they were anointed; or, as affected by thoſe Princes, in honor of *Murranus*, one of their Kings, as the *Silvii* among the *Albans*, the *Ptolomies* of *Egypt*, the *Cecropidæ* among the *Athenians*, the *Arſacidæ* of the *Parthians*, and the *Antiochi* of the *Syrians*.

[15] In the *Sabine* Language, *A Prieſt*. *Hercules*'s Prieſts were *Cupenti*.

[16] *Lyrneſſos*, a Town of *Phrygia*, upon the taking whereof, *Achilles*, by the common conſent of the *Grecians*, got his *Briſeis*. *Senec. in Troad.*

———*clade ſubverſa eſt pari*
Impoſita celſo parva Lyrneſſus *jugo*,
Captaque Tellus nobilis Briſeide.

[17] Not unſutably may be hither referr'd (if at leaſt it be not here alluded to) that Counſel of *Scipio Africanus*, to carry the War with *Annibal* to the Gates of *Carthage*, that what was the Occaſion, might be the End of the War.

[18] Alluding to the Cuſtom of the *Roman* Generals, who

who from the top of their Trenches, a Hillock of Turfs, or ſome advantage of Ground, us'd to ſpeak to the Army; whither were brought the Eagles, and Enſigns, and planted round: Of which, *Lipſius de Milit. Rom. l. 4. dial. 9.* and *Stewech. in Veget. l. 3. c. 9.* where the manner is further illuſtrated by Sculpture, and the Coyns of *Galba* and *Adrian.*

[19] The Invention of theſe is referr'd to *Capaneus*, as *Vegetius* tells us, *l. 4. c. 21. Thoſe* (ſays he) *who mount the Scaling-ladders are often in danger, as may be inſtanc'd in* Capaneus, *to whom the Invention of theſe Engines is attributed, who was ſlain by the Thebans with ſo much violence, that he is ſaid to have been kill'd by a Thunderbolt.* The ſeveral Forms of theſe, *Lipſ.* exhibits, *in Milit. Rom.* and *Stewech. in Veget.*

[20] *La Cerda* takes it to be meant of the Ornament of her Head, for that was properly call'd *Amictus*; and *Varro* divides Veſts into *Indutum & Amictum*; and the *Romans* us'd one for the covering of the Body, the other for the veiling of the Head. See *Turneb. l. 6. adverſ. c. 7.* He conceives likewiſe (not improbably) that her Purple Veſt more particularly denotes her Diadem; his Opinion being ſtrengthned by a like Hiſtorical Example: for *Plutarch. in Lucull.* reports of the Wife of *Mithridates*, that ſhe taking from her Head her Diadem, fitted it to her Neck, and then hung her ſelf in it; and *Antigone, in Sophocles*, is ſaid to hang her ſelf βρόχῳ μίτρῳδες, *in her Miter.*

[21] *i. e.* Hang'd her ſelf, *Scal. l. 4. 16. & l. 3. 13.* where he examines this Feminine affection. *Propert. l. 2.*

——*in colli jam mihi nodus erat.*

Servius thinks this *informe letum* was moſt infamous, becauſe he that was hang'd, was caſt away without Burial, by the Pontifical Laws.

22 An expreſſion of immoderate ſorrow, and uſual in mourning for the Dead. Thus the Wife and Mother of *Coriolanus*, at his going to Baniſhment: *Auguſtus* himſelf, at the news of *Varus* his Death and Defeat, as *Xiphilinus* witneſſes.

23 'Tis a Preſage of Death, to hear that which is not ſpoken, or to hear ones ſelf call'd by the Dead, or to ſee that which is not before one. So *Æneid.* 4.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus & verba vocantis
Viſa Viri.

24 Not onely ſpoken in reference to his Arms, but his Anger, which now carry'd him with fury againſt his Foes.

25 Theſe Towers by the *Latins* were call'd *Turres Ambulatoriæ*, to which in ſome ſort anſwer our rolling Trenches. *Hirtius de bello Alexandr.* gives us the manner how they were us'd; *Ambulatorias totidem tabulatorum confixerant, ſubjectiſque eis rotis, funibus jumentiſque objectis, directis pluteis, in quancumque viſum erat partem movebant.* The Inventor of them is reported to be one *Diades.* See *Stewech. in Veget. l.* 4. Theſe *La Cerda* believes were altogether unknown in the Heroick times, and conceives the Poet reflects herein upon the Cuſtom and Practice of his own.

26 Our Author in this Poem often tacitly alludes by theſe feign'd, to the real Stories of his Nation; and in this

this particular *La Cerda* conceives he hints at that of *Manlius Torquatus* his Combat with the *Gallick* General, who, when both Armies were fighting, made signs with his Hand that they ſhould ceaſe, at which there was a pauſe. The reſemblance is clear; for as the *Gaul* there wav'd his Hand for a Ceſſation from Fight, that he alone might encounter *Manlius*, and was overcome; ſo *Turnus* here.

[27] Ὄ ἄθως, a Mountain and Promontory of *Theſſaly*, ſo call'd from *Athos* a Giant. *Apollon. l.* 1. Of its height, *Plin. l.* 4. *c.* 12.

[28] *Eryx*, a Mountain of *Sicily*, ſo call'd from *Eryx* the Son of *Butes* and *Venus*; ſlain in a Conflict with *Hercules*, and buried there; at this day call'd *Monte di Trapani*.

[29] A Wood of the *Brutii*, of that name to this day. See *Ortelius*'s *Theſaur. Geograph. Taburnus* is a Mountain of *Campania*.

[30] This Fiction of *Jupiter*'s weighing the Fates of Men in Scales, is owing to *Homer*, *Iliad.* 22. whence our Author borrow'd it. Suppos'd by *Scaliger* to ſpring from the Superſtitious Theologie of the *Egyptians*.

[31] As not being his own, but *Metiſcus*'s, ſnatch'd in haſte, as follows.

[32] Of this *Formido*, which Huntſmen us'd, being a Line hung with Feathers, to ſcare the Deer into the oppoſite Toils, ſee the Notes upon the third Book of the *Georgicks*.

[33] *Turneb. l.* 8. *c.* 16. ſaith, this was written according to the old Superſtition, eſpecially of the *Greeks*, who

who us'd to hang up Gifts before their Temples in theſe Trees, which are of ſo vivacious a nature, that though they are pierc'd with many Nails, they are not hurt with them.

34 Alluding to the Cuſtom of thoſe who ſcap'd Shipwrack, who hung up Tablets in gratitude for their Preſervation, and the Garments they wore.

35 The Ancients accounting it a Crime to violate or ſpoil any thing that was ſacred to their Gods.

36 This is taken from the Civil Law: For Places taken from the Enemy, ceaſe to be ſacred. See *Macrob. l. 3. c. 3.*

37 The ſolemn Expreſſion of *Jove*, diſſenting, or interdicting; and that according to the Rules of the Celeſtial Parliament, as recorded by *Euripid. in Hippol.*

———Θεοῖσιδ' ὡ δ' ἔχει νόμος·
Οὐδεὶς ἀπάντων βούλεται πρὸς δυμίαν
Τὴν τοῦ θέλοντος, ἀλλ' ἀφισάμεθα ἅ.

———*This Law the Gods fulfil,*
That none oppoſe anothers Will,
But we be all conſenting ſtill.

And therefore *Jove* here forbids all Altercation.

38 Αὐτόχθονας. Yet *Livy* ſaith, that *Latium* was not inhabited till the time of *Æneas* by the *Latins*, but the *Aborigines*, who being afterwards joyn'd with the *Trojans*, were call'd by one Name, *Latins*.

39 And this is one of the twelve obſcure Places, which yet *Servius* thinks may be illuſtrated thus; that *Jupiter* ſhould ſay, *Thou art the Siſter of* Jupiter, *and the Daughter of* Saturn; *wherefore no wonder thou keep'ſt ſo much wrath in thy Boſom.*

40 *So-*

40 *Sophocles* makes the Furies Daughters of the Earth and Night. They riſe hiddenly; and the anger of the Gods is intollerable.

41 The firſt peculiar to *Tiſiphone*, the ſecond to *Megæra*, the third to *Alecto*, though many times they were indifferently us'd in the Execution of Celeſtial Vengeance; but properly their Employments are thus diſtinguiſh'd by *La Cerda*.

42 An Owl, as *Servius* conjectures, and *La Cerda* confirms.

43 Alluding to the διαπαρθένια, *Munera quæ dabantur pro Virginitate delibata.* Germ.

44 Which in *Greek* is τρέφειν τέχνας. He alludes to the Metamorphoſis of *Proteus*.

45 *Homer* now and then complains, that Men are born leſs; therefore he ſaith, that *Diomedes* did eaſily caſt a huge Stone, which two Men of his time could ſcarce lift; which *Virgil* here imitated. But *La Cerda* thinks this is rather to be referr'd to the Strength, than Stature of Men, as being in the Heroick times much more active and ſtrong than in the ſucceeding Ages. Yet that there were Giants in former times, in ſtrength and ſtature much above the Men of late times, Hiſtories ſeem generally to perſuade. Of this Opinion is *Pliny*, *l.* 7. *c.* 16. *Varro*, *in Gellius*, *l.* 3. *c.* 10. Nor want there frequent Teſtimonies of Scripture, nor the convincing Arguments of the Bones and Relicks of the late diſcover'd *Americans*. Perhaps Nature being now in her decline, as *Lucretius* long ſince believ'd:

Famque adeo fracta eſt ætas, effœtaque tellus

Vix

Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
Secla, deditque ferarum ingentia Corpora partu.

46 *Bulla* was first a token of Victory, afterwards it was us'd for Noblemens Children; but *La Cerda* takes it here to mean no more than Golden Studs, with which the Belts of the Ancients were adorn'd, as sometimes with Gems, and (less frequently) with Painting, which *Apuleius* calls *Babylonian.*

47 Whether because *Turnus* was young, and unripe for Death? Or because he was vanquish'd by a Stranger? Or troubled to lose at once both his Life and Mistress?

FINIS.

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F I N I S.
